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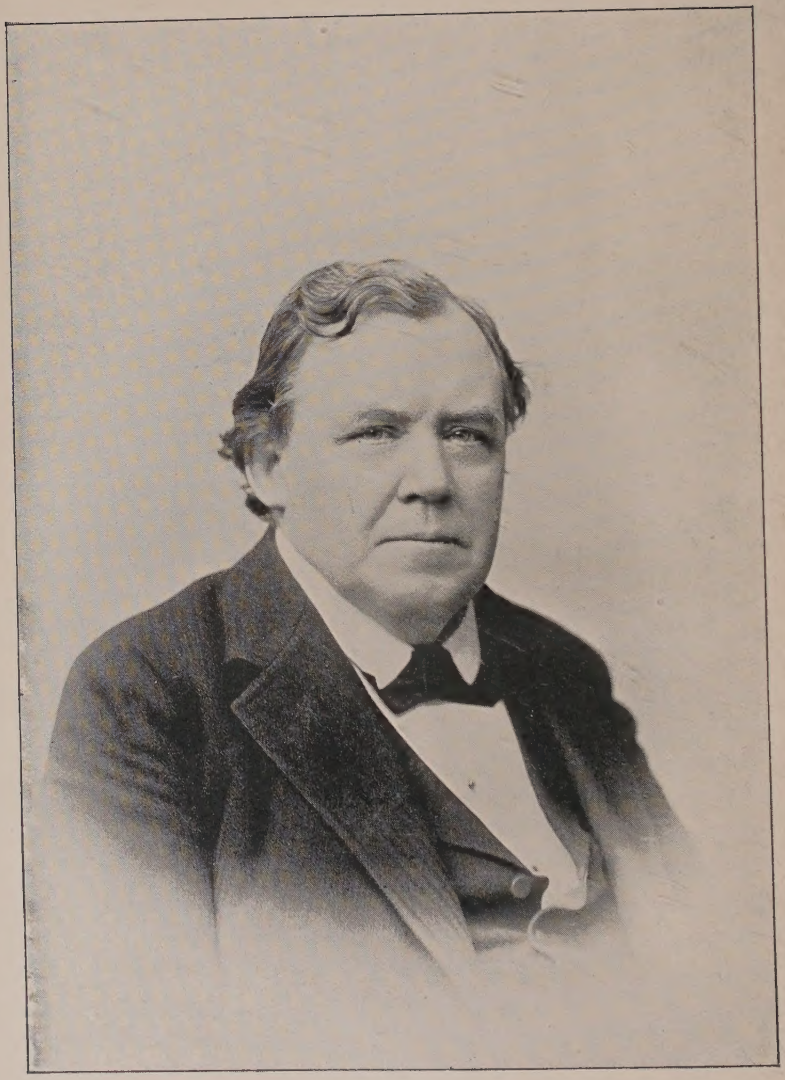
DONNELLIANA:

AN APPENDIX TO "CÆSAR'S COLUMN."



Ignatius Donnelly

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DONNELLIANA:

An Appendix to "Cæsar's Column."

EXCERPTS FROM THE WIT, WISDOM, POETRY AND ELOQUENCE

OF

IGNATIUS DONNELLY

SELECTED AND COLLATED, WITH A BIOGRAPHY,

BY

DISCARDED

EVERETT W. FISH, M.D.

Author of *Compend of Chemical Analysis* and *The Great Pyramid*, and Editor of *The Great West.*

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"*An amazing man.*"—ST. PAUL GLOBE.

"*A stupendous speculator in cosmogony.*"—LONDON DAILY NEWS.

"*One of the most remarkable men of this age.*"—ST. LOUIS CRITIC.

"*The most unique figure in our national history.*"—NEW YORK STAR.

"*America, the land of 'big things,' has, in Mr. Donnelly, a son worthy of her immensity.*"—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

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PREFACE.

THERE is, perhaps, no man in the United States who is more talked of to-day than Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota. For while one man may be more prominent in the political arena and another more conspicuous in scientific circles, and still another more talked of in the literary world, no one man, perhaps, has combined so many diverse fames. There are thousands in Europe who are familiar with his name, as an author, who know nothing about his career as a statesman and lawmaker; and, on the other hand, there are many in the United States, with whom his name is a household word as an orator, who know little or nothing of him as a writer. One man believes in his "Atlantis," another swears by his "Ragnarök," still another is a convert to the "Great Cryptogram;" and there are hundreds of thousands, on both sides of the Atlantic, who think "Cæsar's Column" or "Doctor Huguet" the greatest book ever written; while there are tens of thousands more, who have never read any of these books, or scarcely heard of them, who love him for his quarter of a century's championship of the rights of the common people, against all the crushing power of Corporations, Rings, Trusts, and the Plutocracy generally. He is indeed a many-sided man.

When, therefore, the publishing house of F. J. Schulte & Co. requested me to prepare a biography of Governor Donnelly, I hesitated, for some time, about attempting the task. Not that a long continued political intimacy, and kindred scientific and literary tastes, with many visits to him in his own home, and seeing him tried under all sorts of circumstances, had not made me very familiar with his character and writings; but Governor Donnelly's career had been so active, he had lived through so many and such important events, and had taken such an important part in them all, that I felt that it would require years of time, and a volume of hundreds of pages, to do justice to his life and acts; and that anything I could attempt, in that

direction, would be but a feeble and imperfect sketch, prepared in the hurry of other pursuits, and unworthy of both the writer and the subject.

It is in this view that I submit the following pages to the reader —more as an editor and compiler, than an author. A great many, perhaps hundreds, of short biographies of Gov. Donnelly have been published in newspapers, magazines and encyclopædias: and these show the public curiosity to know something about the history and character of the man; and I feel confident, therefore, that the many additional and interesting facts given in these pages will be acceptable to general readers, on both sides of the Atlantic.

I beg leave to acknowledge my indebtedness to Hon. John A. Giltinan for valuable assistance in the preparation of this work. Judge Giltinan made a visit of several weeks' duration to Gov. Donnelly's home, in 1887, and had free access to all his papers; and he selected and collated hundreds of the extracts given in *Donnelliana*, and arranged them in very much the order in which they stand in the following pages. The work could scarcely have been prepared without his help.

E. W. F.

St. Paul, Minn., October, 1891.

DONNELLIANA.

Part First.

A BIOGRAPHY OF HON. IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

IN THIS age of the world the lives of many great men become a part of history before the contemporary chapter is closed, and it often becomes necessary to write the chronicles of the day before the sun has reached the western horizon. Thus the history of the individual is often inscribed while the sky is still brilliant with promise and the day pregnant with events.

That the subject of this sketch has attained a zenith at this date, no one acquainted with his powers can calmly contemplate. The suppression of his political activities, during years of vigorous manhood, because the beating of his heart would not silence, has schooled him for a loftier flight in the present great humanitarian movement, many of whose watch-fires his inspiration has lighted upon the western hills.

Hence we put forth this biographical sketch as one who, witnessing great and immediate changes in the world, descries a clearly defined "genius"—one whose profound thoughts and masterful utterances have become guiding forces in the contentious elements of the times. We write not as one ringing down the curtain upon a mighty drama, involving human destinies, but as one who lifts the curtain upon another act, wherein the drama approaches the climax of its power.

IGNATIUS DONNELLY was born in William Penn's famous old City of Brotherly Love, Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the south side of Pine Street, between Ninth and Tenth Streets, on the third day of November, in the year of our Lord 1831.

His father, Dr. Philip Carroll Donnelly, was an eminent physician of Philadelphia, a graduate of the Jefferson Medical College of that city, an institution founded by the celebrated Dr. George McClellan, a man of profound mind and great learning, and the uncle, we believe, of General George B. McClellan, famous in our Civil War.

Doctor Donnelly was a native of the parish of Fintona, in Tyrone County, Ireland. While yet a boy he emigrated to Philadelphia, in the early part of the present century. Here, on June 29, 1826, he

married Miss Catharine Frances Gavin, a native of the District of Southwark, a part of the present city of Philadelphia.

John Gavin, the father of Catharine, came to the United States in the latter part of the last century. He was, also, from Fintona, Tyrone County, Ireland, and a descendant of one of the Scotch emigrant families which settled in Ireland at the time of the great English and Scotch emigration, to the North of Ireland, about 1640. He died in Philadelphia in 1826.

Young, in his *History of Christian Names*, derives Gavin from the name of "Sir Gawain," King Arthur's nephew, the meaning of which was "Hawk of Battle." He says:

"His name, whether as 'Waluron,' 'Gawain' or 'Gavin,' was popular in England and Scotland in the middle ages, and in the last-mentioned shape named the high-spirited bishop of Dunkeld, the one son of 'Bell the Cat' who could pen a line, and who did so to good purpose, when 'he gave rude Scotland Virgil's page;' nor is the name of Gavin by any means extinct in Scotland."

In Lower's *Patronymica Britannica*, page 126, we read that —

"Gawan, Gawen and Gavin are different forms of an old Scotch and Welsh personal name. The Gawans of Norrington, in the parish of Alvidestan, continued in that place four hundred and fifty years."

The reader of Robert Burns' poetry will remember his devoted attachment to his friend *Gavin* Hamilton, to whom he dedicated a volume of his poems:

"So, sir, you see 'twas no daft vapor,
But I mutually thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, sir, to *you*,
Because (ye need na tak it ill)
I thought them something like yoursel'."

Dr. Edward Maginn.

Mr. Donnelly's mother's mother was a first cousin of the celebrated Dr. Edward Maginn, Bishop of Derry, the friend of Daniel O'Connell, and, in his day, the greatest orator, controversialist and philanthropist of the North of Ireland. The New York *Nation*, of February 17, 1849, speaking of his death, said:

"He was the earliest and most ardent friend of the union of parties. He was utterly opposed to the antiquated folly of petitioning England. He was a believer in the right of nations to resort to arms for the defense, or assertion, of just claims; and if banners had appeared, last year, in the summer air, over the fields of Ireland, his benediction would have hailed them as they rose. The utter vanishing of all our brave prospects, beyond a doubt, weighed on his enthusiastic spirit, and perhaps induced that fever of mind and body which has ended in his death."

He was a profoundly learned man. A gentleman who heard him speak describes him as possessing —

"A mind stored with an immense accumulation of general knowledge, with an imagery bold, various and peculiar; brilliant, correct, striking. His views were clear and vivid, and he had always a full and absolute possession of his subject. A

warm heart and a cool head gave him that very rare combination of strong, practical common sense united to a brilliant imagination and a vigorous poetic fancy."

The celebrated Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who wrote a biography of Doctor Maginn, speaks of —

"His public spirit, his moral courage, his thorough identity with the country, his fierce eloquence, his unwearied industry."

He adds:

"His application to details made him, in some sort, the judge and legislator of his people."

Thomas D'Arcy McGee says of him:

"The continued negligence of subordinates, indifference of superiors, and insensibility of the government to the wholesale destruction of Irish life, at last inspired Dr. Maginn with that deep-seated abhorrence of English misrule which he carried with him to his grave. 'For myself,' he says, in a letter, 'as a Christian bishop, living as I do amid scenes that must rend the heart of any one having the least feeling of humanity, though attached to our queen as much from affection as from the duty of allegiance, I don't hesitate to say to you that there are no means under heaven that I would not cheerfully resort to to redeem my people from their present misery: and sooner than allow it to continue, like the Archbishop of Milan, I would grasp the cross and the green flag of Ireland, and rescue my country or perish with its people.'"

He died prematurely at the age of 53. He was really the great man of his epoch and country; and but for his early demise would have played a still more important part in the history of Ireland.

He was an ardent friend of temperance, having administered the pledge of total abstinence to several thousand persons before he became bishop. He was a strong opponent of slavery, a lover of liberty, and a profound admirer of the United States. But his hatred of oppression and sympathy with the wretched were the strongest sentiments of his noble character. In his speech, when elevated to the episcopate, he said:

"Believing the poor to be the 'treasures of God's church,' I must have proved false to my vocation had I stood on the side of the powerful against the weak, or of the oppressor against the oppressed. The rich seldom want advocates — the poor often. My sympathies, I own, have always been with the poor and lowly. In this I have a bright example in His conduct who refused to go to the ruler's daughter, and went, with alacrity, to the centurion's servant."

In reading his eloquent speeches, full of learning, vigor, imagination and humor, one is constantly reminded of his relative, the subject of this sketch.

Mr. Donnelly's Mother.

Mr. Donnelly's mother died June 13, 1887, at Philadelphia. She was a woman of great mental endowments. The Philadelphia *Star*, speaking of her death, said:

"Mrs. Catharine Donnelly, of 534 Pine Street, widow of the late Doctor Philip Carroll Donnelly, was a lady of marked and admirable traits of character, and

beloved by all who knew her. She possessed extraordinary breadth of mind and excellence of judgment, associated with great kindness and benevolence of heart, and all the womanly graces. She was the beloved center of one of the brightest and happiest homes in the city, and the gap in the lives of those who loved her can never be filled. The poor will miss her many charities, and all who came in contact with her, in the daily walks of life, will grieve to think that her cheery and vivacious manner and kindly presence are gone forever."

The New York *Freeman's Journal* of June 18th, 1887, spoke of Mrs. Donnelly as—

"A woman of rare intellectual force and unremitting energy, joined to solid piety. She was the mother of a family noted for talent and even genius in its members."

The Philadelphia *Record* of June 16th, 1887, speaking of her death, said:

"She was a lady of rare force of character, combined with other qualities that win respect and esteem. She was the mother of a notably talented family."

The Philadelphia *Times* spoke of her as "a woman of extraordinary powers of mind, great vitality, and beloved by a large circle of friends."

She was seventy-seven years old at the time of her death. Mr. Donnelly thus speaks of his mother in his journal:

"My mother was a great-brained, noble-hearted woman. Her life was one of sacrifice for her children. When my father died, she was still young and attractive; but she took the ornaments from her ears, and, assuming her widow's weeds, resolutely devoted herself to the care of her family, repulsing the advances of the suitors who sought her hand. For herself she had no ambition and no vanity; she was the humblest of women; but her pride in her children was unbounded. Active and powerful as was her mind, her heart over-weighed it. She could never have attained distinction, for all her energies went out in behalf of those she loved.

"Her courage, resolution, perseverance and sagacity were man like, but she never employed them for herself. Her temper was cheerful; her heart tender, and the elasticity of her spirit extraordinary. Her energy was without limit.

"She was a true mother. The wings of her spirit spread over her brood continually, and she had no thought but for their happiness. A purer and cleaner heart never beat on earth. I cannot believe that she could be happy, even in heaven, if she knew that her children were miserable."

The Donnellys.

The Donnellys, according to Doctor Donavan, are an ancient sept, of Ulster. In his great work, *The Annals of the Four Masters* (vol. vi. p. 2426), Doctor Donavan traces back the pedigree of the "clan Donnelly" to "Niall of the Nine Hostages," monarch of all Ireland, slain A. D. 406. The eighteenth in descent from Niall was "Donnghal, *a quo* O'Donnelly."

The Donnellys boasted that their ancestors never wore the iron collar of serfdom since the foundation of the world; that they and their ancestors were clansmen; and in the clan every member was held to be of as good blood as the chief, and might succeed to the command.

According to Doctor Donovan, the Donnellys were originally settled, more than two thousand years ago, in the district of *Tir Enda*, in the extreme northernmost part of the island; they were probably descended, in the remote past, from some colony of Northmen who had landed on that wild coast.

Not from any desire to carry the subject of this sketch back into ancestral shadows, deeply involved in the mythical, but to connect modern research with that Irish history approached, at least, by this investigation, we make the following suggestions:

It was in this North-Ireland region that the ship of the Danites landed, 480 B. C., bearing the *Lais fail*, or stone of destiny, borne, subsequently, to Scotland by King Feargus, and now the coronation stone of England. With this Danish vessel came the old seer of Irish tradition (who either justly or unjustly gave origin to the belief that Jeremiah was buried near the Lake of Tara), and the fair-haired "Tephi," or Hebrew daughter. And it is held by some that the Saxon-haired, or light-haired, Semite-faced Irish sept sprang from this source, at the village of Tuatha-d'Danaan.

From that point, on the extreme northern coast of Ireland, the Donnellys fought their way inward to the center of Tyrone County. They were a bold, warlike race. The head of the clan, according to Keating, was the hereditary marshal of the great O'Neill's forces. Fynes Morryson, in his *History of Ireland*, states, in his enumeration of the forces of the chieftains of Ulster who combined to oppose the Earl of Essex, in 1599, "that the Donolaghes (O'Donnellys) had, in their country, one hundred foot and sixty horse."

Doctor Donovan says:

"Donnall Groome MacDonnell (Donnelly), the brother of the marshal, accompanied Tyrone to Kinsale, where he fought with such desperation that he, *a captain of one hundred, and all his men were slain.*"

This was courage worthy of the field of Marathon. If all Irishmen had fought with similar desperation Ireland would never have been conquered.

Francis Bacon little thought that the revelation of his wonderful cipher was to come from a descendant of one of the Irish rebels, who were giving at that time so much trouble to the Earl of Essex and Queen Elizabeth. Phettiplace wrote the English council, speaking of the great John O'Neill, that "his strength and safety consists, not in the noblest of his men, nor in his kinsmen, nor his brothers, but in his foster-brothers, the O'Donnellys, who are three hundred gentlemen."

According to Doctor Donovan Queen Elizabeth at one time proposed to make John O'Donnelly an earl, but he refused the splendid offer, and stood by his country.

Doctor Donovan concludes his lengthy account of the Donnellys with these words:

"All of the men of this family that I ever saw are remarkable for their manly form and symmetry of person; and even the peasants, who bear the name, exhibit generally a stature and expression of countenance which indicate high descent."

The Carrolls.

Dr. Philip Carroll Donnelly's mother was a Carroll, from whose family he took his middle name; and, with pardonable pride, he entered in the family Bible, many years ago, a statement of the fact that she was a lineal descendant of the last of the ancient kings of Ergall, or Orgiall, whose royal seat was at Clogher, in Tyrone County.

The kingdom of Orgiall comprised the counties of Armagh, Monaghan, Louth, and part of Tyrone; and the dynasty lasted from the year 332 to near the end of the twelfth century, more than eight hundred years. The remains of their royal palace still exist, surrounded by extensive earthworks, mounds and ditches. The race of the O'Carrolls was held in such high esteem that it was stipulated, with the King of all Ireland, that if any of the sept were given as hostages, they should, if shackled, wear fetters of gold; and hence the name of their kingdom, signifying "shackles of gold."

Of course, in these days, and this free country, such memories are very little thought of; and yet those who believe in the hereditary transmitability of qualities of the mind and heart find a certain interest in them.

This, I think, is the same family of Carrolls from which the celebrated Carrolls of Maryland are descended. The reader will remember the often quoted remark of Charles Carroll, of the Continental Congress, in 1776. When he signed the Declaration of Independence some one said—for it was a perilous deed to do, and might lead to confiscation and the scaffold: "Well, Carroll, you will escape, for there are so many of the name of Carroll that, if we are beaten, the government can never tell which Carroll it was who wrote his name there." Whereupon the bold patriot took the pen again and wrote after his name the words, "Of Carrollton;" and there it stands to this day, a memorial of the time when men staked "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors" for liberty.

In Ireland, as has often been remarked, the native aristocracy, who, by "natural selection," had, during centuries, fought their way to the top, were trampled down into the ranks by conquest and confiscation; and hence it is that so much talent constantly crops up from the Irish peasantry. An Irish king was as much in his day as a Saxon king, and possessed just as much power, splendor and culture; and there is no reason, therefore, why the strong traits which made his race leaders of men should not reappear in his

descendants for many generations.* The world, moreover, is naturally curious, when any man attracts public attention, to inquire whence he got his characteristics, believing that "like must produce like."

Doctor Donnelly.

Doctor Donnelly, the father of Ignatius, held several important positions. He was one of the Board of School Commissioners, and a great friend of the public school system. He was also one of the commissioners of the township of Moyamensing, in Philadelphia, during 1837, 1838, 1839 and 1840.

He was one of the founders of the Philadelphia College of Medicine, having been one of the original incorporators named in the act of the Legislature of Pennsylvania.

At the time of his death, he was the physician in charge of the Moyamensing Alms-house. Moyamensing, now part of the city of Philadelphia, was then a separate municipality. Doctor Donnelly owed his death to his benevolence of character. A poor fellow, an immigrant, was brought to the Alms-house, suffering from typhus fever, or "ship fever," as it was called. His case was so hopeless, and the disease so far advanced, that the assistant physicians and nurses refused to wait upon him, knowing the dangerous and contagious nature of the disease. Doctor Donnelly devoted himself to the poor man, and in doing so contracted the disease from which he died.

He was respected by all who knew him, and was long remembered by the poor of Philadelphia for his many charities. He was a profound thinker and a great student. At the time of his death he had accumulated a library of several thousand volumes. It is a curious fact that he was a constant reader of the works of Francis Bacon, and this may be cited as another illustration of the theory that even mental tastes, as well as talents, are transmitted from father to son.

Ignatius Donnelly's Education.

The subject of this sketch owes all his education to the public school system. He was sent, when about ten years old, to the public grammar school at the corner of Eighth and Fitzwater Streets, Philadelphia, where he remained until his thirteenth year, when he entered the Central High School of Philadelphia, a very fine institution, possessing a collegiate course.

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*And it must not be forgotten that Ireland once possessed a degree of culture higher than any of the other nations around her. The kings of England (notably Alfred the Great) resorted to "the green isle" to obtain their education; and Irish scholars traveled to all parts of Europe disseminating learning and civilization. To this day, in France, Germany, and even in Austria, you will find ancient colleges and monasteries that were established by Irish missionaries.

The principal of the school was, at that time, Professor John S. Hart, the author of numerous books, editor of *Sartain's Magazine*, the leading literary monthly publication of that day, and a gentleman of great amiability, as well as learning; afterwards president of Princeton College.

Mr. Donnelly graduated from the Philadelphia High School in 1849, and soon after entered upon the study of law in the office of Benjamin Harris Brewster, subsequently Attorney-General of the United States. He remained in Mr. Brewster's office until his admission to the bar, and was a careful and laborious student. He worked so hard, the first year, in mastering the mysteries of the profession, that his health was temporarily affected, and his mother sent him, in 1851, to Muncy, Lycoming County, Pennsylvania, where he spent some months, hunting and fishing, in the wild, mountainous region of Sullivan County, then infested with panthers and bears, and full of deer and other game. Here he shot his first deer. These excursions restored him to health.

In his nineteenth year he published a volume of poems called *The Mourner's Vision*. He has since been diligently engaged trying to suppress all the copies he could find. At this time he gave more promise of turning out a poet than anything else.

Admitted to the Bar.

In the year 1853 he was admitted to the bar, and at once entered upon the practice of his profession. He speedily built up a considerable business. In 1855 he delivered the annual address on the 4th of July, from the steps of the old Court-house, from the very spot where the Declaration of Independence was first promulgated in 1776. The *Pennsylvanian*, Col. John W. Forney's paper, then the leading journal of the city, complimented this address strongly. It said:

"The oration delivered by Mr. Donnelly is an effort deserving of the highest encomium. The style in which it is written is clear, cogent and graceful, combining eloquence of thought with purity of diction."

Nominated for the Legislature.

In the fall of the same year (1855), Mr. Donnelly was nominated, without any solicitation on his part, by the Democrats of the legislative district in which he resided (his home was then on the south side of Spruce Street, above Sixth), for the House of Representatives; but he declined the nomination, partly because he began to have doubts about the soundness of the position of the Democratic party on the slavery question, but principally because he was very busy paying his addresses to a young lady, Miss Katharine McCaffrey, a native of Philadelphia, whom he soon afterward married.

His Marriage.

Miss McCaffrey was the principal of the boys' secondary school at Eighth and Fitzwater Streets, Philadelphia, and was generally regarded, at that time, as the finest amateur singer of that old and cultured city. The marriage took place on the 10th of September, 1855. Mr. Donnelly's groomsman was Samuel S. Fisher, afterward of Cincinnati, Ohio, and one of the leading patent lawyers of the United States. He was Commissioner of Patents under President Grant. That 10th of September was "a red letter day" in the lives of both Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly, for their married life has been an exceptionally happy one. A lady correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, who visited Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly at their home, in 1886, said:

"Nothing could be happier than the domestic life of Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly. Upon the occasion of my last visit to them Mr. Donnelly, in speaking of his early life, said: 'When I was three and twenty I married the best woman in the world.'

"'Yes,' said Mrs. Donnelly, with the ready wit which is one of her many charms, 'we both of us met with bargains.'

"Mrs. Donnelly is the intelligent, sympathetically critical, and admiring partner of all her husband's efforts, and although the eldest of their three children is now twenty-eight years of age, they are still affectionate companions, happy in their busy retirement, and in their sincere attachment; wholly free from sentimentality, they demonstrate, to those who hold high ideals of what the domestic relation may be, the practicality of their conceptions."

The celebrated Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm, in 1861, thus spoke of Governor and Mrs. Donnelly:

"Lieutenant-Governor Donnelly and lady dined and spent the evening with us. Our readers all know our opinion of Mr. Donnelly, Governor Ramsey's right-hand man in bringing our State up from the slough of despond in which they found it floundering; but Mrs. Donnelly is by far the most entertaining companion. She is the finest singer I have ever heard off the stage; and those who hear her can form a good idea of Jenny Lind. Then she read for us 'Lochiel's Warning,' as one might expect Charlotte Cushman to have read it."

He Takes a Trip West.

In the winter of 1855–6 there was a great deal of talk, in the East, about the new and rapidly growing West, and an immense movement of population westward followed. In the spring of 1856, [April 14th], Mr. Donnelly, accompanied by his wife, and a young lady and gentleman, cousins of his wife, who had relatives living in Iowa, started west to look at the new world. Mr. Donnelly kept a very curious and interesting journal, from which I extract the following description of Chicago:

Chicago in 1856.

"We find Chicago situated on a flat, so low that they are busily engaged raising the houses above the level of the mud and water. The buildings, even on the principal streets, are of wood. Everything has a temporary look; it gives one the idea of a great caravansary. There seems to be a large amount of business, but very little comfort. That will come with time.

"Here we are in the heart of the Great West. All is hurry and confusion; rapid growth is everywhere; millionaires are as thick as whortleberries; life and animation are visible on all sides.

"Our old friend F. L. married a gentleman who is part owner of the 'Young America,' a handsome hotel here. So, with letters of introduction, we go there.

"The house, despite its grandeur, seems to have fallen into disfavor. We are lodged sumptuously, sleeping in a bed that would do honor to royalty, and waited on by liveried servants; but the fare, although heralded on a gorgeous card, with the names of many French dishes, consists, when reduced to the test of reality, of beef-steak and lake-snipe. These latter are very abundant at this season, and sell, we are told, for one dollar per bushel.

"We ride around the town. The city looks as if a gigantic board-yard had been worked up over night into a multitude of small, half-finished houses, and these had been dropped at random over the face of a dead flat prairie. The streets are muddy beyond conception. The sidewalks are of boards, in many cases high above the streets, and often dilapidated to an extent dangerous to life and limb. Yet it is a city of mighty possibilities—the great city of the future."

The travelers reached the Mississippi River April 23, 1856.

The Father of Waters.

"Here we beheld, for the first time, the mighty river—the Father of Waters. We survey it with feelings almost of awe, sweeping on from its intercontinental birth-springs to its grave in the tropical sea."

They crossed the river at Davenport, on the *first railroad passenger train ever drawn across the Mississippi River.*

The road terminated at Iowa City, then the end of the railroad system of the West. The journal says:

"The railroad to Iowa City is in a horrible condition. It was built under contract during the fall and winter, and as the frost went out of the ground the road sank into the soft mud. After leaving Davenport, a beautiful and growing city, on the west bank of the river, we were a whole day reaching Iowa City, when we should have accomplished the distance in a few hours. Twice we had to leave the train and walk, with baggage in hand, past portions of the mud drowned road, and then take a new train to another mud hole. The country is wild prairie; two or three deer are seen in the distance. Most of the passengers are going to Kansas; and nearly every man (and they are *all* men) has his Sharpe's rifle, or some other similar implement of civilization. There is a good deal of conversation in the car about the troubles and bloodshed in that territory."

He describes the accommodations at an Iowa City hotel:

The Beef-Steak and the Pickaninny.

"By taking a carriage we got to the 'American House' in advance of the regular 'bus,' and with great difficulty obtained one room for all four of us. The room was about six feet by ten. My wife and Miss ——— slept in the single bed; John and I on a quilt on the floor, with our feet under the bed. We had to put them there or out of doors. The rush of travel is enormous. The landlord and his clerk acted as chambermaids. I looked into one room, about twenty by twenty; there were eight beds, occupying the entire room; each bed holding three persons, twenty-four in all. The struggle for room and air was so great that we observed, in some instances, the middle man with his head at an angle of forty-five degrees against the head-board, and his arms stretched out, like a crucifixion, above the heads of his fellows. How human beings could live in such an atmosphere was a marvel. Dirt and discomfort were everywhere. We should probably have endured it all but for

a pleasing incident which occurred at breakfast the next morning. The ladies of our party were seated where they had a full view of the kitchen. The cook — a large, black woman — had placed several pans of fried meat, ready cooked, for carving, upon the brick pavement near the fire. Her child, a little, eighteen-months-old, bow-legged, half clad pickaninny, was toddling around, when it accidentally fell backward, in a sitting position, into one of the pans of meat. The mother rushed over, picked it up, gave it a slap and a wipe, and proceeded to carve up the contents of the pan for the waiting guests. That settled us."

They removed to "The Park House."

Mr. Donnelly left the ladies at Iowa City, and he and "John" proceeded west by stage.

Iowa in 1856.

"Our route lay through Iowa and Poweshiek Counties, and part of Jasper; the country is almost altogether treeless prairie. The roads are utterly abominable — rough and muddy to the last degree. Occasionally they are crossed by *sloughs*, low, wet swales, where the hidden bog is covered by a carpet of grass, through which the wheels of the lumbering stage are apt to break. At this season they are especially bad. The traveler is regaled with humorous stories illustrating their character. One, for instance, of a man who, on arriving at the brink of the slough, found a stranger whistling, as if calling for something.

"'Is this slough safe?' asked the new-comer.

"'Oh, yes,' was the response.

"'What are you whistling for?'

"'My oxen and wagon are down in there somewhere, and I am trying to coax them out.'

"The accommodations are wretched. In a trip of one hundred and thirty miles, we saw butter but once, and then the specimen was floating at the bottom of a dirty saucer. The hotels are log-houses; the fare, fried ham and bad bread (forty or fifty cents per meal); the drivers rough and impudent; the stages intolerable.

"The male passengers, in the morning, usually fire off their revolvers and re-load.

"This country will not do for me. It is a great and rising country, certain to become rich, prosperous and popular, but it is desolate and bleak, and the comforts of life are all wanting. The next generation will find it a paradise compared to what it is now. Trees are so scarce that even a bush is a relief to the eyes; the scenery is so monotonous that the sight of a boulder, on the prairie, furnishes the stage passengers with conversation for an hour. The winds roar and sweep over the land as they do over the ocean. I saw large houses that had been removed bodily from their foundations and carried several feet."

After visiting "John's" father at Albion or Lafayette, in Marshall County, Mr. Donnelly left "John" to stay a few days with his parents, and returned alone to Iowa City.

Two Iowa Families Contrasted.

"I took dinner at Indiantown on my way from Newton eastward. We staid all night at a place called 'Clem's.' Mr. Clem was, I think, from Indiana. His house was of logs, but large and roomy and well built. It realized all my ideas of a comfortable Western home. It had a huge old fire-place, ornamented with 'andirons.' The walls were hung with all manner of things: powder-horns, rifles, whips, children's dresses, etc.

"It was a cold, windy night. I went to sleep in a bed facing the glorious fire; the room roseate with its flickering light.

"Intelligence sets its stamp everywhere. There is no substitute for brains. From the old 'grand'ther,' who warmed his shriveled palms before the fire, down to the hearty-looking boy who waited on the horses, the whole family bore the marks of industry and intelligence.

"I have rarely enjoyed a night's rest more than I did in that cleanly bed, facing that pleasant fire, dropping off to sleep listening to the crackle of the logs and the howl of the wind outside.

"The next night was a violent contrast to all this. It was at a place twenty-two miles west of Iowa City. A rickety, rough-built cabin; a dirty, cheerless room; a huge, empty stove, around which we gathered, vainly hoping to extract some comfort from its cold sides; and a set of villainous looking louts of stage drivers, lying around upon equally villainous-looking beds. A vinegar-faced old woman acted as landlady; an overgrown slouch of a young one acted as cook; while a dirty-faced boy filled the position of chambermaid. My bed-room was a loft; my bed a straw mattress on the floor; my overcoat served for a pillow, while the rain, trickling through the miserable roof, lulled me into uneasy slumber. The fare was equally bad. Molasses supplied the place of butter; doughy cakes were a substitute for bread; while ham, here as elsewhere, was the unvarying substitute for all the meats. And all this was flavored with the most uncompromising impudence. One or two of the company ventured to complain, but always at the risk of being drubbed by the landlord, who took any objection to his fare as a personal insult to himself."

Mr. Donnelly and the ladies left Iowa City May 2d, 1856, and that evening took the steamboat "York State" for St. Paul. Some twelve hours were consumed in getting through the Rock Island bridge, the force of the current being terrific. The boat was four days going to St. Paul. There were no railroads then north or west of Galena, Illinois. I quote again from that interesting journal:

The Upper Mississippi.

"The whole trip was delightful. . . . The meals on the boat are not to be surpassed at any hotel. We had a beautiful cabin, fine bed and polite attendance, everything, in short, that the most fastidious could desire. Deducting the value of the meals, this floating piece of civilization carried us four hundred miles for two dollars!

"Without, the scenery is magnificent—it is one unending and ever-varying panorama of beauty.

"When we first came on deck we were twenty-five miles above Dubuque. The river is full of islands, now overflowed by the spring freshets. Through their foliage we could catch glimpses of the glancing waters.

> "'Anon, through many a copse, 'gan peep
> The wandering river, wide and deep.'

"The whole scene is beautiful, indeed. The black waters, the green islets, the guarding hills, the sunlight and the fresh wind, made it all seem like fairyland.

"The river shores appear to rise as we go northward. On the Iowa side the hills are rolling and broken. The channel lies toward the eastern side. A narrow strip of arable land stretches along the river's edge, backed by high rocks, with their rough fronts marked by variously colored strata, greened by mosses, and worn by wind and weather and the uncounted centuries into towers and rounded pillars, and all the shapes of antique castles, which remind one of Praed's lines:

> "'Where foams and flows the glorious Rhine,
> Many a ruin wan and grey
> O'erlooks the cornfield and the vine,
> Majestic in its dark decay.'

"As we advanced we caught glimpses of the rapidly fleeting barbarism which for so many centuries has held these beautiful lands in thrall. We saw an old

Indian, dressed in a curiously compounded costume,—leggins and stove-pipe hat, moccasins and cloth coat,—hurrying along in a bark canoe, from one little island to another, as the great steamer moved slowly forward.

"Although we had left Iowa bleak and bare, in her gray winter garb, with not a tree in leaf, we were surprised to find the trees on these islands, hundreds of miles further north, covered with bright foliage. This was probably due to the moisture of the river-bed.

"We have sailed into a new world. We have left the flats, the morasses—the old coal-fields—of Illinois, Indiana and Iowa, far below us. Here are health, beauty, majesty.

"The blue river; the green islands; a white steamer ('The Lady Franklin'), steaming along the narrow channel in front of us; while far along the western bluffs lie the deep shadows cast by the departing sun, his yellow light bathing the eastern banks in glory.

"What a beautiful land has the red man lost and the white man won!"

After describing in detail Winona, Prescott, Hudson, Stillwater (for the boat went up the St. Croix), and Hastings, as they appeared in 1856, Mr. Donnelly's journal proceeds to narrate that he and his wife and her cousin reached St. Paul May 7, 1856. He thus describes that city:

St. Paul in 1856.

"When I awoke the next morning, at about five o'clock, I hurried out, for the steamer was not in motion, and there, before us and above us, lay the bluffs and storehouses of St. Paul. The levee was crowded; steamboats were on all sides of us. Early as it was, men were at work on the levee, with drays and wagons, among the piles of freight.

"We had reached the city of promise; the cynosure of all eyes; the new St. Louis; the youthful Chicago; the capital of the new-born territory of Minnesota; the ultimate practicable point of navigation on the great river.

"I hurried ashore. Everything was rough and new. I climbed the precipitous bluffs, overlooking the landing, and reached the level of the town-site. . . . I hurried to the post-office, expecting letters from home. It was not yet open, to my great disappointment. The post-office was a little brick building which looked as if it had been built as a sample when bricks were scarce. It was not yet six o'clock, and the office would not open until half past seven; so I returned to the boat, wakened my companions, and we left the 'York State'; not without some regret, for we had had a very pleasant, comfortable time upon her. To be sure, the four days' trip had been somewhat tedious. The first day I exhausted all the newspapers on the boat, even to the advertisements, and then took to a diligent perusal of the Holy Bible, the only book on the steamer, which I read with the utmost assiduity. In fact, I was so devoted to it that the ladies on the steamer concluded I was a clergyman, and they appointed a committee to request my wife to ask me to *preach to them!* . . .

"I had heard on the boat that the 'Winslow House' was the best hotel in town; so, taking a conveyance, we proceeded there. It was a fair house, but the rooms were small and the place too crowded for comfort. After staying there a day we concluded to remove to the 'American House,' kept by E. H. Long. It was nearly opposite the Winslow, and was a large, frame, rambling establishment, built, evidently, in patches and sections, at different times. The landlady, Mrs. Long, was a study. A plump figure, a pleasant face; sharp, black, restless, energetic eyes, and a voice that rose to 'X sharp,' especially when addressing the servants. She was of Pennsylvania-Dutch extraction, and had all their thrift, and ten-fold more than their usual energy. She was a good woman, a thorough help mate to her husband, and a tremendous worker. Her education was not equal to her intelligence. She told me, with wide open eyes, one morning, that there had been 'midnight buglers' in the house the night before. On another occasion she informed

me that the schools of St. Paul were not very good, and that Mr. Long intended to take their daughter — a handsome young girl — to Pennsylvania, and put her in a 'cemetery.' But these little slips of the tongue were a small thing, compared with her many sterling virtues.

"Everything in the town is, as might be expected, crude and new. The houses and stores are generally small and of frame. There are very few on the upper half of the main street, between the American House and the steamboat levee. There is, however, a great appearance of growth and prosperity. It is the heart of all this region.

A Character Described.

"I met Mr. ———. He is a nondescript. His father was an Alsatian, an old soldier of Napoleon, living at ———. . . . He is a small man, with a marked countenance and a droop of his nose that looks like a reminiscence of Hebrew blood. He is very illiterate. He has no breadth of mind, but great nerve and shrewdness. His knowledge of men, his cunning and his self-control are remarkable. When most excited, he holds his head a little higher and talks a trifle through his nose; these are the only indications he gives of any internal commotion. A close and selfish man he is, nevertheless lavish in decorating his wife and children, in whom he takes the greatest pride. This is almost the only redeeming trait of his character. He is one of a class of men here who infest the hotels, examine the registers, get acquainted with all strangers, and, under the guise of courtesy, show them property which they have for sale, and fill their heads with stories of enormous fortunes, made in a few weeks or months, by the rise in real estate. Their art is, of course, to hide the art — to sell without appearing to want to sell. For this end they have accomplices and stool-pigeons — snuffy-nosed adventurers and fast young dandies — and they work their games with great skill and shrewdness."

Five Per Cent. Per Month for Money.

"Everything here is inflated and exaggerated. The people are discounting the future. It will require years to give body and substance to their speculations. Everything is wild.

"To-day Mr. ——— was telling me that business was done here so differently from the East; and to illustrate this, he took from his safe a promissory note for about two thousand dollars, drawn by a Mr. Randall, living here, familiarly known as 'Pap Randall,' supposed to be a millionaire; the note bearing interest until due, at *three* per cent. per month, with *five* per cent. per month, after maturity, until paid! It was overdue several months. I expressed the opinion that the maker of such a note must be crazy or a bankrupt. 'Not at all,' said Mr. ——. "Come with me, and I will prove to you that it is the usual custom, and that the note is fully worth all that it calls for.' So saying, he took me to the banking-house of Borup & Oakes, and, laying the note on the counter, they purchased it as readily as they would a State bond, and counted him out the face of the note, with three per cent. and five per cent. added, as calmly as if it were indeed an every-day transaction.

Borup & Oakes.

"This firm of Borup & Oakes are the leading bankers of St. Paul. Mr. Borup is a Dane; Mr. Oakes is a mild-spoken New Yorker. Both went years ago, as young men to the shores of Lake Superior, to engage in the fur trade with the Indians. Here they made money and married two sisters, daughters of a French officer by one of the native women. These young ladies had been educated in a Canadian convent, and are spoken of, by all who know them, as highly intelligent, able and excellent women. They are at the head of society here, and entertain in splendid style.

"Mr. Borup is a man of marked character; short, thick-set, prompt, active, keen; a great lover of music and well-read — a Napoleonic style of man. He is said to be merciless in business and generous outside of it.

"I like the people of St. Paul — what I see of them. They are all adventurers, but of the best type. There seem to be a great number of intellectual men concentrated here.

"Mr. ——— took me through the town and showed me various pieces of property. *Mem.*—A real estate dealer should always own a fast horse. In that way outlying property seems nearer the improvements."

Mr. Donnelly's journal details his visits to Lake Como, St. Anthony's Falls, Minneapolis, etc. He describes the way in which he and two or three other gentlemen, who were with him, got a room in a crowded hotel in Hastings.

Virtue is its Own Reward.

"After taking dinner at Mr. John Bassett's, we drove to Hastings, and put up at a frame hotel belonging to the Bailleys, French half-breeds, the principal owners of the town. Fare and accommodations are all poor; the house rough, and the guests of all degrees, from the rudest specimen of a Western outlaw to the Eastern capitalist looking for an investment. The crowd is very great, and we should probably have been obliged to sit up all night on chairs in the bar-room, but for the fortunate fact that we happened to get on very friendly terms with a Mr. Boyle, the agent or clerk of the Bailleys, having charge of the house. He is an Irishman; quite handsome and genial, and a good singer. We adjourned to a saloon near by, and had something to eat and drink, and he treated us to some good music. He is a fine specimen of the dark haired Irish, with all their good qualities.

"We so won upon his good will that about 8 o'clock he came to us and told us, in a whisper, that there was not a bed in the house not already engaged, but that one of the rooms had been given to a party of three or four rough fellows, who were drinking hard, and would probably make a night of it; and that we had better secure the room and lock the door.

"We acted promptly on this suggestion. About midnight we were aroused by a terrible banging at the door. It was our gay fellows returning from their spree. We referred them, through the unopened door, to Mr. Boyle, and he, when called upon, told them that that was not their room; and, in fact, he expressed grave doubts as to whether they ever had had any room anyhow! This was followed by a great deal of banging and swearing, but it finally subsided, and the roysterers slept off their potations on the hard floor of the bar-room. There we saw them stretched out the next morning. Thus were illustrated the great truths, that virtue is its own reward, and that the way of the transgressor is hard. And with these reflections I quieted my conscience."

He Lays Out the Town of Nininger.

I would be glad to quote more extensively from this very interesting journal, did space permit me to do so, for it is full of descriptions of men and things and the new country, but it will be sufficient for me to state that Mr. Donnelly united with Mr. John Nininger in the purchase of about 640 acres of land, where the present village of Nininger stands (or rather where it did stand, as it is now only known to transitional Western history), and laid out a town there of that name. He returned to Philadelphia, and came back in July, 1856, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Louis Faivre, of Louisville, Stark County, Ohio, and made arrangements to build the house where he now resides.

The plan of the town was his own, and it was unique. It proposed to set aside one-half the lots, to be held by the

proprietors, Nininger and himself; the remainder were to be sold at the cost price, about six dollars per lot, to those who would contract to make a certain amount of improvements upon them. The plan worked admirably. The price of the lots rose at once to one, two and three hundred dollars each, and men eagerly took the six-dollar lots and erected stores, mills, dwelling-houses, etc. Some two hundred houses were erected in a year, and there were contracts out for hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of improvements. The town would have been one of the most successful in the Territory, but unfortunately, about one year after it was started, in August, 1857, the great and memorable crisis came which swept over the whole country. The town collapsed. The houses were hauled off onto the neighboring farms, or to the town of Hastings, three miles distant, and Mr. Donnelly, who had built a much finer house than he needed, and had held on to the greater portion of his lots, in perfect faith in the future of the place, found himself practically a bankrupt, in the midst of the hardest times that had ever fallen upon the West.

But while the good times lasted Mr. Donnelly pushed the town with unexampled energy.

The Emigrant Aid Journal.

He established a large newspaper, with an illuminated head, called *The Emigrant Aid Journal*. The first number was printed December 1st, 1855, in Philadelphia. Mr. Donnelly edited it. Its object was to aid the town, and furnish information to emigrants to the new Territory. It was a very able journal. It died in the fall of 1857, in the midst of the financial panic.

He Establishes Another Paper.

Nothing disheartened, he established, in April, 1859, another paper, called *The Dakota County Sentinel*, which was strongly Republican. This paper acquired a large circulation in the county, and continued to exist until the civil war broke out, when the publisher, Henry W. Lindergreen (now publishing a paper in Geneva, Ohio), entered the army as a volunteer, and pretty much all his subordinates in the office followed his example.

Mr. Donnelly's Scrap-Books.

And here I would notice Mr. Donnelly's voluminous and methodically arranged scrap-books, of which there are very many volumes. They contain not only details of his own history, copies of his speeches and public letters, newspaper clippings, but he has even preserved what others would have esteemed the most unimportant trifles, but which time has rendered very curious and interesting. For instance, I have one before me of 1857 and 1858. Here is a copy of the old *St. Paul Financial Real Estate and Railroad Advertiser*

(J. A. Wheelock & Co., publishers), dated April 3d, 1858. Here we have a bill-of-fare of the Fuller House, for dinner, June 14th, 1857, surrounded by wood-cuts, and showing just what the pioneers of that day lived on. It commences with "green turtle soup" and ends with *eight different kinds of pie*, two kinds of pudding and two sorts of ice-cream! Here we have hand-bills setting forth the attractions of the new Territory. Here is the original programme of a Christmas party at Concert Hall, Prescott, Wisconsin, December 25th, 1857. And another at the Tremont Hall, Nininger, December 31st, 1857. And here is an old, yellow Mississippi steamboat ticket, with the distances from town to town on the river, printed on the back. And here is a grand, eloquent placard of the "Red River Land Improvement Company;" and here a still larger hand-bill, printed by "The Calhoun Steam Printing Co., 66 State Street, Hartford, Connecticut," booming "Bois des Sioux City," a paper town on the Red River, never heard of after the collapse of 1857. Here we have an election ballot of 1857. And so it goes. These things are already very valuable on account of their rarity, and, if not destroyed, will be still more valuable in the future.

And in this connection I would also notice Mr. Donnelly's library of pamphlets, of all kinds and periods, neatly bound; a collection that will some day have great interest for the antiquarian and historian.

A Winter Trip.

But I am anticipating the course of events. After a few weeks spent at Nininger and St. Paul, Mr. Donnelly returned to Philadelphia. He had only one doubt upon his mind as to removing his family to the Territory of Minnesota, (for it was not yet a State), and making it his permanent home, and that was the question whether or not the winter climate was too severe. The Eastern papers, at this time, were full of horrible narrations about the arctic cold of the region. I find in one of the old scrap-books a story of a mother who went out sleighing, with her babe in her arms, to attend church, and when she got to her destination she found the child frozen stiff at her breast. These stories were set afloat to divert emigration to regions farther south. But Mr. Donnelly resolved to make a winter trip to the Territory, to test the question for himself. And so, arrayed in fur coat and buckskin leggins, and carrying a traveling robe, he started alone for his long and severe journey. After leaving Dubuque, where the railroad ended, the rest of the journey to St. Paul had to be performed in a sleigh, which was simply a wagon box, on runners, with a canvas cover, like a Connestoga wagon. It required six days' journey to St. Paul The winter (1856–7) was long famous for its severity. The snow in Iowa was very deep, so much so that in some places only the tops of the upright stakes of the "snake fences" could be seen projecting, like horns, above the white expanse.

Playing Cards for the Road.

The roads were beaten hard by travel, but only to the width of the runners, and on each side was the deep, soft snow. It was all very well as long as the stage had the road to itself, but woe to it if it met another, for one or both had to turn out and go over! A story was told of a traveling peddler, a bright, smart Yankee, well known on the road, who met another, as bright as himself; each refused to turn out, and they sat for an hour, with their horses' noses touching each other, the thermometer down to about 40 degrees below zero. At length the Yankee said:

"See here, stranger, it won't pay to sit here all day. What do you say to come over here and play a game of poker, to settle who shall turn out?"

"Agreed," said the other.

And so they played their game, under many inconveniences; and the defeated party, with good grace, turned out and went over; and the victor helped him to straighten up again and reload his sled, before he drove on. These were what might be called "the amenities of the road."

Breaking the Ice.

I have heard Mr. Donnelly describe the beginning of his trip. The sleigh left Dubuque at about six o'clock in the morning. It was still black night. He packed himself into his corner of the stage, and could see by the light of the hotel lantern that the sleigh was full of men and women, principally men. The driver whipped up his horses, the runners groaned and creaked on the hard snow, and all was darkness. And so they rode on in profound silence, each traveler wrapped to the eyes in his or her furs and robes, and deep in his or her own cogitations; probably not very agreeable at such a time. Gradually the winter day commenced to dawn, and the travelers began to examine each other furtively and with cold distrust. And so they rode for hours in glum silence. To a man of Mr. Donnelly's cheerful and convivial temper, this was very distressing. He thought, with horror, of the idea of riding in this way for six or seven mortal days! At last he could stand it no longer, and addressed the crowd generally:

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "this will never do. If we are to ride this way for a week, we will all be lunatics! Can't some one tell a story?"

There was dead silence. No one even smiled. Not to be defeated in this way, he turned to one after another of the men, and then to the women, and preferred the same request individually. No. No. They all shook their heads, and relapsed into chilled silence. Then Mr. Donnelly asked whether any of them could sing a song. No—no. None of them could sing.

Mr. Donnelly's Singing.

"Then," said he, "I'll sing a song myself."

Now, if there is any one thing, among his varied accomplishments, which Mr. Donnelly cannot do, it is to sing a song to any recognized and established tune. He often says that "any fool can sing a song to one tune, but it takes a man of genius to sing a song to half a dozen tunes at the same time;" and his wife persists that he always sings "Bonny Doon" to the air of "The Last Rose of Summer." Consequently when, on that cold morning, he broke forth into melody, the passengers forgot the cold and the discomforts, and the long trip before them, and everything else, and laughed till they were sore.

But he had accomplished his object. In a few minutes somebody was found who *could* sing; and then the story-telling began, and for the rest of the trip they were the jolliest crowd that ever rode over Minnesota snow-drifts.

The Return Home.

Mr. Donnelly started back on the same route, and after another journey, not quite as long as the last, reached Dubuque, and thence made his way to Philadelphia by rail. But he had satisfied himself of one thing—the winter cold could be borne, and instead of being destructive it was beneficial to him. He had considerably increased in weight and strength, for at the time he started on his trip he weighed but 135 pounds. He came to the conclusion that Minnesota's cold was a bugbear, and he made up his mind to remove to the new Territory with his family in the spring.

His Final Removal to the West.

He had intended to leave on the 1st of May, but the closing-up of his business detained him until the 15th. His departure elicited a number of newspaper compliments. The *Daily Pennsylvanian* of April 4th, 1856, the leading Democratic paper of the city, in referring to Mr. Donnelly's proposed removal to the West, spoke of him as "young, energetic and enterprising," and as having earned for himself "a high reputation for probity and integrity," and as "a prominent graduate of the Central High School and honorably distinguished in the Democratic party."

And so, with his little family, consisting of his wife and eldest child, then an infant of a few months old, accompanied to the depot by more than fifty relatives and friends, among whom were Hon. Benjamin Harris Brewster and other prominent personages, he left his native city for the new Territory in the land of promise—the Great West.

He remained for some months at the Fuller House in St. Paul, bought some property in that city, which he still owns, and which has recently become quite valuable; laid out forty acres with John

Nininger, as "Nininger & Donnelly's Addition to St. Paul," and then removed his family to the new city of Nininger, where the construction of his residence was still progressing.

Minnesota in 1857.

Minnesota in that day was in a strange condition. It did not produce one-tenth of the food consumed by its inhabitants. Although now one of the most productive portions of the Union, then the steamboats came up the Mississippi River, every day, drawing great flat-boats loaded to the water with piles of flour in sacks, together with stacks of pork in barrels. All travel was by the river, and the steamers would bear several hundred passengers at a trip. The usual state-rooms would not accommodate but a small part of them, and they slept at night on the floor of the cabins, on the tables and under the tables.

There were scarcely any farms opened; a garden was almost unknown; an onion was as scarce and almost as valuable as an apple; nobody produced anything, but everybody speculated. Every tenth man was a millionaire—in his own conceit; and every other man hoped that he soon would be. On almost every window in St. Paul there were written on slips of paper, with pencil or pen, "Money to loan;" and money could be had in unlimited quantities at *three per cent. per month!* Every man trusted his neighbors. It would be regarded almost as a piece of disrespect to examine the title to a property which any man professed to own. Fast horses, fast women, gay equipages, display, high living, were everywhere. It was a holiday time, without any of the orderly restraints which usually characterize society.

The Crisis of 1857.

"Nininger City" grew with great rapidity—hotels, mills, stores, residences sprang up in every direction. Mr. Donnelly tells, with great good humor, that he one day walked his porch, saying to himself: "Here I am, but twenty-six years old, and I have already made a large fortune. What shall I do to occupy myself during the rest of my life?"

But an event soon occurred which relieved him of any of these perplexities.

In August, 1857, the Ohio Trust Company failed, and, like a row of bricks, each knocking down its neighbor, the panic spread north, south, east and west, until the whole business of the United States lay prostrate. In Minnesota, the catastrophe was overwhelming, for the Territory had nothing to build on but hope and confidence, and the panic leveled both. In a few days the whole nature of man seemed to have changed; every one distrusted his fellow; rogues sprang up in every direction; the creditors turned on the debtors. Values did not shrink; they collapsed utterly. Millionaires were scrambling around to find enough to pay their board-bills.

Its Beneficial Effects.

But while the butterflies perished, the sturdy yeomanry took to industry. The town lot that could not be sold could be turned into a garden: the broad acres that could no longer be mortgaged, even at three per cent. per month, could be turned into farms. Society divided itself into workers and drones, and the drones were soon driven out. The next year there was not so much flour and pork imported, and soon the Territory began to ship out its productions; and gradually the community got upon a substantial basis of prosperity, which it has continued ever since to occupy.

Mr. Donnelly suffered with the rest. His vast fortune disappeared; but he began to cultivate his lands, and soon he was seen driving his reaper in his own wheat-fields.

A Remarkable Prophecy.

In the summer of 1857, Mr. Donnelly was going from Nininger to St. Paul on a steamboat, and met on the boat Dr. Thomas Foster, of Hastings. Doctor Foster was a man of remarkable vigor and ability. He came to the Territory from Philadelphia, where he had been a newspaper editor, with Hon. Alexander Ramsey, the first Territorial Governor, and had acted as his secretary. He was then running a flour-mill at the falls of the Vermillion River, near Hastings, owned by himself and Governor Ramsey. He was a natural politician and an earnest Republican. He fell into conversation with Mr. Donnelly on the boat, and the subject of slavery came up. Mr. Donnelly quietly remarked:

"In twenty years it will be impossible to find in the United States any man who will acknowledge that he ever defended, or even apologized for slavery."

Doctor Foster looked at the young man with open-eyed astonishment. Slavery was then in command everywhere; Buchanan was President; Minnesota was Democratic, and every office in the State was filled with advocates of slavery: it was looked upon by many as a divine institution. Doctor Foster said:

"Well, then you are a Republican?"

Mr. Donnelly replied:

"I don't know about that. I have been a Democrat, in Philadelphia, but I am no politician; all I know is that I am opposed to the spread of slavery over our new Territories."

His Advent in Politics.

This conversation was the beginning of Mr. Donnelly's career as a public man in Minnesota. Doctor Foster went on to explain to him that they were trying to keep up a Republican organization in Dakota County, but that the county was thinly settled, the Republicans few and far between, and the cause hopeless, so far as personal success was concerned, as the Democrats were nearly two to

one in numbers. He told him that in a few days they would have a Republican county convention at Hastings, and he begged him to come down, as a voluntary delegate, from Nininger Township. This Mr. Donnelly did.

He is Nominated for State Senator.

He found a few gentlemen gathered from different parts of the county. There was no struggle for nominations; the struggle was to get some one to let his name be used as a candidate. Under these circumstances, without any solicitation on his part, and very much to his surprise, and against his wishes, Mr. Donnelly was nominated for State Senator. The county was entitled to two Senators, and his friend Doctor Foster was nominated for the other place. The whole vote of the county was 1,690, of which the Republicans had about 670, and the Democrats about 1,020. He was, of course, defeated.

Nominated Again for Senator.

In 1858 there was another election, and again the Republicans placed Mr. Donnelly on their ticket for State Senator. This time he decided to make a canvass, for the good of the cause, hopeless as the contest was. Accompanied by Archibald M. Hayes, a young attorney, who had not long before migrated to the new Territory from the State of New Hampshire, and for whom Mr. Donnelly had formed a strong attachment (for he was the soul of honor, and a genial and intelligent gentleman), he started out into the half-settled country. They would ride sometimes for miles without seeing a house or a man; and the men they saw were often Indians, moving in squads through the country, with their ponies, with long poles fastened like shafts on each side of them, the ends resting on the ground, and their squaws and children and household goods piled half-way up on them. The white people were gathered in clusters at certain points, and here the young lawyers made what were probably the first political speeches ever made in that section. After a week or two of rough living, the pair started back to Hastings, and in fording the Vermillion River, in the night, they upset their buggy and rode the rest of the way into town thoroughly drenched.

As showing the esteem in which Mr. Donnelly was held in his own town (Nininger) I would point to the vote he received in both elections. In 1857, while the Republican candidate for Governor had but 102 votes, Mr. Donnelly had 143; in 1858 he had seventy-four votes, while his associate on the ticket had but forty-one votes.

His Red Nose.

I have heard Mr. Donnelly laugh over an incident connected with this campaign. He wore a narrow-brimmed, Eastern city hat,

and the sun beat down upon his face, and especially his nose, with full force. Mrs. Hayes, like a careful lady, was naturally solicitous about the company her husband kept, and one day, soon after this campaign, she said:

"Archy, I wish you would not associate so much with that Mr. Donnelly."

"Why, my dear?" asked Archy.

"Because you will fall into bad habits like him."

"What habits?" he asked.

"Why, drinking."

"Drinking! He don't drink! He never touches a drop of any kind of liquor."

"You can't make me believe that. *Just look at his nose!*"

Encouraging the Vanquished.

This time, in consequence partly of the canvass they had made, and partly of a split in the Democratic ranks, the Republican vote was larger and the Democratic vote smaller; so that Mr. Donnelly was beaten by but six votes.

After the election was over, he issued a brief address to the voters of the county, dated October 18th, 1858, in which he said:

"Fellow Citizens: After a close contest, the Republican party of Dakota County has again, with one exception, been defeated. Defeats are dangerous things. They unnerve and discourage the weaker party, and encourage and strengthen the victorious one. There are always those whose opinions are in a formative and fluctuating state, and these naturally fall into the ranks of the dominant party. . . .

"The Republican party is one of sentiment and principle, not of spoil and plunder. We have joined it, not for selfish aims of personal advancement, but in pursuance of our convictions that it embodies in itself the great moral and political advancement of the day—that movement which points to complete fulfillment of the purposes which made us a distinct nation. If, then, we have failed to accomplish political success, let us not be cast down, but, comforted by the assurance that we have done our best, gird up our loins once more, and prepare ourselves again to fight the good fight."

Resumes the Practice of the Law.

Soon after this, that is to say, in November, 1858, Mr. Donnelly was admitted to the bar of Dakota County, and resumed the practice of the law. Shortly after he formed a partnership with Messrs. Archibald M. Hayes and Oren T. Hayes, the latter afterwards Major of the First Minnesota Regiment; the name of the firm being Hayes, Donnelly & Hayes.

He Starts the Dakota County Agricultural Society.

Mr. Donnelly was the first to organize the Agricultural Society of Dakota County, and this was either the first, or one of the first societies of this kind ever organized in the new Territory. He commenced his work by issuing a circular, which was extensively distributed through the county. The Agricultural Society of Dakota

County, thus established, has held annual fairs from that day to this, and will probably last for hundreds of years to come. It now has fine buildings at Farmington, and the people of the county take great interest in it.

The State is Admitted into the Union.

Up to the year 1857 the people of Minnesota had remained in the swaddling-clothes of a Territorial existence. On the 26th of February of that year, Congress passed an Act "to authorize the people of the Territory of Minnesota to form a Constitution and State Government, preparatory to their admission into the Union," etc. A constitutional convention was called; a Constitution was agreed upon, and the people ratified and adopted it at an election held October 13th, 1857; and, on the 11th day of May, 1858, Congress passed the Act of admission, and Minnesota became one of the great sisterhood of States. At this time the Territory had perhaps something over 150,000 inhabitants. It has now about one million four hundred thousand. In 1857 there were 35,340 votes polled; in 1859, 38,917; in 1890, the total vote was 240,892.

Lectures in St. Paul.

On January 17th, 1859, Mr. Donnelly lectured in St. Paul, before the Mercantile Library Association, on "*Style in Composition as Indicative of Character.*" The lecture was repeated at other places, and was highly commended. But his literary power was, as yet, shadowed by the evident development of political power. The word "strength" is more fitting than power. His political "strength" was the promise of great power. The solid character of his mind; his loyalty to conviction; his ability upon the platform; his already apparent love for the common people; a mastery of humor in public address; the purity of his life, and above all, a prescience in conversation and public address that impressed his auditor with far-seeing *statecraft*, all combined to bring him forward as a future political power in the West.

The great combinative elements of unjustly accumulated wealth had, as yet, built up no aristocracy. The term "Plutocracy" had not yet been constructed, and, however much individual "dollar despots" may have disliked his anti-monopoly views, they were unable to mold their antipathy into a political force against him.

And hence the promising and reasonable entrance of Ignatius Donnelly into State and National politics was but the natural development of a fair morning into the noontide. However, the irruption of such an intellectual power into the great maelstrom of political intrigue alarmed the scheming political forces of the Northwest, and before the sun was half-way to the zenith, a combination of those who were spreading their robber-tentacles out over the great State was accomplished; and the policies of the then formative

Plutocracy of the Nation began to exhibit some of that tremendous power to crush which has since extinguished much of the noblest and best brains of the great Western republican empire. The very preface to Mr. Donnelly's life was one of inspiration to the pioneer, and of misgiving to the public robber, but his tremendous antagonism to corruption and public wrongs had not, as yet, been distinctly formulated or noted as an indestructible element of his character.

Nominated for Lieutenant-Governor.

The canvass Mr. Donnelly had made in Dakota County had attracted a good deal of attention throughout the new State, and his letter of encouragement to the defeated Republicans had been extensively copied through the party papers; and when the Republicans held their second State Convention on June 20th, 1859, Mr. Donnelly's name was urged by Doctor Foster and others (the Doctor was then publishing the leading Republican paper of St. Paul, the *Daily Minnesotian*), for the position of Lieutenant-Governor. The party were in the minority in the State, and they needed speakers to advocate their principles, and Mr. Donnelly had already achieved considerable renown as an orator. There were three ballots: the first was taken July 20th. Mr. Donnelly had 31 votes out of 125 delegates. The convention adjourned until the next day; on the second ballot Mr. Donnelly had 53 votes; on the third, he had 77 votes and was nominated. He made a short speech thanking the convention.

He was probably the youngest man ever nominated for so high an office, being then but twenty-eight years of age.

The Political Campaign of 1859.

In 1859 there were no railroads in the State; the people and the candidates were alike poor. Alexander Ramsey (the first Governor of the Territory, appointed in 1849) was the nominee for Governor. He took his family horses and carriage (an open conveyance), and invited Mr. Donnelly and Hon. Aaron Goodrich (who had been the first Chief Justice of the Territory) to seats in it; and the party set forth to convert the State from Democracy to Republicanism. At Winona they were joined by Mr. William Windom, who had just been nominated for Congress, and who was at the time practicing law in Winona. Mr. Windom has since filled the high posts of United States Senator, and Secretary of the Treasury, under President Garfield, and again under President Harrison, and died recently while filling that post. Governor Ramsey has also been United States Senator, and Secretary of War under President Hayes. Judge Goodrich, who is also now dead, was, during the war, Secretary of Legation of the U. S. at Brussels, and has written a very interesting and valuable work, *The Life of Columbus.*

The Hon. William Windom in 1859.

Mr. Donnelly in his journal says:

"Mr. Windom, having no experience in campaigning, had an idea that he could travel from town to town by stage-coaches. This expedient did well enough for a day or two; but he then found himself at a small town that had stage connections with its neighbors but once in one or two weeks. He started out to find a horse and buggy, but after diligent search the only thing he could discover, in the way of conveyance that he could hire, was a great long-eared, venerable mule; but he would have to ride him — for carriage or wagon of any kind was out of the question. So the candidate for Congress mounted his mule and accompanied the other candidates in the carriage. It was a painful mode of traveling to one unaccustomed to it, especially for the first two or three days; and Mr. Windom was a handsome, modest, rosy-faced young man, who felt very much abashed. The worst of it was that the mule was of a social temper, and whenever he came near a cluster of houses, be it hamlet, village or town, he would set up the most sonorous and unearthly braying; and the astonished inhabitants would rush out in alarm to find the future Member of Congress, blushing to his eyelids, bestride his long-eared companion, looking the very picture of mortification, and wishing the 'dratted mule' was in Hades.

"The worst of it was that his competitor, the Democratic candidate for Congress, a witty young Irishman, by the name of 'Jim Cavanaugh,' got to telling, in his speeches, that 'an ass was riding a mule through the country, and that one of them was running for Congress.'"

But the party of campaigners won, all the same. They traveled by this private conveyance about two thousand miles, and made over sixty speeches each. They visited regions that had never heard a political speech before. They spoke in barns, saw-mills, school-houses, halls, churches, and in the open air. They were for ten days in a frontier region so primitive that there was not a pair of stairs to be seen.

Mr. Donnelly's Part in the Campaign.

The State went Republican for the first time, the entire State ticket being elected: Ramsey, Governor; Donnelly, Lieutenant-Governor; Windom, Congressman, etc. Mr. Donnelly's speeches contributed a great deal to the conversion of the State. The Minneapolis *State Atlas* said, after the election:

"Mr. Donnelly's nomination was thought by some, at the time it was made, to be a weak one, but the service he has rendered the cause, and the fact that he has run ahead of Governor Ramsey even, in many sections, must, we think, satisfy every Republican that his selection for that post was a most excellent and fortunate one."

The Mankato *Independent* said:

"In noticing the nomination of Mr. Donnelly, we spoke of him as 'the coming man of Minnesota.' Some of our friends thought this was too strong, but since his speech here we believe the universal verdict is in favor of the truthfulness of our prediction."

Many Democrats concede, to this date, that it was Mr. Donnelly's speeches which, more than anything else, turned the scale and made the State Republican. Of course we have no doubt that

eventually Minnesota would have been Republican anyhow—the character of its settlers would have produced that result; but there is no doubt that Mr. Donnelly's speeches hurried forward that event.

His Career as Lieutenant-Governor.

In 1850 the Legislature met, in the beginning of December, while the newly elected State officers did not take their seats until the beginning of January, 1860. The Legislature was Republican by a large majority: in the Senate, however, the Democrats had a little more than one-third of the members. The outgoing Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Holcombe, was a Democrat, and among the Democratic Senators were some of the best parliamentarians and brightest men in the State. These gentlemen, getting control, by accident, of the committee on rules, fixed things so that the minority could control the majority on all important questions; and then provided that the rules could not be amended without a two-thirds vote, which the Republicans did not have; they thus rendered the large Republican majority perfectly powerless. The Lieutenant-Governor sustained his party friends. Political feeling ran very high at the time; the Democrats were incensed at losing the State, while the Republicans were indignant at the trick which had been played upon them: and they were especially fierce against Lieutenant-Governor Holcombe.

Objects to the Precedent.

In their rage the Republicans appointed a committee to confer with Governor Donnelly, and they told him that they had pretty much made up their minds to throw Governor Holcombe out of the second-story window of the Capitol, and they wanted to know what he (Mr. Donnelly) thought of the plan. He replied that, so far as Governor Holcombe was individually concerned, he would not object very much, but that he did not want to see such *a precedent established!* It would only be a short time until the new State officers would be sworn in and Governor Holcombe would go out, and he thought it better to wait patiently for that event. They took his advice. There was a complete dead-lock until the end of the month. The Democrats did not see how Mr. Donnelly could get out of the tangle they had cunningly involved the Republicans in; but Mr. Donnelly, with his usual thoroughness, had studied parliamentary law in all its refinements.

He Settled the Question.

Friends and enemies were alike curious to see how this young and untried man would settle the difficulty. As soon as he had taken his seat the question arose, and thereupon Governor Donnelly pronounced a judgment so clear and lucid, and so thoroughly sustained at every point by authorities, that he broke the dead-lock,

and even the Democrats were forced to confess that he was right. After about a month's service, the *State News* of St. Anthony and Minneapolis, of January 21st, 1860, expressed the general judgment when it said:

"During the recent canvass, Lieutenant-Governor Donnelly was made the subject of especial depreciation by his opponents. Taking advantage of the fact that he was comparatively a new man in the State, the opposition press denied to him ability, or any other qualifications for the responsible office to which he was nominated. Even his supporters felt a hesitation, because he was so much of a stranger to them. The canvass gave proof of his ability in popular discussion. But he has done much more since his accession to the Presidency of the Senate to prove the propriety of the choice made by the nominating convention. He has won upon the good graces of all parties by the impartial courtesy with which he governs the deliberations of the Senate; and he has amply proved his ability to interpret and apply the laws of parliamentary proceedings. We have read 'the decision' by which he set aside the arbitrary action of his predecessor. It is a logical citation of principles and authorities, perfectly conclusive. So convincing is it that even the political adherents of the late President are constrained to admit that he (Holcombe) was mistaken in his course."

The Election of Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln was Governor Donnelly's first choice for the Republican nomination for President; and when he was nominated, he heartily supported his election, making a vigorous canvass and helping very much to again carry the State for the Republican ticket. Some report of one of his speeches was preserved by the St. Cloud *Journal*, and from it I make a few extracts to show his sagacity in foreseeing the course of events. The "Squatter Sovereignty Doctrine" of Stephen A. Douglas was, at that time, very popular in the West, but Mr. Donnelly showed up its errors in the following remarks, every word of which the good sense of mankind will approve to-day:

"Squatter Sovereignty."

"Springing from this state of things—for platforms are but revelations of the conditions of the public mind and heart—is the doctrine of which Mr. Douglas is the great founder and exponent—the doctrine of 'Squatter Sovereignty.'

"This doctrine has been for some years exposed to the scrutiny of the most intelligent people in the world, and has been fairly riddled and perforated with criticism and ridicule. Its inception, its startling novelty—

> "'Got when the soul did muddled notions try,
> And born a shapeless mass, like anarchy;'

its incongruities; its deceits; its impossibilities with itself; its shuffling and fraudulent history, have all been, time and again, laid before you, by your public speakers, in your newspapers, in your private conversations, until it has become

> "'A thrice-told tale,
> Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.'

I should weary your patience did I attempt to go over the well-worn path.

"There is, however, one aspect of this singular and novel doctrine which has been but little touched upon, but which, nevertheless, appears to me of the first consequence. I refer to the practical workings of the doctrine of 'Squatter Sovereignty' as applied to the Territories. It is my position here to-night that the

results of Squatter Sovereignty are anarchy, war, bloodshed in the Territory, and *eventually civil war in the Nation itself!*

"To that branch of the subject I shall devote my remarks this evening. . . .

"Mr. Breckenridge says, speaking of the American Congress, 'A stranger, visiting Washington, would suppose the President of the United States to be the ruler of two distinct and hostile nations.'

"At this critical moment, when the nation is all tinder, waiting for the spark, when the great work, proceeding peaceably, walks amid shadowy dangers, Mr. Douglas comes forward with the announcement:

"'True, my friends,' he says, in effect, 'we cannot settle this question here; our officers cannot keep order: our parliamentary rules amount to nothing; we will come to blows and murder each other, which would be neither respectable nor pleasant. But there is a great empty region west of us. You Southerners, pick out your best fighting men, and you Northerners yours; send them forth and let them fight it out. For my part, I don't care which wins.'

"And so he washes his hands of the whole matter, like Pontius Pilate, when he handed over Christ to the executioners.

"And this, we are told, is a great policy! This is great statesmanship! This is 'Popular Sovereignty!' . . .

"'It removes this question,' says Mr. Douglas, 'from the halls of Congress.'

"Is it, then, the great end of statesmanship to remove great questions from the halls of Congress, to dodge issues, to change the venue of agitation?

"It was said in condemnation of William Pitt that he transferred the embarrassments of his own age to the shoulders of a succeeding one. What shall be said of this man, Douglas, who preserves order in Washington by removing the disorder to Kansas? Who heals the disease at its natural outlet, that it may break forth, with ten fold virulence, in another part? And who is willing to chase the ulcer from the belly to the members and all around the system?

"But whither does he remove it? *To the battle field!*

"The words of Alexander Hamilton become prophetic. There, between contending hosts, amid the mixed population of a new country, stimulated by the fury of the on gazing Nation, beneath the light of blazing dwellings, and accompanied by the rattle of rifles and the roar of artillery, the great problem of our age is solved, and *man is proved capable of self-government!* . . .

"But, my friends, this is more than a question of admiration for this or that man, or even of devotion to this or that principle. Mr. Douglas' doctrine involves the perpetuity of our Government, the continuance of peace, and the personal welfare of all of us.

"There are portentous consequences flowing from it; a dark terror stands in the background, which every man who sympathizes with Mr. Douglas should be prepared to confront.

"*Who will arrest this Territorial system when once established?*

> "'Like the young lion that has once lapped blood,
> The heart can never be coaxed back to aught else.'

"Will Mr. Douglas contract to build a wall around this Territorial conflict? Who shall say to this desperate iniquity, when it reaches the Territorial boundaries, 'Thus far and no farther'?

"No, my friends: you will see the inevitable evil rise into the air — gorgon-like — with all its horrors spread: looking abroad with blood-red eyes for wider fields of conquests. Where shall its pestilent feet first strike the earth?

"*Let Harper's Ferry answer!*

"Let the agitated Nation rise up and recognize in it — in this Squatter Sovereignty — *the embodied genius of Civil War.* . . . .

"There is a mass of tinder in this country which needs only such a fire-brand as this Squatter Sovereignty has proved itself to be. 'Warnings,' says Guizot, 'rays of light, are never withheld from rising revolutions.'"

It is a striking evidence of the foresight of Governor Donnelly that, thus early, he foresaw the coming of the civil war, for it will

be remembered that even so late as the spring of 1861 there were few who believed that war was possible. In fact, I understand that as far back as 1856 Mr. Donnelly prophesied that the country was on the brink of a great war, between the North and South, on the question of slavery, and he said it would depend on the capacity of the generals, on either side, whether it would be fought out north of Mason and Dixon's line or south of it. And he has since argued that if Beauregard had marched on Washington, after the disastrous rout of the national troops, at the first battle of Bull's Run, the conflict would have been transferred to the soil of Pennsylvania and Ohio.

The Civil War.

In the spring of 1861 the great civil war began. This is not the proper place to refer, with any detail, to these great events.

Governor Ramsey, of Minnesota, was in Washington when the news was first received of the firing on Fort Sumter. The President issued his call for 75,000 volunteers, and Governor Ramsey had the honor to offer to the President the first thousand men. He telegraphed to St. Paul, to Lieutenant-Governor Donnelly, who was acting as Governor during his absence, to publish a call for one regiment, whereupon Governor Donnelly issued the following proclamation:

"Whereas, the Government of the United States, in the enforcement of the laws, has, for several months past, been resisted by armed organizations of citizens in several of the Southern States, who, precipitating the country into revolution, have seized upon and confiscated the property of the nation, to the amount of many millions of dollars; have taken possession of its forts and arsenals; have fired upon its flag; and, at last, consummating their treason, have under circumstances of peculiar indignity and humiliation, assaulted and captured a Federal fort, occupied by Federal troops. And, whereas, all these outrages, it is evident, are to be followed by an attempt to seize upon the National Capitol and the offices and archives of the Government. And whereas, the President of the United States, recurring in this extremity to the only resource left him, the patriotism of a people who, through three great wars, and all the changes of eighty-five years, have ever proved true to the cause of law, order and free institutions, has issued a requisition to the Governors of the several States for troops to support the National Government.

"Now, therefore, in pursuance of law, and of the requisition of the President of the United States, I do hereby give notice that volunteers will be received at the City of St. Paul for one regiment of infantry, composed of ten companies, each of sixty-four privates, one captain, two lieutenants, four sergeants, four corporals and one bugler. The volunteer companies already organized, upon complying with the foregoing requirements as to numbers and officers, will be entitled to be first received. The term of service will be three months, unless sooner discharged. Volunteers will report themselves to the Adjutant General, at the Capitol, St. Paul, by whom orders will be at once issued, giving all the necessary details as to enrollment and organization.

"Given under my hand and the great seal of the State, at St. Paul, this sixteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one.

"Ignatius Donnelly,
"Governor *ad interim*.

"By the Governor.
"J. H. Baker, Secretary of State."

Organizing the First Regiment.

The men came pouring in with wonderful alacrity; the State Capitol was a busy place in those days. Governor Donnelly displayed great executive ability; he provided for the shelter and support of the men, and organized the regiment, all except the appointment of the officers. This Governor Ramsey reserved to himself, having a shrewd eye to the political influence of those appointments upon his own fortunes.

The difficulty was, that more men were offered than could be accepted, and there was a scramble to get into the regiment, which afterward achieved such great renown on many a bloody battle-field, and of whom but few ever returned to the State.

It was Governor Donnelly's fortune to act as Governor during the organization of nearly all the regiments sent out by the State during the war, and he received high praise for the energy and executive ability which he displayed in the work. He was strongly opposed to any person plundering the Government, and insisted that all supplies of clothing, or rations, should be contracted for, after full notice in the newspapers, and should then be given to the lowest responsible bidder.

The Uniforms of the First Regiment.

In a spicy correspondence which, some years afterward, occurred between Governor Donnelly and Hon. Gordon E. Cole, the Attorney-General of the State, and which created great amusement at the time, Governor Donnelly thus refers facetiously to the contract for the equipment of the famous First Minnesota Regiment:

Surrendering in a Body.

"'Bluff Aleck' [Governor Ramsey's nick-name] wrote me one day to come at once to the State Capitol, as he was about to go up the Minnesota Valley to the Indian payment, and would be gone for a few days. I felt like that celebrated member of the Irish Parliament, Sir Boyle Roche, when he said, 'Mr. Speaker! I smell a rat! I see him floating in the air! But by the blessing of God I will yet nip him in the bud!'

"I came to St. Paul. One 'shoddy' contract had already been consummated upon the First Regiment. The cloth of the pants furnished was of such fine quality, it was said, that when the regiment made a charge over a fence, there was such a display of white flags that the enemy thought the regiment had surrendered in a body. This naturally led to remonstrances, and some of the soldiers were profane, my dear Cole. They thought it more important to protect their 'rear' than to keep open their lines of communication.

"As soon as I reached St. Paul I discovered that a new contract was about to be made for some more of those valuable goods, and that it was to be done *under my temporary administration!* I

felt confident, of course, that 'Bluff Aleck' would come out, in case any complaint was made, and assume the whole responsibility of the transaction! So, to save *him*, 'I put my foot down,' as good Mr. Lincoln would say, and squelched the whole thing, and compelled the publication of an advertisement for bidders, and the awarding of the contract to the lowest bidder."

The events here referred to, in this jocose way, created a great deal of interest at the time. There was a determination on the part of certain parties, who were looking for large profits, to use Governor Donnelly as "a cat's-paw, to pull their chestnuts out of the fire." An immense pressure was brought to bear on the Governor *ad interim*, but he resisted it well, as the following anecdote will show:

Jacksonian Firmness.

The Adjutant-General of the State insisted that the contract *must* be made at once without any previous advertising. To this Governor Donnelly strenuously objected. He refused to sign the contract. The following spicy dialogue then occurred:

Adjutant-General—"Do you mean to say that you will not sign this contract?"

Governor Donnelly—"No; I will sign no contract where there is not a fair chance for all parties to bid; and then the contract must go to the lowest responsible bidder."

Adjutant-General—"But Governor Ramsey is satisfied with this contract."

Governor Donnelly—"Then let Governor Ramsey return home and sign it."

Adjutant-General—"If you will not sign it I will sign it myself, as Adjutant-General of the State."

Governor Donnelly—"If you attempt anything of the kind I shall remove you from your office so quick that it will make your head swim."

And the Adjutant-General subsided.

It is easy to see that this kind of a man—who could neither be bullied nor bought nor fooled—was not the kind of person that was wanted at the head of affairs, in a condition of things when plunder was the great object of the politicians and public life was full of moral rottenness. Every step Governor Donnelly took in defense of fair play and honesty accumulated more and more enemies against him, until at last they drove him out of public life.

Fighting the Battle of the Debtors.

During Mr. Donnelly's term as Lieutenant-Governor he showed the same disposition to work for the unfortunate that has been apparent in all his later career. There was at that time no limitation upon the price that could be charged for the use of money, and three per cent. per month, and five per cent. per month after maturity, as

I have shown, were the usual rates. When the crisis came, while all property was flattened out, these rates continued to run, and they were bankrupting all the business men of the country. Governor Donnelly began a series of letters in the *Minnesotian*, then the leading Republican paper, published by his friend Doctor Foster, which showed up the enormity of the system and led to a decision by the Supreme Court, which swept away the five per cent. per month after maturity extortion. As indicating the spirit in which Governor Donnelly looked upon these matters, I quote the following fable, from his pen, which appeared, at that time, in the *Minnesotian*:

THE BEAR AND THE BEES — A FABLE ADAPTED TO THE TIMES.

"Once upon a time a certain bear made his home in a small piece of woods. A swarm of bees, entering the same, proceeded to build their hive in a hollow log. The bear visited them, and, after informing them that he was the owner of the woods thereabouts, claimed that if they remained they must pay him a certain amount of honey, in the nature of rent. To this the bees readily consented, provided, however, that they were not to be called upon for the first installment until the end of the autum months.

"When the time appointed arrived the bear called for his rent. The bees informed him that they had had a very stormy, unpropitious summer; that their hive had been very imperfect, and open to the rain and the wind; that many of them had fallen sick and died, and that, on the whole, the utmost they had been able to accomplish was to build their wax cells and support themselves. That consequently they were unable to pay the rent as agreed upon: but that they found the woods around them full of flowers, and, if not driven out, they felt confident that they could, in the following summer, collect very large quantities of honey, pay the rent, and have a handsome surplus left.

"The bear would not listen to this. He insisted that they agreed to pay a certain amount of honey; that the time had arrived and they must pay it. And forthwith he set to work upon the hollow log; and in a few moments the fragments of wax cells were strewn over the ground: and the poor bees might be seen winging their way to some more hospitable land.

"Bruin—his teeth clogged with wax—stood for some time looking after the retreating bees, and then fell into the following solemn meditations:

"'True, I have driven them forth: I have broken up their hive; I am revenged; but in what am I the gainer? I have neither honey in the present, nor the hope of honey in the future. I have destroyed that which in time would have brought me a settled income: and for it I have what? This torn log, these broken chips, this defaced mass of wax. Alas! in unhousing them I have injured myself! Logs and flowers are nothing without bees; and foolish indeed have I been to seek to enforce the payment of honey by driving out those who made the honey.'

"Exit Bruin with a lugubrious countenance.

"MORAL: The honorable creditors of the people of this State can neither reobtain their money, nor increase their security, by driving out the laborers of the State. The State is people—not land. And land is no more money than flowers are honey. Time and labor are necessary to produce either."

It is worth remembering that a fierce fight was made by interested parties to maintain the three and five per cent. a month system; and it was urged that to oppose it would drive capital out of the State and bring everything to destruction. This, by the way, is the same effigy at present erected in every grain-field of the West—powerless, except to frighten the weak and strengthen the usurers.

A Fourth of July Speech in War Times.

On the fourth day of July, 1861, Lieutenant-Governor Donnelly delivered an address at Northfield, Minnesota. As illustrating the way in which things were looked at by him, in those momentous times, now so rapidly receding into the dim past, I quote a few extracts:

"Fellow Citizens: We are assembled, in the midst of revolution, to celebrate the greatest of revolutions. For the first time in eighty years the anniversary of our nation dawns in storm and darkness. We can no longer turn back, in exultation and pride, to contemplate the past; our gaze must be fixed with trembling solicitude upon the immediate future. . . .

"And can we expect abatement in God's still greater work—the forward movement of his creature, man? Will He fall asleep and wake up with new plans? Will His schemes end like the Lost River of Utah, in the sand—licked up by the overcoming heat of the flames of civil war?

"No! The chords upon which the tempest now plays such discordant notes reach back into the bosom of primeval night. 'You will find the fibrous roots of this day's occurrences,' says Carlyle, 'among the dust of Cadmus and Trismegistus, with Father Adam himself, and the cinders of Eve's first fire.'

"In this contest Marston Moor is one of our battle-fields: Milton's *Defensio Populi*, one of our state papers; and every great effort of the human understanding, in behalf of human rights, has contributed to our certain success. God is with us, and we need but be true to ourselves. . . .

"Among nations we stand alone. If our experiment of free government survives this great trial, no monarchy, no matter how popularized and palliated, can out-last fifty years.

"Rival governments stand ready to snatch up our broken commerce and rejoice over our destruction. Already the sneer is on their lips.

"They judge us by false parallels. This great people, in the full enjoyment of liberty, accustomed to self-government, and with a great measure of education, can not be compared with either the people of England or France, bursting with volcanic force through the forms of centuries, and struggling, blindly and madly, after a vague and ill-defined idea of liberty. . . .

"It will go hard if a people whose invention, ingenuity and adaptability have illustrated every art and science, and widened the power and capacity of the human mind, shall be unable to survive the throes and convulsions of their simple and well-understood form of government. . . .

"The chief merit of our form of government is that, like the tent in the fable of the Arabian, it can be made to cover a frontier settlement of a dozen families, or it can be spread, wide as the canopy of the sky, over all nations and all races. . . .

"Let the Republic feel the full weight of the burden that rests upon her. Let her awaken, in the language of Milton, 'rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks.' It is indeed but a poor courage which refuses to look danger in the face, or which ignores the difficulty by hiding it from sight.

"Once thoroughly understanding it, we shall have the fortitude to meet and overcome it. . . .

"The flag which waves over our heads to-day represents not alone a name or a war-cry, but all that advancing time has given of freedom to our race: all that our race can hope of freedom from the future."

Again Elected Lieutenant-Governor.

In 1861 Governor Donnelly was again nominated, almost without opposition, for Lieutenant-Governor, and elected by an increased majority.

He is Elected to Congress.

Mr. Donnelly's career as Lieutenant-Governor had given great satisfaction to those who had elected him, and even the Democratic members of the Senate were loud in his praise. The St. Anthony *News* said:

"As a parliamentarian, we are safe in asserting that he stands without a rival in Minnesota. As an accomplished and highly successful presiding officer over a deliberative assembly, we know of no superior in any of our sister States, east or west. For three important sessions of the Legislature he has presided over the deliberations of our State Senate, and through his intimate acquaintance with parliamentary usage and law, he has always greatly facilitated the public business. *No appeal was ever taken and sustained from any of his numerous decisions.* His political opponents, on the floor, always conceded to him the first order of talent, and were ready, at the close of each session, to join in the warmest expressions of praise and approval."

This was in the year 1862—the darkest year of the war. There were but two Congressmen from Minnesota at that time (there are now seven): and there was a general feeling, throughout the district, in favor of the nomination of Governor Donnelly for Congress. It was felt that it was necessary for the district, which embraced the northern two-thirds of the State, and included the larger cities, to put forth its best and ablest man. The result was that when the Republican District Convention met, the sentiment was so much in favor of Governor Donnelly that his only competitor: Hon. James Smith, Jr., of St. Paul, withdrew; and he was nominated by acclamation, amid great enthusiasm. Governor Donnelly acknowledged the honor in an acceptance speech from which we take an extract or two:

"If, to-day, two parties are in the field, it is because of the existence among the people of two phases of sentiment in relation to this war:—one, a determination to sustain the government and preserve the unity of the nation at all hazards and at all cost; the other, a desire to regard any and all side issues as paramount to the government and the Union. Your organization to-day is rendered imperatively necessary by the existence of another organization, already in the field, whose announced platform is simply a bill of grievances, and a catalogue of crimes, charged against the government in this, the extreme hour of its peril. You can not, as loyal men, permit the nation to fall under the control of those who would place it, bound hand and foot, at the mercy of its enemies. . . .

"It is not necessary for me to enlarge upon the relations of this struggle to the whole human family, here and in other lands; to ourselves, and to our posterity, and to all the countless generations of men. Your own minds have already grasped this subject. Let us, then, rise to the emergency, as a chosen generation, upon whose shoulders have fallen the toils and honors of a great era. Let us so act that after ages will delight to revert to us, as one of the shining examples of history. Let us make our mark on the face of the world, that the blessings of our work may live when we have all perished."

The Dawning Opposition.

It is true that even at this time Governor Donnelly's love for the Man as against the privileges of Power began to awaken hostility. An examination of the newspapers of the day distinctly foreshadows

the fear, on the part of the incipient millionaires of the West, that this young giant would yet prove a thorn in their sides. Already the slowly-forming agencies of political destruction began to shape themselves, and a newspaper man can readily detect the hand of the schemer laying out the grave-digger's task, should Mr. Donnelly continue in his independent course.

Joseph A. Wheelock.

The man who was to attempt to assume, in later years, the important task of grave-digger for Governor Donnelly — Joseph A. Wheelock, now the editor of the chief organ of Plutocracy in Minnesota — at that time gave no sign of the prominence to which he has since attained as the tool of monopoly. He was then in the last extremity of poverty and sickness, and looked as if he would soon be himself a proper subject for the grave-digger. He had commenced his career in Minnesota, away back in the fifties, as clerk to Frank Steele, the sutler at Fort Snelling, and it was his business to deal out whisky to the buck Indians, and calico to the squaws. He afterwards took a number of the red men and women and traveled through the East, giving exhibitions in the principal cities. Little did the mobs who paid their ten cents each to look at the show think that the cadaverous and badly-diseased youth, who was showing off the fine points of his red brethren and sisters, would, in the coming years, grow into a St. Paul aristocrat. But Mr. Wheelock's financial ability was not equal to the task he had undertaken, and at last, on Boston Common, the show broke up; Wheelock turned tail on his exhibition and fled in unmanly haste, leaving the painted warriors and wretched squaws to the tender mercies of the poor-house; while he himself worked his way back to Minnesota — God only knows how — living during the whole trip, it is said, on a single loaf of bread. Governor Donnelly found him in St. Paul, in 1860, in a garret of the old Fuller House, in a dirty room, full of empty bottles and inhaling-apparatus, wrestling with death and poverty. He saw that the man had ability, and his kind heart pitied him, and he worked hard, and made personal appeals to his friends, until he secured the passage of a bill creating the office of Commissioner of Statistics (an office which the bankrupt young State needed about as much as a cow needs an umbrella), with no salary, but with an appropriation of $100 for "stationery." It used to be jokingly said that Wheelock lived for a whole year "on postage stamps and mucilage," that is, he sponged on the State officers for stationery and applied the $100 to keeping the spark of life in his unhealthy body. Governor Donnelly kept him alive to sting him continually for years afterward. It was the old story of the countryman who put the frozen snake in his bosom, to warm it, and lost his life as a reward for his generosity. If he had not, by his personal influence, secured for him that $100 of "mucilage and

postage stamps." the fellow would undoubtedly have perished. We will see, as we go on with this narrative, how he repaid this generous kindness of his friend, and how he blossomed out into wealth and power as the servile tool of corporations and rings.

The Indian Outbreak and its Causes.

The Congressional Convention which nominated Governor Donnelly met on the 30th day of July, 1862, and in the following month, on August 18th, came that terrible outbreak of the Sioux Indians, never to be forgotten in the Northwest, in which one thousand innocent settlers, men, women and children, lost their lives, victims to the ruthless savages, fired to desperation by a long series of robberies, practiced upon them ever since the first treaty made between them and the United States Government.

At that time, Governor Ramsey, then Territorial Governor, and Superintendent of Indian Affairs, although he was treating with the Sioux as an independent nation, took a large number of their recognized chiefs and leaders prisoners, and, because they would not do what he desired, deprived them of their chieftainships and of their right to represent their people; and picked out dissolute and foolish young men, to whom he gave ponies and blankets, and clothed them with the powers of chiefs, and made a treaty with them—his own tools and instruments. It was a bold and most unheard-of outrage. I. V. D. Heard says, in his *History of the Sioux War*, page 35:

"The opposition of Red Iron, the principal chief of the Sissetons, became so boisterous that he was broken of his chieftainship by Governor Ramsey, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and one of the commissioners who made the treaties. An eye-witness has sketched the appearance of the chief on that occasion, and the interview between him and the Governor, and what afterward transpired. It took place in December, 1852. The council was crowded with Indians and white men, when Red Iron was brought in, *guarded by soldiers.*"

Imagine the United States and England attempting to negotiate a treaty, and the English commissioners placing the American commissioners under arrest and marching them into the council chamber under a guard of English soldiers! We would, indeed, call it an outrage unheard-of before in the history of the civilized nations of the world. Mr. Heard continues:

"He [Red Iron] was about forty years old, tall and athletic, about six feet in his moccasins, with a large, well developed head, aquiline nose, thin, compressed lips, and physiognomy beaming with intelligence and resolution.

The following is an extract from the interview:

"*Governor.*—'At the treaty I thought you a good man, but since, you have acted badly, and I am disposed to break you—I *do* break you.'

"*Red Iron.*—'*You break me!* My people made me a chief. My people love me. I will still be their chief. I have done nothing wrong.'

"*Governor.*—'Red Iron, why did you get your braves together, and march around here for the purpose of intimidating other chiefs, and to prevent their coming to the council?'

"*Red Iron.*—'I did not get my braves together: they got together themselves to prevent *boys* going to council to be made chiefs, to sign papers; and to prevent

single chiefs from going to council at night to be bribed to sign papers for money we have never got. We have heard how the Mdewakantons were served at Mendota—that by secret councils you got their names on paper and took away their money.'"

Vast sums of money, over $400,000, which, by the terms of the treaty, were to have been paid over to the Indians, were paid to the traders, a desperate and unscrupulous set of men, who trumped up bills against the Sioux, dating back for twenty years. All sorts of tricks were resorted to. In two cases very large amounts were paid to chiefs by placing the money on the tables before them, this constituting technically a payment; but, at the same moment, the hand of some trader would reach in, from behind the chief, and grab the money before the Indian could lay his hands upon it. But at the same time the white witnesses were ready to swear that they saw the money paid to the chiefs. The sum of $55,000 was appropriated by one Hugh Tyler, a stranger in the country, a Pennsylvanian, who took it under pretense that it was to cover outlays *in getting the treaty through the United States Senate!* The whole matter was subsequently investigated by the United States Senate, but, as usual, nothing was discovered, and everybody was whitewashed. Nevertheless a great deal of bad blood remained and rankled in the veins of the savages, until it broke out in the bloody sacrifice of 1862.

At that time the Indians were called together to the annual payment. The money was to have been paid in greenbacks, the same currency with which the Government paid its soldiers and all its other creditors. But there was a large premium on gold, and the cunning traders, who were sure, in the long run, to get most of the money, persuaded the Indians to refuse the greenbacks and demand gold. And so the greenbacks had to be shipped back and exchanged for gold; and in the meantime the traders refused to let the Indians have the goods. Says Mr. Heard, page 47:

"Here they remained for some time, all pinched for food, and several dying of starvation. They dug up roots to appease their hunger, and when corn was turned out to them, like animals they devoured it uncooked."

Little Crow, the Sioux leader, in a letter to General Sibley, written after the outbreak (Sept. 7th), thus alluded to this matter:

"For what reason we have commenced this war I will tell you. It is on account of Major Galbraith" [the U. S. Indian Agent]. "We made a treaty with the Government a beg for what little we do get, and then can't get it till our children are dying with hunger. It was with the traders that commence. Mr. A. J. Myrick told the Indians that they would eat grass or their own dung."*

The wrongs inflicted upon the Indians by rascally officials and traders have never been half told; and, unfortunately, the same men who robbed the red men, as we shall see hereafter, controlled the politics of the new State. In fact, these extortions could not be carried on without friends at Washington; and both political

*The above is the English of a half-breed amanuensis.—E. W. F.

parties therefore fell under the control of what was known as "the *moccasin* element," that is, politicians wearing moccasins, many of them "squaw-men." A great part of Mr. Donnelly's political career consisted of a continuous battle with these influences, which finally overthrew him. He did not belong to the older generation of Indian traders: he represented a newer civilization.

Governor Donnelly's Military Experience.

When the outbreak came, August 18, 1862, Governor Ramsey called for volunteers to put it down; and a force, of about 1,500 men, was soon collected at St. Peter, and placed under the command of Gen. Henry H. Sibley, formerly Delegate in Congress from the Territory, and first Governor of the new State. Governor Donnelly joined General Sibley at St. Peter, and accompanied the little army to the relief of Fort Ridgley, on August 26th. It was surrounded by thousands of the hostile savages. A night attack was made on the fort after the troops had gained possession of it; and on September 2d a detachment encamped at Birch Cooley, under the command of Maj. Jos. R. Brown, which had been sent out to bury the dead settlers, was surrounded, and a large part of the force killed and wounded.

Governor Donnelly wrote a very interesting account of that part of the Indian war which he witnessed, with many graphic descriptions of the bloody and terrible pictures presented by the ruined homes and slaughtered people. It was afterward published by the Interior Department as an official document. If space permitted, I would like to quote from it. It was during all these exciting events that Mr. Donnelly's first election to Congress took place.

Major Cullen.

Governor Donnelly's Democratic competitor for Congress was Maj. W. J. Cullen, formerly United States Indian Agent, and a very shrewd, witty, good-natured Irishman. An amusing story is told of his reply to an acquaintance who one day asked him:

"How does it happen, Major, that while your salary as Indian Agent is only $2,500 a year, and you have held the office but for four years, and you came here poor, yet you are worth to-day $100,000? How did you save so much out of so little?"

"I'll tell you, my friend," said the Colonel confidentially, with a wink and a chuckle, "if you'll say nothing about it. *We didn't keep any hired girl!*"

The Major's Strategy.

The Colonel was a great wag. When his competitor for Congress reached St. Peter, the little town was overrun with troops and it was very difficult to find a place to sleep; and the Colonel gallantly invited Governor Donnelly to share his rude couch on the floor.

The invitation was gladly accepted, but when the Republican candidate for Congress rose the next morning, he found not only that his Democratic opponent had disappeared, but that his weapons of war were gone with him!

The troops were to move out to the attack of the Indians that day, and the Major thought that Governor Donnelly would not dare to go out, on such an expedition, unarmed; and that if he showed the white feather, he would be disgraced. But the Major didn't understand the nature of his opponent. After making fruitless efforts, in St. Peter, to purchase a rifle, or some other weapon, Governor Donnelly moved out with the troops—in fact, at the head of them—unarmed. He and Colonel Merriam, father of the present Governor of Minnesota, a man of reckless courage, kept a mile or two in advance of the troops, all the way to Fort Ridgely, despite the aids-de-camp sent out by General Sibley to warn them of their danger and call them back; for, as the attack shortly afterward made at Birch Cooley showed, the country was swarming with hostile savages. When the story got out that Major Cullen had spirited away his competitor's weapons, and that the Republican candidate for Congress had actually ridden, unarmed, in advance of the troops, to the relief of the 3,000 settlers, men, women and children, shut up in Fort Ridgely, the tables were completely turned on the Major, and Governor Donnelly's vote was correspondingly increased.

He is Elected to Congress.

In the election Governor Donnelly had above 1,200 majority. He took his seat in the House in December, 1863, as a member of the Thirty-eighth Congress. General Garfield of Ohio, afterwards President of the United States, and himself drew seats at the same double desk. They were the two youngest members of the House, General Garfield being a few days Mr. Donnelly's junior. They became intimate friends and so continued ever after, as long as General Garfield lived.

Mr. Donnelly devoted himself zealously to the interests of his constituents. There was a great deal to do. The country was all new. New post-offices had to be established; new mail routes organized; new land offices created, and at the same time there was a vast amount of business growing out of the war and out of the Indian troubles.

A member of Congress from Wisconsin, a Mr. Cobb, who represented a district largely settled by lead-miners, sat near Governor Donnelly in the House, and one day he remarked to him:

"Governor, how comes it you get such piles of letters every day? I do not receive more than one or two letters in a week."

"Why," replied Mr. Donnelly, "my constituents are all on top of the earth, not in it."

Stopping a Swindle.

We now come to an act of Governor Donnelly which had, perhaps, more to do with shaping his whole future career than any other one thing.

On the 2d of May, 1864, Governor Donnelly sent to Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Representatives, a letter of which the following is a copy:

"*Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, Chairman Committee of Ways and Means, H. R., Washington, D. C.*

"SIR: On the 27th ult. there was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means a letter from the Secretary of the Interior, transmitting estimates of amounts required to carry out the stipulations of the Chippewa treaty of March, 1863.

"Although the Indians referred to live altogether in the Congressional district which I have the honor to represent in the House, and although the appropriations asked for are very large, I have never been notified that such steps were being taken, or such appropriations asked for, and it was only by accident that my attention was called to the same.

"I feel that I would be false to the plainest dictates of duty if I did not, regardless of the consequences to myself, interpose an earnest protest against the appropriations asked for. It is proposed at this time, when the nation is struggling for its very life, and when every dollar of needless expenditure should be carefully avoided, to pay $157,930 for what your committee have already estimated would be worth $7,600, being a difference of $150,330.*

"Some of these items are overcharges of the grossest kind. Take the first:

"'For breaking, clearing and grubbing three hundred acres of land, for Mississippi Indians, per fourth article, treaty of 1863, $50 per acre.... $15,000

"Why grubbing? Is it pretended that three hundred acres of *prairie* land can not be found in that region, but that land must be cleared and grubbed?

"The price asked is $50.00 per acre for 'breaking, clearing and grubbing.' In the most densely settled parts of Minnesota the most valuable farm lands can be bought — broken, fenced, and with buildings on them — for $25.00 per acre — one-half what is here asked should be given for breaking, clearing and grubbing alone.

"There can be no difficulty in finding abundance of prairie land, and it can be 'broken' for three dollars per acre, making, for the three hundred acres, $900, a difference of $14,100.

"The next item which I particularly notice is this:

"'For railroad from Gull Lake to Leach Lake..... $15,000

"I am at a loss to understand this, and suppose it to be a misprint. Surely the Government is not about to build a *railroad* for those Indians? If it means the construction of a wagon road the amount seems to me to be enormous, and I think it will be so considered by any frontier people.†

"The next item is as follows:

"'For removing agency to new location..... $25,000

"What can this refer to? If it means the bodily removal of the buildings of the present agency to the new agency, it is an unnecessary absurdity. If it means the removal of the agent and his family, books, chairs and tables, it is a gross fraud. If it means the construction of new buildings, at the new agency, it is an enormous overcharge. The sum of $25,000 would rather build a palace than an agency.

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*The treaty itself fixed the amount to be spent, in carrying out its provisions, at that figure — $7,600.—E. W. F.

†At this time there were not one hundred miles of railroad in the whole State of Minnesota.—E. W. F.

"The next item is as follows:

"'Transportation and subsistence to their new homes, 2,000 Indians, at $10 per head $20,000

"How do Indians travel? With their ponies carrying their tents and luggage, the women on foot, carrying their infants on their backs, and the men and half-grown children on foot. In this way they will make journeys of hundreds of miles. The average distance to which they are to be removed is, I am informed, but about one hundred and fifty miles. Is it proposed to furnish stages and ambulances for them? Certainly not. They will make the journey in the same manner in which they have traveled from time immemorial, and the United States, out of a depleted treasury, is asked to pay $20,000 to the men who superintend this movement.

"The next and last item is as follows:

"'Subsistence for 2,000 Indians for six months, at fifteen cents per head, each day $54,000

"It is hard to analyze this item, as it is impossible to say what kind or amount of food will be furnished them, but the sum charged is very large, and I have no doubt the same number of Indians, part of them being children, could be supported for six months for one-half that sum.

"I would therefore ask that every item of this account should be duly scanned, and not one dollar appropriated that is not just and right. Such claims, while they take from the treasury that which is not due, benefit neither the State nor the Indians.

"I have the honor to be very truly and respectfully yours,

"IGNATIUS DONNELLY."

This letter ended that "steal." The Secretary of the Interior wrote a letter to Governor Donnelly, thanking him for the exposure of a great fraud. The knaves were overwhelmed. Their advance on the United States Treasury had been blocked. Many of the leading newspapers of the State expressed their thanks to the bold Congressman for his course.

The leading Republican paper of Faribault said:

"We tender Mr. Donnelly our sincere thanks for this, we hope, timely exposure of a most audacious, barefaced attempt to swindle the Government, in the name of the Indians, for the benefit of a few individual office-holders in the Indian Department, and we deeply regret that the balance of the Minnesota delegation have not been equally prompt in rebuking the avarice and fraudulent purposes of the getters-up of this swindle.

"There is not a representative from this State, in the Senate or the House, who does not know that the best agricultural lands in the best settled and best cultivated portions of the State, with good buildings and improvements, can be bought for one-half the money asked for to break and grub some lands for these Indians, where no grubbing is necessary. No man, better than Alexander Ramsey, knows that there are thousands of acres of prairie in the country assigned to these Chippewa bands, and to which, by the treaty he made with them, they are to be removed, that can be broken, as Mr. Donnelly says, for $3.00 per acre.

"It is no pleasant task to expose the rascality of men who will thus strive to plunder the country. It is no credit to the State that beings in the human form can be found in it, and are elevated to very prominent official situations, claiming to be citizens of the United States, loyal men and warm friends of the administration, who are so lost to the noble sentiments of patriotism and manhood, so regardless of their reputation and the good opinion of decent men, that they will, in such a crisis in the country's history as the present, deliberately plan and apply to Congress for aid to carry out so audacious and bold a piece of villainy as that proposed in reference to this swindling Chippewa treaty. But justice, patriotism and

common decency imperatively require that all such schemes and schemers should be exposed, and Mr. Donnelly's prompt exposure should be commended by every true friend of the country."

The War is Opened on Governor Donnelly.

This was the keynote to Mr. Donnelly's career, and the bugle call to his enemies. From this moment Mr. Donnelly was a doomed man. No power, no genius, no manhood could rise above the secret engineering of the dominant politicians, until the trumpet sounded for the dawn of a new and tremendous revolution in the political history of the world.

The St. Paul *Press*, the leading Republican paper of the State, substantially the same as the present *Pioneer-Press*, which is owned by the same men, Joseph A. Wheelock and F. Driscoll, rushed to the defense of the Indian Ring, and took up the cudgels in behalf of the proposed appropriations. The nature of its attacks will be shown by the replies made to it by other newspapers.

I make one or two extracts, from the State papers, to show the spirit of the contest.

The St. Paul *Pioneer*, the leading Democratic paper of the State, said, June 15th, 1864:

"Mr. Donnelly has been guilty of a species of treason which makes him worse than a copperhead — in the estimation of the *Press*. What the effect will be on the personal fortunes of Mr. Donnelly, or of the Indianocracy, we know little and care less."

The *Daily Republican*, of Winona, of July 8th, 1864, said:

"For the purpose of making capital against Mr. Donnelly, the St. Paul *Press*, which is the organ of the clique of Indian agents and others, whose instincts for plunder are well-developed, took occasion to denounce that gentleman, in an unwarrantably severe manner, on account of his protest against the proposition to swindle the Government by expending $150,000 in the removal of the Chippewas to their new reservation. It was discovered, however, that this method of making war would not prove successful, and, after learning that Mr. Donnelly's protest had caused the withdrawal of the estimates, and called from the Secretary of the Interior a letter of thanks to Mr. Donnelly, for the services he had rendered the country, the Government and the Department, the open attacks upon him ceased, and now the warfare is being conducted in the manner familiarly known among the Indian agents and their dependents as the 'still hunt.'"

The Hastings *Independent* said:

"We can not see on what the *Press* predicates its ability to injure Mr. Donnelly, but we believe it will be futile, before a pure and honorable constituency. In many of the sparsely-settled counties of the State these contractors have their agents and employes; these men are the men who will control the primary meetings and be elected as delegates to the State Convention, and these the *Press* hopes to use to defeat the nomination of Mr. Donnelly. Thus it will be seen that the *Press* looks to the corruptionists to carry out its schemes."

To the attacks of the St. Paul *Press* Governor Donnelly replied, in a letter dated Washington, May 30, 1864, as follows:

"*Editors Press:* . . . . I was aware that the man who exposes fraud and corruption must be prepared for the resistance and maligant opposition of those he

thwarts of their expected prey, and I therefore desired to lay all the facts, in this case, plainly before the people. Neither was my action precipitate. My sense of duty compelled me to resist the consummation of so great a fraud, but, at the same time, I deliberately weighed all the consequences to myself and accepted them.

"I have saved the people of the United States the expenditure of $153,000. I am satisfied I have done my duty. The Secretary of the Interior, upon the receipt of a copy of that letter, withdrew his communication to the Committee of Ways and Means, and personally thanked me for the services I had rendered the department. . . . .

"Surely no sensible man would believe that to transport 2,000 men, women and children, 150 miles, in canoes and on foot, would cost the Government $20,000, when, by your own showing, it is impossible to transport them on wagons, and they have to move themselves. It is a little too much of a good thing to require an Indian to walk and paddle 150 miles, through the wilderness, and then charge the Government $10 for carrying him! . . .

"Nor can I see the propriety of expending $15,000 in constructing a wagon road, in the midst of an impassable wilderness of swamps, for the accommodation of those who travel in canoes! . . .

"You ask me to persevere in uprooting this matter. I shall do so. I have faith to believe that the people will strengthen the hands of the man who seeks to serve them. If God spares my life, I shall rip open this whole Indian system, and let the light of day into its dark places. The evils can be remedied. It can not be to the interest of the white man to perpetually degrade and brutalize and impoverish this wretched race, dependent upon him. It would be more merciful to let loose fire and sword at once and sweep him from existence. It is not the fault of the American people, for they are Christianized and humane; it is not the fault of the Government, for it annually wastes its millions upon the Indians; but it is the fruit of the system, which leaves an ignorant, savage and helpless race at the mercy of a few able, unscrupulous and irresponsible men."

Reëlected to Congress.

The battle raged fast and furious to prevent Governor Donnelly's reëlection to Congress. He was a hindrance and an offense. He must be defeated. He must be got out of the way. Joe. Wheelock, in the St. Paul *Press*, led the fight, but many of the country papers stood by Governor Donnelly nobly. Their articles make interesting reading. They show that the Indian Ring was at the bottom of the opposition.

But when the district convention assembled in 1884, Governor Donnelly was renominated by acclamation, the following resolution being adopted by a unanimous vote:

"*Resolved*, That we have watched with admiration the bold, manly and patriotic course of Hon. Ignatius Donnelly in Congress; that we recognize in him a faithful public servant, ever alive to the true interests of his constituents and of the nation; and that we now renominate him by acclamation for the position he so worthily fills."

In his speech of acceptance, Governor Donnelly alluded, in a courteous spirit, to the opposition that had been made to him, as follows:

"I trust, however (and I say this in the kindest spirit), that the remarkable unanimity of your action will be accepted everywhere as an indication that the people are resolved that the strictest economy and honesty shall prevail in the administration of every department of the Government. [Great applause.]

"It is, indeed, a great point gained when a community makes it manifest, as you have done, that the path of political safety lies on the side of official honesty. I trust the verdict you have this day rendered will stand unimpeached for a generation, for surely no subject can touch your own welfare more nearly. Without honesty among officials and vigilant watchfulness among the people, popular institutions must inevitably sink in a sea of corruption and profligacy, and the fairest hopes of mankind be destroyed."

In the course of his remarks, alluding to the war then raging, he said:

"Let us rise, then, to the highest plane possible. Let us remember that the question at issue is not the safety of our party, but of our country; and that if we would be able to exercise our party preferences in the future, we must save the nation in the present. . . .

"On the battle-field, under our flag, men stand shoulder to shoulder, who represent every shade of loyal political sentiment. Does not their blood, commingling its crimson currents, send up a voice of reproach from the ground, against political intolerance among the people for whom it is shed? Shall we, who may differ as to detail, not stand shoulder to shoulder in this army behind the army, in this reserve force of national sentiment, and so do as unanimous a work in the war of opinions as they are doing in the strife of the battle-field? [Hear, hear.]

"Politics are principles. Over the lesser details, the effervescences, the excrescences of the surface, men differ. The great undercurrents of humanity and God-head are the centrifugal and centripetal principles of nature, and upon them rest all politics.

"Truth is not a violence. It does not take its votary by the throat. It never got into any man in that way. It is a figure, standing upon the pedestal of the world — a lesser God — the shadow of the one creative God. Men walk past and look up to it. To one, it seems cold and lifeless, and shrouded in leaden mists. To another, it stands with the glory of the world upon its brow, the gentleness of heaven in its eyes, its hand pointing the undoubted way to life.

"Truth will live though we all die. Galileo muttered, as he signed his recantation of the doctrine of the earth's motion, 'But it does move.' Pen and ink, prison and chains, bread and water could not stop it; the monks had no lever that could pry it from its orbit; it kept on moving until all Christendom was ready to speak aloud the muttered words of Galileo, 'But it does move.'"

Speaking of the American flag coming triumphantly out of the civil war, he said:

"To our children and our children's children, it will represent all this, and more, much more; it will represent a great schism and rebellion overcome and subdued; it will represent a larger period of history and a wider experience of man; its clustering constellation will be crowned with a hundred stars, and its bright and beautiful lines will glitter the protecting genius of regions and races which now know them not — everywhere preaching of peace and freedom, everywhere testifying to love for man and faith in God."

I think it will be conceded that this was certainly an extraordinary kind of speech for a triumphant politician to make, just renominated to Congress, and in the midst of the passions of the most terrible civil war of modern times.

Congressional Career — Immigration.

In the first session of the Thirty-eighth Congress, Governor Donnelly made several important speeches. On Feb. 27, 1864, he delivered an address on immigration, taking for his text the recommendation of President Lincoln in his annual message. It was a

period when immigration was extremely desirable. He showed how largely foreign immigration had contributed to the growth of our population and wealth. He showed that "the immigrants arriving in the United States, since the foundation of the government, were 1,259,449 more than the total population with which we commenced our career as a nation." He said:

"This, then, Mr. Chairman, is the explanation of the almost fabulous rate of growth which we have enjoyed. This is the source of the incalculable resources we have been enabled to pour forth in the face as an astonished world. This is the womb from which have gone forth those countless hordes of armed men, beneath whose tread the earth seems to tremble."

He introduced a bill for the establishment of a Bureau of Immigration, the chief purpose of which was to protect the immigrants from fraud and robbery.

He concluded his speech with these words:

"With nearly one billion acres of unsettled lands on one side of the Atlantic, and with many millions of poor and oppressed people on the other, let us organize the exodus which needs must come, and build, if necessary, a bridge of gold across the chasm which divides them, that the chosen races of mankind may occupy the chosen lands of the world."

During the twenty-seven years which have elapsed since that speech was delivered, the vast immigration which he foresaw would, after the war, flood our shores, has been realized, and we have now reached a new era when the question arises whether we should not put some restraints upon the great migration, at least so far as to separate the good from the bad, and divide the chaff from the wheat.

The Civil War.

On the 2d of May, 1864, Governor Donnelly delivered a speech upon the pending war and the reconstruction of the South. It takes the ground that slavery must perish, that the safety of the nation and the welfare of the whole people, North and South, requires it. He concludes with the following thoughts on Truth:

"And who will dare to say that in the long fight of the centuries error is not hourly losing blood and strength and life; that truth is not each day arming itself with new and more formidable weapons, shining each day with more glorious and more effulgent radiance.

"Let us take to ourselves the consolation afforded by this thought — that truth is imperishable, and that no human power is sufficient to destroy it. It is a subtle essence — the soul of the material world. The heavens and the earth may pass away, but truth shall not pass away. We have seen it in all the past liberated by the blows aimed at its destruction. We have seen it passing, upon golden wings, out through all the meshes with which the perverted skill of the human mind sought to entangle it.

"Let us remember, then, that, in so far as we contribute, however humbly, to the cause of truth, we are identifying our temporary existence with an eternal work. This is a posterity which shall never die; this shall live and brighten and keep green our memories when the descendants of our bodies have disappeared from among the things of the world.

"For myself, I can see the welfare of my country only in those things which widen the opportunities and elevate the dignity of mankind. I cannot perceive the advantage to any man of the degradation of any other man, and I feel assured of

the greatness and perpetuity of my country only in so far as it identifies itself with the uninterrupted progress and the universal liberty of mankind."

This was a remarkable speech to have been delivered in the midst of a fierce civil war. There was no invective in it and no denunciation of the South. It discussed the issues of the war from a high and generous platform.

The Thirty-ninth Congress.—The State of Lincoln.

On December 13, 1865, Mr. Donnelly introduced a resolution, which was adopted, directing the Committee on Territories to inquire into the propriety of affixing the name of Lincoln to some one of the Territories of the West. It is a pity this suggestion has not been carried out.

Universal Education.

On December 14, 1865, Governor Donnelly introduced the following resolution:

"Whereas, Republican institutions can find permanent safety only upon the basis of the universal intelligence of the people; and whereas the great disasters which have afflicted the nation and desolated one-half of its territory are traceable, in a great degree, to the absence of common schools and general education among the people of the lately rebellious States; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the Joint Committee on Reconstruction be instructed to inquire into the expediency of establishing, in this Capitol, a National Bureau of Education, whose duty it shall be to enforce education, without regard to race or color, upon the population of all such States as shall fall below a standard to be established by Congress, and to inquire whether such a bureau shall not be made an essential and permanent part of any system of reconstruction."

There was quite a battle over this resolution. Mr. Philip Johnson, a member of the House from Pennsylvania, moved to lay it on the table. Tellers were appointed, and the motion to lay on the table was defeated, by a vote of 37 ayes and 113 nays; and the resolution was then adopted.

It is to Governor Donnelly's honor that, while many of his political associates were clamoring for vengeance on the prostrate South, he was simply anxious to give the whole country universal education.

This was the first suggestion of a Bureau of Education, as part of the General Government, ever made in Congress, and after a long, fierce battle Mr. Donnelly, aided by General Garfield, secured its establishment, and it stands to this day a monument of his foresight and patriotism. His speech on the subject of education was the marked feature of the Thirty-ninth Congress.

Opening up a New Empire.

On January 26, 1866, Mr. Donnelly introduced a resolution which was adopted and was the forerunner of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and of the settlement of the great region of country now occupied by the States of North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, etc. It was as follows:

"Whereas, the development of the gold-producing regions of the country is of

the utmost importance to the financial success of the nation: and *whereas*, communication between the northern tier of States and the gold fields of Idaho and Montana is now possible only by a long detour to the southward, as far as St. Louis; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the Committee on Military Affairs be directed to inquire into the expediency of directing the Secretary of War, by bill or otherwise, to establish a line of military posts, from the western boundary of Minnesota to the Territories of Montana and Idaho, by the most direct and advantageous route; and to facilitate communication along said route by the construction of a military road, with proper bridges over the water-courses."

This line of forts and military bridges was soon after established, and the result was the opening up and settlement of a region of country ten times as large as all New England.

True Statesmanship.

Governor Donnelly's far-sightedness and liberality of spirit was, however, most plainly shown in his speech delivered Feb. 1st, 1866. He had offered an amendment requiring the Commissioner of the Freedman's Bureau to provide a common school education to all refugees and freedmen who should apply therefor. In the course of his remarks, he said:

"It is a subject of congratulation that we have passed beyond those old and bitter days when revenge and intolerance were the guiding principles of governments. As victors in the mighty struggle which has but lately terminated, and as we claim to be the superiors of the South in enlightenment and Christianity, we can afford to be magnanimous to the highest degree compatible with public safety. That alone should be the limit of our generosity, and beyond that we should not go a hair's breadth.

"We must cultivate an enlarged national spirit. We are, and must always be, one people. *We cannot advance the nation by despoiling any part of it.* We cannot strengthen liberty here by inaugurating oppression elsewhere. We must hasten that day when we will be, in mutual regard, as we are in name, one people. . . .

"The spirit of humanity cannot be illiberal. Reform cannot work injustice. 'The right wrongs no man.' In all this we shall bless and benefit the South and lift her up to a higher plane of prosperity and greatness. It will be a work of mercy. To do otherwise would be to leave her a prey to the misgovernment which has already blasted her fair fields and filled her habitations with mourning."

Universal Education.

Again, in the same speech, Governor Donnelly spoke out in behalf of popular enlightenment. He said:

"The best laws will not save an unworthy people from ruin, as is seen in the case of the South American republics. The worst form of government will not prevent a clear-headed race from struggling up to prosperity, as is seen in the history of England. You may have as many constitutions and as perfect as the fertile Sieyes kept in the pigeon-holes of his desk, but they will prove of no avail if the people are not fit to receive them. Gentlemen demand that the ballot shall be universal. They must go further; they must insist that capacity to properly direct the ballot shall be likewise universal.

"Let us inquire, what is education?

"It is a means to an end—the intelligent action of the human faculties. He who is opposed to education is opposed to the enlightenment of the people, and must necessarily be their enemy, since he seeks to obtain for himself some advantage out of their ignorance, and strives to obscure their judgment that he may the better mislead them.

"It is not necessary to demonstrate the importance of education. The common sense of mankind approves it; the success of our nation attests it; a million happy homes in our midst proclaim it. Education has here fused all nations into one; it has obliterated prejudices; it has dissolved falsehoods; it has announced great truths; it has thus open all doors; and, thank God, it has at last broken all the shackles in the land! The rebellion sprang from popular ignorance; its suppression came from popular education. When the Englishman described the North as a land 'where every man had a newspaper in his pocket,' he touched at once the vital point of our greatness and the true secret of our success.

"Let the great work go on. Its tasks are but half completed. Let it go on until ignorance is driven beyond our remotest borders. This is the noblest of all human labors. This will build deep and wide and imperishable the foundations of our Government; this will raise up a structure that shall withstand the slow canker of time and the open assaults of violence. The freedom of the people resting upon the intelligence of the people! Who shall destroy a nation founded upon this rock!"

Governor Donnelly proceeded to give some striking statistics, showing the vast number of illiterate persons in the United States, according to the census of 1860.

This speech created a great sensation and fixed Governor Donnelly's position as one of the leaders of the House. It was a principal cause of the establishment of the Bureau of Education, which, as I have said, is still a part of the National Government.

A Philadelphia newspaper said:

"Mr. Donnelly will be remembered by this wise and noble measure long after his part in transitory politics is forgotten."

The Anoka *Union* (Minn.) said:

"This movement will immortalize his name, whether he is permitted to witness the consummation of his desires or not. His scheme, as has been well said, will *nationalize* America."

George Alfred Townsend ("Gath") wrote to the New York *Tribune:*

"He [Mr. Donnelly] is a smooth-faced, auburn-haired young man — the youngest member of the House; and his speech for the Educational Bureau bill was an ardent and intelligent argument, conceived in gratitude [to the public-school system] and confirmed by conviction. He belongs to a singularly gifted family."

And yet, strange to say, the officers of the Bureau of Education, from the day of its establishment to this hour, have never recognized Governor Donnelly's connection with that work, while awarding great praise to others who either did nothing in the matter or very little. As soon as the bureau was established, Governor Ramsey, then a member of the United States Senate, secured the appointment of Commissioner for one of his Minnesota friends, and about one-half of the first report consisted of praises of Ramsey, who had no more to do with the establishment of the bureau than the man in the moon. And this illustrates the difference between a statesman and a politician. One saw an opportunity to benefit the whole people for all time; the other saw an opportunity to obtain an appointment for a follower. One labored for mankind; the other worked for himself.

Blaine's Indorsement.

Hon. James G. Blaine, commenting upon this debate, in his great work, *Twenty Years of Congress*, vol. II., p. 167, says:

"One of the most striking speeches made in the House upon this subject was by Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota. He had carefully prepared for the debate, and dwelt with great force upon the educational features. 'Education,' he said, 'means the intelligent exercise of liberty, and surely, without this, liberty is a calamity, since it means simply the unlimited right to err." . . .

After quoting still further from the speech, Mr. Blaine says:

"It is worthy of remark that the question so cogently presented and enforced by Mr. Donnelly — that of the connection between education and suffrage — disclosed the general fact that even among the Republicans there was no disposition, at this period, to confer upon the negro the right to vote."

Tree-Planting.

Governor Donnelly was the originator of another great movement.

On May 18, 1866, by unanimous consent, he introduced the following resolution, which was adopted:

"*Resolved*, That, in view of the almost complete absence of woods and forests in the interior regions of the continent, and of their paramount importance in the settlement and occupancy of the country, the Committee on Public Lands be directed to inquire whether a system cannot be devised whereby the planting of woods and forests may be encouraged in regions destitute of timber, by liberal donations of public lands, in alternate sections, to individuals or corporations, and the reservation of the adjoining sections by the Government, at an increased price, as in the case of railroad grants; the lands so granted, or a proportional part thereof, to be planted with trees adapted to the climate and the needs of the community."

This suggestion, while it set thoughtful men all over the country to thinking, and eventually resulted in the passage of the Timber-Culture Act, under which hundreds of thousands and perhaps millions of acres of land in the treeless parts of the United States have been planted with trees, was hailed with great shouts of ridicule by Mr. Donnelly's enemies in Minnesota. The leading Democratic paper, the St. Paul *Pioneer*, published an article in which it inserted a number of little wood-cuts of trees — the kind used for advertising — and underneath them, in large capitals, it placed the words:

"These Are the Trees Donnelly Proposes to Plant on the Prairies!"

In Western Minnesota one is hardly ever out of sight, to-day, of beautiful groves, in regions that previously did not possess a single tree, and which were planted under the impulse of the laws which grew out of Mr. Donnelly's resolution and speeches. The recent repeal of the Tree-Culture Act is to be regretted. It was probably due to the fact that the land-grabbers and the lumber-thieves saw no way under it of stealing the public domain. The law should be reënacted with such alterations and safeguards as experience has suggested.

Another Humane Work.

On the first of May, 1866, Mr. Donnelly made a speech in opposition to a motion of Mr. Chanler, of New York, to strike out section 14 of an act to regulate immigration. Mr. Donnelly urged that the section should be retained, so as to prevent the overcrowding of emigrant ships and the consequent loss of life to the immigrants, as well as the importation of pestilence into the country, as in the case of vessels that had recently reached New York and Halifax. His views prevailed, and Chanler's amendment was defeated.

The Bureau of Education Again.

On June 5, 1866, Governor Donnelly spoke at length in favor of the establishment of the Bureau of Education. I regret that I cannot, for lack of space, quote extensively from this great speech. It was largely instrumental in securing the passage of the bill in the House. Mr. Donnelly said:

"What pressing necessity results from these two great facts? Education—education for the white man of the South, that he may so wisely and liberally judge as to love the great Nation which lifts him up, and the flag which is the symbol of the noblest and broadest liberality in all this world. Education for the black man, that the new powers conferred upon him may not be merely brute forces, reacting against himself, but may be wisely directed to his own advantage and the glory of his country. Education for the country itself, that the entire population may rise to the level, and above the level, of the most favored localities, and that, as we are the freest, the bravest and the most energetic, so also we may become the most enlightened people upon the face of the earth, the foremost instruments in whatever good God may yet design to work out upon the globe.

"Is it not a shame, Mr. Speaker, that this nation, which rests solely and alone upon the intelligence of its citizens, without which it could not exist for an hour, should thus far have done nothing, either to recognize or enforce education? As John Adams said, 'The despotisms have stolen a march upon this Republic in the liberal patronage of that education upon which a Republic is based.' . . . But the United States, whose theory of government is that if the people are ignorant they are necessarily unwise; if they are unwise they are necessarily misgoverned, and if they are misgoverned, every interest dear to the citizen is necessarily put in jeopardy; the United States, I say, whose very corner-stone is the enlightened judgment of each individual citizen, has allowed despotism to build up mighty systems in behalf of education, while in this, its capital, not a department, not a bureau, not even a clerkship, is to be found representing that grandest of all interests. . . .

"Then let us eliminate that which is more dangerous than slavery—ignorance. Let us labor to make every man who votes an intelligent, self conscious, reasoning, reflecting being. Then the true Republic will be realized. Then the struggle of parties will be, not to hold back the world, not to throw blocks before the car of progress, but to strike down every wrong, every error, every injustice.

"Pass this bill, and it will give education a mouth-piece and a rallying point. While it will have no power to enter into the States and interfere with their system, it will be able to collect facts and report the same to Congress, to be thence spread over the entire country. It will throw a flood of light upon the dark places of our land. It will form a public sentiment which will arouse to increased activity the friends of education everywhere, and ignorance will fly before it. It will press forward in its work, from the bright villages of the North, down to the lowly huts of the poor whites and poorer freedmen in the South; down to the bayous of Louisiana, down to the everglades of Florida, down to the very shores of the Gulf. And

in its train what a glorious assemblage shall pour forward:—the newspapers, the public libraries, the multiplying railroads, the improved machinery for agriculture, the increased comforts for the home; with liberality, generosity, mercy, justice and religion. . . . This is the foundation upon which time and our enormous national growth will build the noblest of structures. The hope of Agassiz may here be realized; or even that grander dream of Bacon,—that university with unlimited power to do good, and with the whole world paying tribute to it! . . .

"I can say, sir, with truth, that I press this measure with no unkind feeling toward the people of that unfortunate region [the South]. I will do all in my power to alleviate the sufferings they yet endure; their prosperity is identical with that of the country, and their elevation essential to the permanence of the nation. I press this measure because it is just to all, and will be beneficent to all.

"As war dies let peace rise from its ashes — white-winged, white-robed and luminous with the light of a new morning — a morning never to pass away while the world shall stand. Then may be said, in the language of one of our writers:

> "'How they pale,
> Ancient myth and song and tale,
> In this wonder of our day;
> When the cruel rod of war
> Blossoms white with righteous law,
> And the wrath of man is praise.'"

One cannot help but experience a feeling of sorrow, when reading this speech, that such a man should be driven out of public life by a gang of greedy Indian-traders and thieving corporations—in fact, that for twenty-five years he should be compelled to make that farm-home at Nininger famous even through his literary labors, only by the irrepressible power of genius to force itself to the light.

Safety for the Frontiers.

On December 6, 1886, Mr. Donnelly introduced a preamble and resolution declaring that it was "a reproach to our government that its citizens cannot pass from one portion of the national domain to another without danger to life and property, at the hands of a few thousand savages," therefore resolving that the Secretary of War be required to "thoroughly protect communication by two great routes across the continent," one by the line of the Union Pacific Railroad, the other by the future Northern Pacific Railroad, etc. The resolution was agreed to.

Universal Suffrage.

On January 18, 1867, Governor Donnelly delivered another speech which attracted great attention at the time. It was upon the question of universal and impartial suffrage. I have space for but a passage:

"The purpose of government is the happiness of the people — therefore, of the *whole* people. A government cannot be half a republic and half a despotism — a republic, just and equable to one class of its citizens; a despotism, cruel and destructive to another class. It must become either all despotism or all republic.

"If you make it all republic the future is plain. All evils will correct themselves. Temporary disorders will subside; the path will lie wide open before every man, and every step and every hour will take him farther away from error and darkness. Give the right to vote, and you give the right to aid in making the laws. The laws, being made by all, will be for the benefit of all; the improvement and

advancement of each member of the community will be the improvement and advancement of the whole community. . . . The earth is God's, and all the children of God have an equal right upon its surface. And human legislation which would seek to subvert this truth merely legislates injustice into law, and he who believes that injustice conserves the peace, order or welfare of society has read history to little purpose."

The New York *Tribune* referred to this speech as an able argument, and stated that, at the close of it, Mr. Donnelly received the congratulations of many of the leading members of the House.

Renominated for Congress, 1866.

The Congressional District Convention for the Second District of Minnesota was held at St. Paul September 20, 1866. A fierce fight had been made against Governor Donnelly's renomination, headed by his old enemy, the St. Paul *Press*, and the famous "Bill King," publisher of the Minneapolis *Atlas*. The great warfare of Aristocracy against the Commoner now began in earnest. The battle raged in every county in the district, embracing two-thirds of the territory of the new State, a sparsely-settled region, larger than all New England. But when the convention assembled Mr. Donnelly was renominated on the first formal ballot, receiving forty votes, against twenty-eight, divided between three other candidates. The great combine against the people was not yet all-powerful. It had not ripened. I quote an extract or two from his acceptance speech:

"It is my hope and belief that I shall never, in the future, say or do aught that shall lower the standard of human progress a hair's breadth, or that shall strengthen the arm of injustice or add a single pang to the sufferings of the oppressed. By this light I have sought to interpret constitutions, politics, parties and laws. The right wrongs no man; and equal rights, equal opportunities and equal laws are a platform which cannot be resisted, since God and man alike approve them. If I can know at the end of my public career, however long or however short it may be, that the world has been benefited, in any degree, by my having lived, I shall feel that I have not existed in vain. . . .

"I have striven not to degrade my constituents, but to be the mouth-piece and exponent of all that was best and truest and noblest in their thoughts and aspirations."

The Declaration of Independence.

"There is," he continued, "in the Patent Office at Washington, a timeworn, discolored, rudely-written parchment. The signatures are faded; the illustrious men who penned them have long since perished into dust. But the principles written there have *not* faded. They are to-day inscribed in ineffaceable characters in millions of brains; millions of hearts dilate when they are uttered; millions of breasts are bared to the deadly hail of battle when they are imperiled. The emigrant hails them afar off, his face shining with promise; to them the dusky freedman looks up as to the everlasting stars of the sky; they are that consummation and crystalization of the Sermon on the Mount, contained in the august declaration of the inalienable right of *all* men to life, liberty and happiness."

The Debate with Colonel Robertson.

In this campaign a prominent and able Democrat, Col. D. A. Robertson, of St. Paul, challenged Governor Donnelly to a public discussion. The result was so overwhelming that no man in Minnesota

has since had the temerity to follow his example. Even Mr. Donnelly's old enemy, the St. Paul *Press*, though usually bitterly hostile to Mr. Donnelly, could not refrain from saying, in its issue of Nov. 24, 1886:

"His speech was the ablest and most powerful effort of campaign oratory ever delivered in this city, and in this we but express the general opinion of those who heard it. We give elsewhere a pretty full report of his speech, though no report can do full justice to the keen and incisive force of his arguments, or the telling home-thrusts with which it abounded. Every argument or statement of his opponent was met and refuted with an irresistible cogency that elicited bursts of uproarious and prolonged applause from the audience. The blank, spell-bound silence of the numerous Democrats present, no less than the exultant and responsive enthusiasm of the Republicans, was an eloquent testimony to the unanswerable logic of Mr. Donnelly's exposition of the great principles at issue."

Reëlected to Congress.

Despite the continued opposition of the St. Paul *Press*, which, by all sorts of insidious arguments, sought to slay him, Mr. Donnelly was reëlected by an increased majority. His opponent was Colonel Wm. Colville, a strong Democrat, with a brilliant war record. He received 7,754 votes, while Mr. Donnelly received 12,022 — a majority of 4,268.

The Old Bond Swindle.

During the year 1867 Mr. Donnelly became involved in the fierce battle which was raging about the payment of nearly two and a half million dollars of State bonds which had been issued at the time of the admission of the State into the Union. The original law was a trick and a fraud practiced upon the people of the State. Under its terms that vast indebtedness was saddled on the new State for the *grading* of road-beds of railroads alone, and at the rate of $10,000 per mile, while the grading actually cost from $300 to $500 per mile! The result was that the people found themselves involved in a debt of vast amount, without a mile of iron, or railroad, or a single car to show for it. It was a base and intentional swindle, and the Republican party first came into power in the State, in 1859, on the platform of repudiating the debt caused thereby.

Mr. Donnelly had taken no part in this battle, but was at length dragged into it, by an attack in the St. Paul *Press*, and in reply he took ground against the pending proposition in a letter to the *Press*. And his arguments were so cogent and conclusive that the people voted the proposition down by an overwhelming vote. Since then the persistent holders of the old bonds have effected a settlement with the State, whereby they secured State bonds, bearing 4½ per cent. interest, for nearly *four million dollars*, with 500,000 acres of land, worth $2,500,000, as security for a debt which originally cost them about $300,000 or $400,000! The whole history of the State of Minnesota has been written in fraud and corruption, and this great State debt remains as one of the colossal monuments of its history.

The Fortieth Congress.

We come now to the record of the last term of Congress in which Mr. Donnelly ever served.

And here we come to a story as strange and terrible as any ever known in the history of politics — its parallel can hardly be found in the pages of fiction.

Bill King is Elected Postmaster.

Bill King had opposed Governor Donnelly in the Congressional contest of 1866. When the House assembled in December, 1867, King was on hand as a candidate for postmaster. He found, however, that, as Governor Donnelly represented the district in which he lived, he could not succeed without his support. He sent Mr. Windom, Governor Donnelly's colleague in the House, to him, to beg him not to fight King. Mr. Windom made a personal appeal to Governor Donnelly. He said he had loaned money to King, and had indorsed his paper, and if King did not get the office of postmaster, he would lose every cent of it. He begged him as *his* friend, and as a favor to *him*, not to oppose King. Then King came to Donnelly, and, with tears in his eyes, implored him to help him. He said he was sick and poor, he had been unfortunate in some New York speculations, and he and his family would suffer greatly if he did not get the place. He said the poor-house stared them all in the face. Mr. Donnelly could not stand the tears, and at last, with that magnanimity which is almost a weakness of character with him, he agreed to vote for King in the Republican caucus. But he said: "King, for Windom's sake, I shall vote for you; but do not send any member of the House to me to recommend you, or I shall be certain to tell them that you are the biggest rascal in America; but if my single vote is of any use to you, you can have it." King was profuse in his thanks. The caucus was held. Governor Donnelly voted an open ballot for King (Windom was one of the tellers), and King was nominated for postmaster *by just one majority*. Governor Donnelly's vote had given him the victory. But it was an unfortunate vote for Donnelly — the most unfortunate he ever cast.

King's Gratitude.

Immediately after the vote was taken King met Governor Donnelly in one of the lobbies; he threw his arms around his neck, and blubbered over him, and said: "Donnelly, you have treated me a thousand times better than I deserved; and all the rest of my life shall be devoted to proving my gratitude. You have saved me and my family from ruin."

How He Proved His Gratitude.

In January, 1889, the election of United States Senator from Minnesota came off at St. Paul. Shortly before it was to occur, in

December, 1888, King came to Governor Donnelly in Washington, and said to him:

"Governor, a year ago you saved me from destruction. I told you then that the rest of my life should be devoted to proving my gratitude. The time has come to do so. I am going to St. Paul to-morrow. I shall take a suite of rooms, and shall do my utmost to make you United States Senator."

Governor Donnelly thanked him and said: "While I am grateful to you, I do not think it right that you should go to that expense on my account. Let me give you money enough to pay your traveling and hotel expenses."

"Never mind that," replied King; "we can settle all that after you are elected."

Governor Donnelly afterwards learned that at that very moment King *had three thousand dollars of Ramsey's money in his pocket.*

When Mr. Donnelly reached St. Paul, King called on him at once, professing the most earnest friendship, and Mr. D., incapable of believing that any man could be guilty of such infinite baseness, told him all his secrets, and from day to day King called and Donnelly unbosomed himself to this tool of his enemies.

The Midnight Visit.

And so the work of deception continued until the senatorial fight drew very near to a ballot. Governor Donnelly's room was in the old Merchants', then a frame building. The next room was occupied by Mr. Abner Tibbetts, a member of the House from Lake City, and Governor Donnelly's principal advocate in the senatorial fight. The partition between the two rooms was very thin, and one night, after midnight, Mr. Donnelly was awakened by a great uproar in Tibbetts' room; he heard voices high in argument, and violently profane language, which he thought he recognized as King's. The next morning Tibbetts explained it all. He said that King had come to his room at midnight and told him that the time had come to throw off the mask; that he, King, had been fooling Donnelly all along, but that he was now doomed, and that Tibbetts must turn in and vote for Ramsey. Tibbetts refused to do so. And King went back to the Ramsey headquarters and boasted of how he had deceived and spied upon the man who had saved him from ruin.

A Further Depth of Villainy.

Subsequently King tried to destroy the character of the man he had so treacherously used, and in the great libel suit, of which I shall speak hereafter, took the stand and swore that in the senatorial fight he and his brother Dana were not supporting Governor Donnelly, and that on his first visit to Governor Donnelly, on his arrival in St. Paul, Governor Donnelly had offered him, King,

$3,000, with which to bribe his brother Dana, who was then a member of the Legislature, to vote for him, Donnelly, for Senator. But, on cross-examination, certain old letters of King and his brother, written in 1868, were submitted to him, which showed the true state of the case, and thereupon King adapted himself to what could not be denied, and swore that he and Dana were both earnest and ardent supporters of Governor Donnelly in that senatorial contest as long as he was a candidate: forgetting that this admission gave the lie to the charge of attempted bribery, for if Dana King was always a supporter of Governor Donnelly, there was no reason why he, Donnelly, should offer Bill King $3,000 with which to bribe Dana to support him! Even the most experienced villain sometimes slips up when brought face to face with evidence which he supposed was destroyed.

But I do not think the whole history of human rascality can present a more terrible instance of ingratitude, duplicity, treachery and wickedness than that of this man toward his generous and kind-hearted benefactor. Judas, it is true, betrayed Christ with a kiss, but it was a momentary treason, and he expiated his crime, the next day, by hanging himself; but King still flourishes, with unabashed and brazen face, glorying in his iniquity, and ready to go into court, twenty-two years afterward, and attempt to swear away the character of the man he had betrayed and destroyed, and who had been his friend at the most gloomy point of his fortunes. It is a shocking narrative, and we record it here, not out of any malevolence toward King, but simply to show this generation and posterity the character of the men and the influence which drove Ignatius Donnelly out of public life.

Sauce for the Goose is Sauce for the Gander.

On the 11th day of March, 1867, Mr. Donnelly introduced the following preamble and resolutions, which explain themselves:

"Whereas, the government of Great Britain did, so soon as an armed rebellion appeared within the limits of the United States, hasten to accord to the rebels belligerent rights, and, thereafter, during the whole course of the war, continued to give moral and material aid to the same, furnishing them with arms, munitions and vessels of war, inflicting thereby incalculable injury upon our foreign commerce, and greatly increasing our sacrifices of men and money, in the suppression of the rebellion.

And whereas, the said government of Great Britain has hitherto refused to pay the government of the United States for any part of the enormous damage so inflicted upon the commerce of the United States.

And whereas, the Irish people, after having suffered for centuries the burdens of an hereditary aristocracy, an established church, and a system of laws designed expressly for their impoverishment, have at last risen in rebellion, and are now waging a gallant, though unequal, contest with the government of Great Britain: Therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the profoundest sympathies of the American people are enlisted in behalf of the people of Ireland, in their efforts to establish a republican government in Ireland, upon the basis of universal suffrage and a total separation of Church and State.

"*Resolved*, That the Committee on Foreign Affairs is hereby instructed to report to this House what legislation, if any, is necessary to enable the executive of the United States to accord to the people of Ireland belligerent rights, and generally to enable the executive to follow in every particular the precedents established by Great Britain during the late rebellion."

Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, objected to the introduction of the resolution. Mr. Donnelly moved to suspend the rules. There was great alarm among the English party, and to prevent a test vote, Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, moved that the House adjourn, and the motion prevailed. Unfortunately for Mr. Donnelly, the Irish insurrection collapsed before the House met again. If it could have organized and held possession of even a small strip of territory and maintained the forms of government, Mr. Donnelly's resolution would have been adopted, and it would have been the most laughable incident of the century to have seen England's precedents applied to England's own case, and the seas swarming with American privateersmen, under the Irish flag, playing hob with the commerce of Great Britain, as she had played hob with ours.

Free Schools in the South.

Mr. Donnelly continued to work away on behalf of education. On the 25th of March, 1867, he presented the following, which was adopted:

"Whereas, 'Religion, morality and knowledge are,' in the language of Jefferson in the Ordinance of 1787, 'necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind,' therefore schools and the means of education should be everywhere established; and *whereas*, from various causes, the interests of popular education have been so greatly neglected, in the States lately in rebellion, that nearly one-half of the voting population there are, at the present time, unable to read and write; and *whereas*, such a state of things cannot long continue with safety to the nation or to the best interests, prosperity and happiness of the people of the States; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That this House expresses its earnest hope that the people of the States lately in insurrection will, in reorganizing the same, in accordance with existing laws for that purpose, insert in their respective State Constitutions a provision requiring the legislature to establish and maintain a system of free schools which shall afford adequate opportunity for the public education of all the children of the State."

This resolution, which was unanimously adopted by the House, had an excellent effect in calling attention to a great question, and its suggestions were carried out throughout the Southern States with the most excellent results.

Relief for the South.

While Governor Donnelly naturally and properly shared in the feelings of the North as to the rebellion and the civil war, he lost no opportunity to show that his heart was generous enough to sympathize with the people of the South in their misfortunes. On the 13th of March, 1867, a joint resolution (No. 16) came up for consideration in the House, which proposed to appropriate a million dollars to

purchase supplies of food to be distributed, by the Secretary of War, "in those Southern and Southwestern States where a failure of crops and other causes have occasioned wide-spread destitution." Hon. Fernando Wood, the famous Democratic leader of New York City, opposed the grant vigorously. He was followed by Hon. William Williams, of Indiana, a Republican member. He was "opposed," he said, "to taxing the one-armed and limbless soldiers of the Republic to pay money to the women and children of rebels, who, with malignant hatred, spat upon our soldiers, wounded and weary in their march to the sea." He was followed by Mr. Chanler, of New York, Democrat, who also opposed the passage of the grant. It was a time of fierce passions; the civil war had just ended. General Butler moved to amend that the million dollars should go to the widows of those who were starved to death in the rebel prisons of Andersonville, Libby, etc. General Logan also opposed the resolution. Mr. Boyer, of Pennsylvania, Democrat, supported the grant. Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, Republican, also spoke for it. So, also, did General Garfield. Men divided according to their instincts, and party lines were forgotten. John Covode, of Pennsylvania, in a speech worthy of the time of Oliver Cromwell and the Long Parliament, cited the case of King Ahab, told of in the Old Testament, who was instructed by the Lord to go out and make war upon the Assyrians, under King Benhadad, and when he had conquered them, to utterly exterminate them. But King Ahab, after he had slain 100,000 Assyrians, thought he had done enough to satisfy the wrath of God, and he pardoned Benhadad, the king, and therefore King Ahab and all his sons were slain by the Lord. "Now, I ask, gentlemen," John Covode said, in conclusion, "if they suppose the Lord is done with punishing the rebels of this country?" And therefore he was opposed to the Government feeding the starving women and children of the South.

It is pleasant to turn from such a screed of fanaticism and hatred to the utterances of Governor Donnelly. He took a leading part in the discussion. He made three speeches and secured an amendment providing that if the million dollars appropriated were not sufficient "to save men, women and children from death by starvation," then any other further sum was to be expended by the War Department. I make two or three extracts from his remarks on this question. I would note that the joint resolution finally passed by a vote of 98 to 31, and there can be no doubt that Mr. Donnelly's efforts very greatly contributed to that end:

"The war is at an end. The bitterness and acrimony that accompanied it should die with it. We must base this Government of ours upon the love of the people. We cannot permit the now empty seats, upon the other side of this chamber, to be filled by a race of men who will be the hereditary enemies of the land they assist in governing. This Government, as it must rest upon the free will of the people, must rest also upon the love of the people. . . .

"I am sorry to hear these appeals made to the natural prejudices and natural bitterness which exist in our hearts. I am sorry to hear these references to Ander

sonville and Libby prisons. Let us recollect that if we, the representatives of the American people, after having been brought face to face, by official proof, with the knowledge of this starvation in our land, now withhold the hand of relief, then, in the eyes of the civilized world, we will have placed ourselves on a level with the very rebels who starved our men to death. . . .

"The chronicles of England preserve the memory of an Anglo-Saxon bishop who, in a time of famine, took the gold and silver ornaments from the altars of his churches and the decorations from their walls, and sold them to purchase food for the starving multitudes. And when one, who looked rather to the letter than to the spirit of religion, would have rebuked him for his act, he made a noble answer, which will live through all time: 'That it was better that the living temples of the Lord should be fed, even though the dead temples of the Lord should go empty.' . . .

"I have somewhere read of a gallant Swede, of the army of Charles XII., who, at the close of one of the great battles fought by that sovereign, sought to assist a wounded and dying enemy, giving him water to drink, from his own canteen. In the very moment that he was thus aiding him, the dying man, still full of the rage of the battlefield, attempted to take the life of his benefactor. The gallant soldier nevertheless stayed his hand, and aided, with others, to bear him to a place of safety. When the King heard of the noble act he sent for the soldier and rewarded his humanity by promotion. He asked him, however, how it came that he did not strike an enemy who thus sought to take his life even while he was relieving him? 'Sire,' he replied, 'my heart would not permit me to strike a prostrate and helpless man.'

"So I say now, in the presence of this suffering and this death, I have not the heart to remember anything save only that these people are human, and, 'being human, pitiable.'"

Settlers on Public Lands.

On the 15th of January, 1868, Mr. Donnelly made a speech in favor of a bill, introduced by his colleague Mr. Windom, to permit settlers on the public lands to make the necessary proofs before the clerk of the nearest court, without being obliged to travel, perhaps, hundreds of miles to the land office, at heavy expense, which the poor frontiersmen could ill afford. Mr. Elihu Washburne, of Illinois, who perceived that Mr. Donnelly was rapidly advancing to the foremost ranks of the House, and that, if he was not crippled in some way, his brother William, who resided in Mr. Donnelly's Congressional district, could never come to Congress, proceeded to make a fierce fight upon this just and humane measure. But he was defeated, the bill passing by a vote of 81 to 15. All this was very irritating to Washburne, and helped precipitate the storm which soon after burst on Mr. Donnelly's head.

Southern Railroad Grants.

On January 29, 1868, Mr. Donnelly made a speech in favor of the Government reassuming possession of five million acres of land, held by railroad companies, in the South, that had forfeited the same by not complying with the terms of their grants. He urged that these lands should be restored to the public domain and given, under the Homestead Act, to the people of the South, white and black, in tracts of forty acres each, thus making homes for more

than six hundred thousand poor people. In the course of the debate he said:

"I do not believe there is any reasonable legislation the reconstructed States of the South can ask at the hands of the North which the North will not willingly and promptly grant. Being once back in the Union, it will be our pleasure and delight to nourish them into prosperity and do everything in our power to develop that entire Southern country."

The money of the wealthy corporations who owned these roads was too potent to be overcome in the interest of the people, and the bill was eventually defeated.

Rights of American Citizens in Foreign Countries.

On January 30, 1868, Mr. Donnelly made a speech, in the House, and took strong ground against the imprisonment of American naturalized citizens by foreign governments, then being practiced in Europe. He declared that Congress should announce its ultimatum that any such act was "just ground for war," and let European nations understand that if they imprisoned our citizens they had got to fight for it.

The Department of Education Again.

A lively battle occurred on February 12, 1868. Elihu Washburne, acting chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, probably because Mr. Donnelly was largely instrumental in securing the passage of the act establishing the Bureau of Education, contrived to have the appropriation for the support of the bureau left out of the appropriation bill, and Mr. Donnelly moved to reinstate it. Washburne fought it hard, and in a very unfair and tricky way. Mr. Donnelly showed, in an exceedingly courteous manner, that Washburne had grossly misstated the facts in several particulars. He showed that the appropriation asked for amounted to one-thirty-fourth part of a cent for each inhabitant of the United States. In fact he squelched Mr. Washburne completely. He wound up with these pregnant sentences:

"We cannot pay too high a price for the national safety or the national life. *School-houses in this generation will prevent wars in the next. Education, in the long run, is always cheaper than ignorance.*"

Fernando Wood, as was to be expected, came to the help of Elihu Washburne. General Garfield held up the hands of Mr. Donnelly. He showed that the bill had passed, in the previous Congress, by a vote of 80 to 44 — by a strict party vote — while Washburne, with his usual mendacity, had stated that it had only one or two majority. He also showed that the example of Congress, in establishing the Bureau of Education, had been most favorably commented on by foreign nations, and that —

"One of the leading members of the English Parliament, on the 2d of December, 1867, had moved that a similar department be created, and that a Minister of Education should have a seat in the cabinet as one of the counselors of her Maj

esty." . . . "The bill establishing the department," he continued, "has been noticed in all the nations and languages of Europe, as a step in the direction which nations must take to secure the liberty of the people and the safety of the Government."

Washburne's opposition, supported by Fernando Wood, prevailed for a time, and the appropriation for the support of the Bureau of Education was killed. The Senate, however, refused to accede to this contemptible action and preserved the bureau. But all this showed how Washburne was writhing under the general recognition of Mr. Donnelly's ability.

Settlers on Indian Lands in Kansas.

On March 6, 1868, Governor Donnelly secured the passage of an amendment, offered by him, to the bill in reference to the Osage Indian lands in Kansas, whereby both the odd and even numbered sections should be sold at public sale, to actual settlers, so that the settlers should have the right to pay for them in installments, where they could not pay all cash. Thus the speculators were shut out and the settlers enabled to secure their homesteads.

He Canvasses Connecticut and New Hampshire.

In the spring of 1868, Governor Donnelly, at the request of the State committees, made a canvass of the States of Connecticut and New Hampshire, in behalf of the Republican ticket, holding immense meetings and doing very effective work, for which he was warmly thanked by the leading men of those States.

The Evils of Land Grants.

The injurious influences which flow from land grants to railroad companies, and which are now, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, so plainly apparent to every one, were foreseen by Governor Donnelly, and he labored to prevent them. He acknowledged the importance of railroads to such vast regions of country as are embraced in the West. He said, in a speech delivered in the House May 7, 1868:

"The importance of the railroad system to the West can not be overestimated. The grain raised upon land forty miles from a railroad or any great water course is almost valueless, save for home consumption, and a people so situated must continue in a poor, primitive and unprogressive condition. Unable to exchange the surplus productions of their soil for agricultural implements, manufactured goods, or the manifold necessities or luxuries of life, they lapse, in a generation or two, into a semi-barbarous and wretched condition."

I firmly believe that water-navigation and intercourse would lead to greater and better results than the railway system, and that the statistics of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan demonstrate the proposition. Governor Donnelly's speech exhibits his liberality upon these issues, and his willingness to accord credit where doubt exists.

He even admitted that railroads could not have been built, *at that time*, without the aid of land grants, and perhaps in that respect he was right.

But he further said:

"I am of the opinion that we should resort to all measures which will tend to lessen the evils which are necessarily incident to such gigantic corporations. The greatest of these is the withdrawal of large bodies of public land, along the line of the roads, from settlement."

He, therefore, advocated a bill, H. F. 370, introduced by Hon. George W. Julian, which provided that all grants of lands to railroad companies (the odd-numbered sections) should be placed in the hands of the States in which the lands are situated, as trustees for the corporations, and the States should sell the lands *to actual settlers*, at a fixed price, and deliver the proceeds to the railroad companies. He said:

"The conversion of lands into farms and the construction of the railroad would proceed side by side; the farms would furnish business for the road; the road would furnish an outlet for the productions of the farms. Thus commerce and agriculture would meet on equal terms and mutually assist each other. It is in this marriage of the wisdom of legislation with the wants and necessities of the people that the highest statesmanship will be found to exist. . . .

"We cannot overrate the importance of the subdivision of the land among the people. Being the original parent of all wealth, its blessing should be widespread and should reach as many as possible; otherwise it will concentrate in a few hands, and then will follow plethora for the few and pauperism for the many, until at last we realize the pitiful and lamentable condition of Europe, where the blood and tears and sweat of the afflicted cry from the earth like the blood of Abel.

"Now, Mr. Speaker, we owe to every man who desires to possess it a reasonable portion of the unoccupied land of the nation. The right inheres in him and it inheres in the great mass of his fellow-men, because he and they are alike to be benefited, he directly, they indirectly. That right the homestead law recognizes and protects."

Speaking of the poor laborers of Europe, he said:

"How pitiful, Mr. Speaker, is the condition of those populations? They lie at the base of a column of injustices heaped high above them. How desolate is the cry which their wretchedness, their misery, their very sinfulness, sends up to heaven! How pale, how bloodless are their poor faces as they gather in the fetid alleys of the great cities of the Old World, or sit down patiently to their insufficient food in miserable cabins! The whole past of the human family seems to rest crushingly upon them. Conquests a thousand years old yet press upon their shoulders. The distinctions of race and caste and religion, and all the million forms of injustice growing out of these, yet hold them under their feet. They look to the laws, and they are against them; they look to the land, and it is occupied; they can only hope by the most cruel and unceasing toil to snatch a living more scant, more precarious than that which the gaunt wolf gathers in the depths of the forest."

Protecting the Rights of Actual Settlers.

On June 4, 1868, Governor Donnelly reported back and secured the passage of an act, House bill No. 23, to prevent the entry of more than three sections of public lands in any township by means of agricultural college scrip. He showed that in some sections whole

townships were being seized upon by speculators — the purchasers of that scrip — to the exclusion of actual settlers.

Mail Service to Montana and Idaho.

On the 19th of June, 1868, there was a lively contest over a bill, asked by the Postmaster-General, to increase the mail service between Fort Abercrombie and Helena from "pony service" to "stage service," at an additional cost of $50,000, thereby saving a distance of a thousand miles in the transportation of mails and passengers. A very illiberal opposition was made to the bill by some Eastern members, probably in the interest of the Union Pacific Railroad, led by Hon. Hamilton Ward, of New York. The bill was finally passed, after a hard fight, by a vote of 57 yeas to 50 nays. In the course of the debate the following passage-at-arms took place:

Mr. Ward. "How do we know that it is a just and righteous measure if we do not find it out through the instrumentality of the committee appointed for the purpose of ascertaining the facts? How do we know?"

Mr. Donnelly. "By that common sense and judgment with which God has endowed *most* men."

Mr. Ward. "The gentleman has more than his share, and I was inquiring for a little of his."

Mr. Donnelly. "I should be happy, if time permitted, to fully enlighten the gentleman — *but it would take time!*"

It is unnecessary to state that Mr. Ward discovered the House convulsed with laughter — at him.

The Purchase of Alaska.

On July 1, 1868, there was quite a conflict in the House over the appropriation of $10,000,000 for the purchase of Alaska. Mr. Donnelly said:

"I shall vote for this bill because I consider it one of the necessary steps in the expansion of our institutions and nationality over the entire domain of the North American continent. From both North and South the territory and the people of the continent gravitate inevitably toward us, drawn by our steadily increasing greatness, the benignity of our institutions, and the individual prosperity manifested everywhere throughout all our broad expanse. . . . There is no reason why those institutions should not extend, on the one hand, to that thread of land which ties together the Northern and Southern continents, and, on the other hand, to the extreme limits of human habitation under the frozen constellations of the North. . . .

"When the traces of the great rebellion shall have passed away, when the debt incurred in its suppression shall have been extinguished, or shall have been dwarfed into insignificance, compared with the vastness of our population and the magnitude of our wealth; when our institutions shall have been purified from every taint of the old and the cruel past, and shall be sublimated and refined into the very perfection of human justice and Christian benevolence, and when our nationality shall have expanded until it fades out beneath the fire of the tropics, on the one hand, or disappears along the margin of the eternal snows, on the other, we shall present to the world the aspect of a nation greater, mightier, wiser and happier than any ever known before to man in the whole tide of time. We will be a nation that by the mere power of its moral influence shall compel justice and destroy injustice in all the lands of the earth."

The chief opponent of the purchase of Alaska was C. C. Washburn, of Wisconsin. He declared that the country was worthless, that there were no fur-bearing animals in it, etc. He was assisted by the "liberal-minded" Elihu, his brother, who voted against the purchase. But the bill passed. The seal fisheries have turned out to be worth hundreds of millions of dollars, and there is no conceivable sum for which the United States would to-day sell the Territory of Alaska to any foreign nation. As Mr. Donnelly said, in the course of the debate:

"With our great nation on the south and our new acquisition resting upon the north, British domination will be inevitably pressed out of Western British America. It will disappear between the upper and the nether mill-stones. These jaws of the nation will swallow it up."

The Trouble With the Washburn Family.

I have shown that trouble was brewing between Mr. Donnelly and Elihu Washburne. For four years Mr. William D. Washburn, brother of Elihu, had been a candidate for Congress against Mr. Donnelly.

He failed in 1864, because he insisted that all the other candidates in the district must withdraw and unite on him, and defeat Mr. Donnelly in that way. Each of the other candidates preferred himself to Mr. Donnelly, but preferred Mr. Donnelly to any of the rest, and so Mr. Donnelly was renominated.

In 1866 he adopted a different plan. He urged some one prominent man in each principal county to be a candidate for Congress, and to bring his delegation to the convention, intending, when he got them there, to unite all the opposition in his own behalf. But, when that point was reached, again Mr. Donnelly was the choice of so many delegates that he was renominated, and on the first ballot, by a vote of 40 to 28.

Since 1866 Mr. Donnelly had been steadily rising in the estimation of the people both in Minnesota and throughout the whole country; his reputation was becoming national. The Washburn family were in distress, and the Washburn family carried the armor of modern plutocracy! They knew not what to do. William *must* come to Congress — it was the Heaven-appointed destiny of the family — but how was he to get there while that able and industrious man stood in his way? Donnelly *must* be got rid of. But how? It was evident he could not be defeated in the Congressional conventions. It was therefore decided that the great Elihu — the head of the family — must jump upon and crush him to death. Everything favored such a scheme. It was evident that the victorious Union General, Ulysses S. Grant, was certain to be President. Washburne lived in Grant's town, Galena, and he was generally supposed to be Grant's right-hand man — the power behind the throne. Presuming on this fact, Washburne played the dictator in

Congress. A man of very little intellect (for none of the family were intellectual), but of great energy and force, he felt the full prestige of his accidental position. He was surrounded by all those cringing multitudes that always gather around men who are supposed to possess power and patronage. Mr. Donnelly was a young man, without powerful family connections, without wealth, without church or any other kind of influence to sustain him. Elihu Washburne reasoned that if he assailed and denounced Mr. Donnelly from the height of his position, as the supposed premier of the incoming administration, it would absolutely destroy him; and if, in addition to this, he could blacken his reputation, he would ruin him as a man and citizen, and so end him. It was necessary not only to kill him off as a Congressman, but as a politician. William must come to Congress over his corpse.

Mr. Donnelly's relations with Elihu Washburne had always been pleasant, if not cordial, as they were with every member of Congress. It was necessary that Washburne must pick a quarrel with him to justify the onslaught he was about to make. Mr. Donnelly, in his speech in Congress May 2d, 1868, tells how this was accomplished:

"Mr. Speaker, on the 20th of March last, I asked, in this House, unanimous consent to introduce a bill for a land grant, to aid in the construction of a railroad from the town of Taylor's Falls, in the State of Minnesota, by the way of St. Cloud, to the western boundary of the State; and asked that it be referred to the Committee of Public Lands and printed. An objection was made by the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. Washburne). I did not hear any other objection at the time. It seems, however, that the gentleman from Indiana (Mr. Holman) had also objected. I immediately went to the gentleman from Illinois, and said to him that I was about to leave the city, to go to the State of Connecticut, to labor in behalf of the Republican party in that State, that I must leave the next day, and that I would be obliged to him, as a personal favor, if he would withdraw his objection and permit me to introduce the bill. His answer to me was, 'Mr. Holman has objected.' Taking it for granted that he meant that he would not press his objection, I went to Mr. Holman. I made the same statement to him, and, although opposed to me in politics, he was gentleman enough to say that he would not interfere with the mere introduction of the bill, and he rose, as you will recollect, Mr. Speaker, and said that, although opposed to land grants, he was not opposed to the introduction and reference of the bill, and withdrew his objection. [There was really scarcely any public land on the proposed line, but the citizens of Taylor's Falls wanted the bill simply for the charter. E. W. F.] The Speaker again put the question, and stated that the bill would have its first and second readings, when the gentleman from Illinois rose in his seat and said: 'I also object;' and it was impossible for me to introduce the bill. I was filled, as any gentleman would be, with indignation at this course, at this seeming ill faith, and I sat down and wrote a letter to the gentleman in Minnesota most interested in that project, and who had written to me upon the subject, and stated merely the facts. I send the letter to the clerk's desk to be read:

"'*Hon. W. H. C. Folsom, Taylor's Falls, Minnesota:*

"'I have carefully prepared a bill for a grant of lands to the State of Minnesota, to aid in the construction of a railroad "from Taylor's Falls, *via* St. Cloud, to the western boundary of the State," as will appear by a copy of the *Globe* which I will send you to-morrow. Mr. E. B. Washburne, of Illinois, twice objected, and prevented its introduction and reference to the Committee on Public Lands. As unanimous consent was necessary, the objection made by Mr. Washburne has de-

layed for the present all action upon the bill. I fear that this delay will throw the bill forward to a very late period in the session.

"The introduction and reference of bills are so much "matters of course," in parliamentary proceedings, that I am at a loss to account for this action of Mr. Washburne. I should regret to think that his continued opposition to every measure of a public or private nature in which I appear to be interested is due to a desire to utterly impair my ability to serve my constituents. I can scarcely think it possible that any respectable gentleman would indulge in such an illiberal and ungenerous policy, but this fact remains, that he seems determined to resist in every way every measure which I deem important to my constituents. I propose to do my whole duty, in spite of his opposition. Truly your friend,

"'IGNATIUS DONNELLY.'"

It was considered by the Republicans that the States of New Hampshire and Connecticut, holding their election in the spring of 1868, would have a great influence upon the presidential election to be held in the fall of that year, and they therefore urged the great speakers of the party, from all over the country, to come to their help in the canvass of those States. A delegation from the Republican committees of New Hampshire and Connecticut came to Washington and urged Mr. Donnelly (as I have already stated) to make some speeches for them. This he reluctantly consented to do. It was while engaged in this very important and laborious work in behalf of the Republican party that Mr. Washburne, a leader of that party, sought the opportunity to destroy his character, by sending for publication to Mr. Donnelly's ancient and villainous enemy, the St. Paul *Press*, a letter which Mr. Donnelly fitly characterized, in his speech on May 2d, as "without a parallel in the history of any parliamentary body on the face of the earth; so shocking, so abusive, so outrageous in its character and in all its parts." In addition to attacking Mr. Donnelly's course in Congress at every possible point, it charged that he "had left the city of Philadelphia between two days, under suspicious circumstances."

On Mr. Donnelly's return to Washington from the State of Connecticut, he was shown by his friends a copy of the *Press* containing this infamous attack. He deliberated for some time whether it was not his duty to shoot Washburne. He finally decided to reply to his assailant, not in a remote newspaper, but on the floor of Congress.

THE GREAT ANTI-WASHBURNE SPEECH.

It was not until the 2d of May, the House being then busy attending the impeachment of the President, Andrew Johnson, that he could obtain the floor. On a Saturday afternoon, just as the House returned from the Senate, he rose in his seat, the galleries being nearly empty, and delivered a speech that was in many respects the greatest and most famous ever made in Congress since the establishment of the Government. The news spread; the galleries filled up; the excitement on the floor of the House became intense. Washburne had terrorized the House; he was almost universally hated and despised, but at the same time feared; and when

one man, and he the quietest gentleman in the House, rose to impale him and flay him alive, the joy of the members knew no bounds. They cried out, "Give it to him!" "Hit him again!" and the applause and laughter were unbounded. When Mr. Donnelly's hour had expired he was about two-thirds through his speech. Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, the famous "Pig-Iron Kelley" as he was called, one of the foremost and ablest men of the House, rose and moved that Mr. Donnelly's time be *extended without limit*, and this extraordinary motion was unanimously agreed to!

The first part of Mr. Donnelly's speech was devoted to a defense of his Congressional acts, and he completely wiped away every charge made by Washburne; he showed that they were disproved by the official record of the votes he had given. He then took up the personal charges. He said:

Washburne's Slanders.

"I left the city of Philadelphia on the 15th of May, 1857, in broad daylight, from the depot of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, accompanied to that depot by crowds of friends. For months before my departure I had advertised in the papers of that city that I would leave about the 1st of May, and that all persons having claims against me must present them."

He quoted an advertisement from the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* of May 12, 1857, in which a society of which he was a member unanimously thanked him for his services, and said that "he bears with him to his new home the best wishes of the members of this association for his prosperity and success."

Mr. Donnelly then had read the following letter from Hon. Benjamin Harris Brewster, then Attorney-General of the State of Pennsylvania, since Attorney-General of the United States—a letter of which any man might be justly proud.

Mr. Brewster's Letter.

Mr. Donnelly said:

"Mr. Speaker: I now send to the clerk's desk and ask him to read a letter—a letter from a gentleman well known to many members of this House personally, well known, I think, to all of them by reputation, the distinguished Benjamin Harris Brewster, of Philadelphia, a man whose learning, genius and character have illuminated the profession of the law in that State, of which he is now Attorney-General—the man under whom I studied law, and who knew me from my boyhood up. I ask the clerk to read what he says in answer to this slanderer."

The clerk read as follows:

"Commonwealth of Pennsylvania,
"Office of Attorney-General,
"Harrisburg, April 28, 1868.

"My Dear Mr. Donnelly: Your letter of yesterday is now before me. It is a surprise to me that any one should be so hardy as to assail your good name for acts done while a resident here.

"To me you have been known for nearly twenty years. You were my student, and from 1849 to 1853 you were daily with me, and down to 1857 there was not a week that we were not in constant intercourse. For a year before you left it

was publicly notorious that you were arranging your affairs to go west and reside there. Your departure was open, public, conspicuously public. You made a formal call on me to bid me good-by.

"Your character from your boyhood up was well known to me; your business affairs were known to me, as you advised with me, and from other sources my means of information were exact, and you were regarded by me, as by others, indeed, by all who ever spoke to me of you, as a man of uncommon energy, skill and strict integrity.

"After you had been absent for some years, and on an occasion when you were present in Philadelphia — my recollection is that it was in 1863 — you came to me, and, to my surprise, you advised me that some person of the name of Porter had charged you with a conspiracy to defraud. As your counsel, the whole matter was committed to my exclusive charge. The case was heard before the magistrate, in my presence, and he discharged you, there being no proof of any kind against you.

"My recollection is distinct: there was not the shadow of proof against you. The conviction impressed on my mind then was, and still is, that it was an attempt, under color of criminal proceedings, to frighten you into the payment of a debt you did not owe, and that there was also some personal and political ill-feeling at the bottom of the affair.

"In that transaction you acted like a man of courage and high honor. You refused to plead the statute of limitations, and you also refused to plead your privilege as a member of the House of Representatives; and that refusal was publicly announced by me in open court, before the magistrate and all the bystanders. You also, being present, announced, through me, that no technical defense of any kind would be set up: that you challenged any one to come forward and make a charge, if they had any to make; and, as representing you, I further said that, if notice were sent to me at any subsequent day, when you were absent, that you would forthwith be produced by me, at any time and from any distance; that you had been honored, by a respectable constituency, with a responsible office, and that you owed it to their honor and to your own honor to confront all accusers at all times and meet all such charges on their merits.

"For my part, to me you have ever been dear as a friend and a pupil of whom I am proud.

"You are known by me to enjoy a character for stern integrity, and by me you would be trusted to the utmost limit of human confidence.

"Truly, as ever, more and more, your friend,

"BENJAMIN HARRIS BREWSTER.

"Hon. I. DONNELLY, *House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.*"

Continuing, Mr. Donnelly said:

"The gentleman's brother [W. D. Washburn], four years ago, contesting with me the right to a seat in this House, used these slanders upon the streets of St. Paul, until I was forced to come out, in a card in the public papers of the State, and say that, if he could prove anything against my honor, I would withdraw from the contest for Congress, and resign my seat in this body. I had thought, knowing the source from which these things spring, that that denial would have ended the matter.

"I shall not stop to amplify that splendid passage from Shakespeare which my friend from Iowa [Mr. Price] was compelled the other day to quote against the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Washburne]:

> "Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
> 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
> But he that filches from me my good name
> Robs me of that which naught enriches him,
> And makes me poor indeed."

"Why, Mr. Speaker, the cringing sneak-thief who picks your pocket, or steals your overcoat, is a Christian gentleman compared with that monster who would rob you of the precious mantle of your reputation and leave you shivering before the contempt of the world. The assassin who strikes you down in your blood

leaves at least your memory sacred among men, and your grave may be bedewed by the tears of affection; but he who would assassinate your reputation, he who would strike at the life of your character, he who would befoul you, who would cover you all over with night-soil, is a wretch whom it were base flattery to call a coward.' Beside such a man the memory of the assassin Booth grows respectable.'

Carrying the War into Africa.

Having closed the defense of himself, Mr. Donnelly then "carried the war into Africa." He attacked Washburne in a terrible philippic, winding up with this summary:

"What great measure, in his sixteen years of legislation, has this gentleman ever originated? What liberal measure has ever met with his support? What original sentiment has he ever uttered? What thought of his has ever risen above the dead level of the dreariest platitudes? *If he lay dead to-morrow in this chamber, what heart in this body would experience one sincere pang of sorrow?* . . . He has sought to build himself up upon our dishonor; to glorify himself in our disgrace; to pollute and befoul and traduce the very body of which he is a member."

In the following pages several extracts are given of this great speech. It was widely copied all over the United States; it was reprinted in English books and in the Paris newspapers. It created an immense sensation throughout the whole country. It practically ended Elihu Washburne as a public man. He desired to be a member of Grant's cabinet, and Grant permitted him to serve as Secretary of State for two or three days, and then exiled the ambitious Warwick to France.

The Effect of the Speech.

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Times* expressed the general feeling when he said:

"Donnelly has completely wiped out Washburne as a radical leader."

The New York *Herald* spoke of—

"The vein of genius, . . . the thunderbolts of powerful invective and genuine wit amid the storm and flood of Billingsgate."

The Philadelphia *Telegraph* said:

"While Mr. Donnelly's language is almost inexcusable, yet his provocation was great. The statements made by Mr. Washburne as to his character are utterly and entirely false."

Mr. Donnelly was told when he lectured, years afterward, in Madison, Wisconsin, during the session of the legislature which had just refused to elect Cadwalader C. Washburn to the United States Senate, that his great speech had been republished in nearly all the Wisconsin papers, during the recent campaign, and that it had materially contributed to C. C. Washburn's defeat.

Mr. Donnelly's Ovation.

But to resume our narrative. Mr. Donnelly was boarding at the time at the St. James Hotel, and that night and all of the next day (Sunday) he was the subject of a perfect ovation. He was called upon by hundreds of leading men, including a great many Congress-

men. The entire delegation from Illinois (with the exception of Washburne) called in a body, with United States Senator Richard Yates, the great war Governor of Illinois, at their head; and, coming up to him, laughing, and holding out his hand, Senator Yates said: "Of course you can not expect *us* to rejoice in your castigation of our colleague!" The officials of the House called also, in a body, and said they intended to take up a collection and present Mr. Donnelly with a service of plate. Mr. Donnelly begged them not to do so; not that he would not highly appreciate such a gift, but that he knew Washburne's vindictive nature, and that he would follow them up, and persecute them, individually, for the rest of their lives.

As I said before, the affair ended Washburne's political career. After his return from Paris he sought to be elected again to the House, but could not succeed. Then he tried to be United States Senator, and had but a small support. Then he even aspired to the nomination for President, and received two or three votes. He will be remembered in history only by Mr. Donnelly's philippic. Mr. Donnelly said at the time: "I have embalmed him for posterity—like a bug in amber."

Mr. Donnelly Demands an Investigation.

Mr. Donnelly demanded a committee of investigation to inquire into the truth of Washburne's charges. He was determined to give Washburne a chance to prove his slanders, if he could. Mr. Windom, his colleague, made the motion at his request, and the committee was appointed. The committee met May 15th. Mr. Washburne had been invited by the chairman to be present and prove his charges. He did not attend. In the meantime he had the clerk of his standing committee busy in Philadelphia, seeking for any possible shadow of evidence to sustain his slander. The committee met again May 16th. Mr. Washburne appeared, and stated that his letter to the St. Paul *Press did not contain any charges of crime or corruption against Mr. Donnelly!* Then he sought to intimidate the committee, by declaring that he wanted "fifty or more witnesses"—not from Philadelphia, but from Minnesota, while none of Mr. Donnelly's pretended offenses had been committed in Minnesota. Then, at his request, the committee adjourned over, for about ten days, to enable his clerk to finish his researches in Philadelphia.

A telegram to the Chicago *Republican* of May 28th says:

"Mr. Washburne made a sad mistake when he attacked the Minnesotian, and is now put to his trumps to find any evidence whatever to support his charges. He will probably have to back out as best he can."

Then, on the 27th of May, 1868, Washburne wrote a letter to the committee from which I make these choice extracts:

"After extraordinary provocations, unknown to the committee or to the House of Representatives, and extending through a series of years, I wrote the letter which has been made the subject of investigation."

Mr. Donnelly stated to the committee that this allegation was an absolute and abominable falsehood: that he had never given Washburn the slightest provocation for his course; and he challenged him to name a single instance of the kind.

Washburne Backs Down.

Washburne goes on to say in his letter:

"In the letter there is no charge touching the gentleman's official character as a member of the House; and no allegation of bribery and corruption as stated in the preamble."

And this in the face of the fact that he had in that letter charged Mr. Donnelly with having been "seen" — that is, bribed,— upon the vote on the bill to legalize a bridge across the Mississippi at Clinton.

The committee in their report say:

"On behalf of Mr. Washburne it was claimed that the charges or statements in the letter, having reference to the conduct and character of Mr. Donnelly, anterior to his election to Congress, were no breach of the privileges of the House or of Mr. Donnelly as a member, and that therefore the House had no proper jurisdiction to direct an investigation as to their truth or falsity."

Mr. Washburne was in this dilemma: He had made charges which he could not prove; which he knew were unjust to a fellow member, and false; but, instead of coming forward, and, in a manly way, making a proper retraction and apology, he withdraws altogether so much of the charges which affected Mr. Donnelly's character as a member of the House, and which the House would compel him to prove or retract, and then he urges that, as to the other charges, the House has no right to investigate them, because they referred to events which transpired before Mr. Donnelly's election to Congress.

Washburne's Baseness.

It is difficult to conceive of greater baseness. To make terrible charges against a gentleman, and then refuse to attempt to prove them, and argue that the assailed party could not be permitted to disprove them himself! The committee say:

"Mr. Washburne, in his written communication before referred to, and also verbally before the committee, stated that he did not appear before the committee as a prosecutor, and declined to assume the affirmative of attempting to substantiate his charge against Mr. Donnelly by proof."

The committee further say:

"Mr. Donnelly constantly and persistently urged upon the committee that they should proceed to investigate the truth or falsity of the allegations against him, and avowed his entire willingness to assume the affirmative, and to disprove them, and to pay the expenses of witnesses for that purpose."

But the committee were constrained to follow the parliamentary rule, and took the ground in their report that they had no right to inquire into the acts of members prior to their election. But the

whole matter leaves Washburne in the most shameful and degraded light for the contemplation of posterity. He interfered, without provocation, discourteously in the business of another member, and then, when that member, obliged to explain the cause of the delay in introducing the bill to those interested, stated the facts without abuse or denunciation, he enters his district and, in the leading paper of the State, covers him with charges of corruption and crime; and then, when an investigation is ordered into the truth of his charges, he withdraws so much as he would be compelled, by parliamentary law, to prove, and interposes an objection to the assailed party proving his innocence, at his own expense, of the remainder of his base slanders.

The Effect in Minnesota.

Of course, all this battle produced an immense sensation in Minnesota. The papers were filed with it, *pro* and *con*, for weeks. An attempt was made, by preliminary telegrams, to represent that the speech made by Mr. Donnelly was exceedingly vulgar and profane; but the speech soon circulated and was read by everybody, and this charge fell to the ground.

Mr. Donnelly's Return Home.

On Mr. Donnelly's return to the State he spoke to an immense meeting in Ingersoll's Hall, then the largest hall in the city. The speech was long remembered. He attacked his enemies with eloquence, ridicule and facts.

The Democratic paper, the St. Paul *Pioneer*, of Aug. 2, 1868, said:

"The reading of these extracts presented the richest scene, we presume to say, ever witnessed by any person in St. Paul; and the audience laughed and laughed and laughed, till old men and young men were compelled to wipe the tears from their eyes. Such yelping and shouting and slapping each other on the back as was witnessed there last night has seldom been seen. . . . During all this portion of Mr. Donnelly's speech his remarks were interrupted continually by cheering, clapping of hands, laughter and every conceivable indication of satisfaction. There is no possible way to present the scene to our readers; the speaker's points, during the whole of these last remarks, were so sharp, so pointed and so perfectly ludicrous."

The St. Paul *Dispatch* of Aug. 2d said:

"The scene witnessed in Ingersoll's Hall Saturday night was unparalleled in the history of the State. It was a spontaneous outpouring and outbursting of the people to do honor to a faithful public servant and show disapproval of the malicious opposition to him. . . . From his entrance into the hall until his exit, unbounded approbation was manifested toward him. His appearance upon the stage called forth a greeting such as was never before tendered a public speaker in this city. For five minutes the very building shook with applause. Cheer after cheer pealed forth, hundreds rose to their feet, hats were tossed high in the air, and the most indescribable enthusiasm prevailed."

In this speech, not content with the evidence he had furnished as to his private character in his reply to Washburne, Governor

Donnelly produced receipts, or sworn certificates, from a dozen parties, showing that, before leaving Philadelphia, he had settled up all his accounts in the most honorable manner.

Defeated for Congress.

We have very little heart to follow this narrative of events farther. By a series of high-handed measures that would have disgraced the South during the carpet-bag days, Mr. Donnelly's enemies, plentifully supplied with money by the wealthy and despotic aristocracy of the district, who are believed to have spent $50,000 in the fight, defeated him and elected the Hon. Eugene Wilson, a Democrat, from a district which, two years before, had given over 4,000 majority. To do this, men took possession of the hall where the Congressional convention was to be held, placed armed policemen on the stairs, to keep out the delegates favorable to Mr. Donnelly, split the Republican party in two, nominated General Hubbard as their candidate against Mr. Donnelly, and when General Hubbard withdrew, apparently secured a man named Andrews, with the use of $7,000, in some peculiar manner, and the prospect of a ministership abroad, to run as candidate, and draw off enough Republican votes to give the district to a Democrat. Andrews was appointed Minister to Stockholm, by E. B. Washburne, during his three or four days' incumbency of the Secretary of State's office, as a reward for defeating Donnelly and sending a Democrat to Congress from a Republican district.

The Senatorial Battle of 1869.

Senator Ramsey (the same man who had made the Indian treaties to which I referred in the early pages of this biography) had been one of the chief factors in the battle against Governor Donnelly, simply because he feared that if the latter was not killed off he *might* become a candidate for Senator. In the Legislature which was to elect a United States Senator, and which met in January, 1869, succeeding Governor Donnelly's defeat, a large majority of the members-elect were opposed to Ramsey. But Ramsey's strikers had shown a number of them the usual potent arguments used in such contests and converted them. In Wabasha County the three delegates had been instructed to vote against Ramsey, but he managed to procure two out of the three. One of them was known ever afterward by the name of "Seed-wheat———," because, when seen coming out of Ramsey's headquarters, in the midst of the fight, at a suspicious hour, he said he had been in there to see a man "who had some seed-wheat for sale!" Another member of the delegation had received, it was alleged, $3,000; he was in poor health, and the exposure which followed was so crushing that he died soon after the session closed. Governor Donnelly's friends were supporting him for United States Senator, against Ramsey, but when he saw how his men were being captured he withdrew

from the contest. He had neither the money nor the inclination to make such a fight.

An Amusing Narrative.

But there were others who were not willing to see the Ramsey party sail off with the prize without a battle. They believed that it was legitimate to "fight the devil with fire." A bold man, with plenty of money, who was supporting another candidate, took man after man aside, and a conversation something like this followed:

1. "You came here opposed to Ramsey."

2. "Yes."

1. "You have been paid by his friends $3,000 to support him."

2. "Sir! Do you mean to insult me"——

1. "Tut, tut; let's talk business. Now, wouldn't you like to make $2,000 more, if you can do so without being found out?"

2. "How?"

1. "The vote in the caucus is to be by ballot. If we furnish you with a ballot that will look exactly like the Ramsey ballot, but will contain another name, and you vote it, and the party we represent is elected, I will guarantee you $2,000 more. You will then have $5,000 instead of $3,000, and you can swear by all the gods that you voted for Ramsey, and no one can ever show that you did not. Others will vote the same way, and our man will be elected."

And so a bargain was struck, and so the ingenious manipulator of men passed from member to member until he had about secured all the men who had been bought by the adherents of the other side.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

Now, the editor of the opposition paper to Ramsey, Mr. H., a very shrewd, energetic gentleman, had in his employ a young printer who had a brother working in the *Press* office. And Mr. H. said to his employe: "If you will procure for me one of the tickets printed in the *Press* office for the Senatorial caucus to-morrow night — Ramsey's tickets — I will give you $10 for it." And thereupon that young man hied him to his brother in the *Press* office, and repeated the offer made him.

But the publisher of the *Press*, Fred. Driscoll, who had as much honesty as a rat, and a good deal more cunning than a fox, knew that a certain printer working for him had a brother in the office of the rival paper, and he anticipated the tactics of the enemy, and so he said to his young man: "Print me five hundred tickets on white paper, after this form:

> FOR UNITED STATES SENATOR,
>
> ALEXANDER RAMSEY.

And print them at once." And that young man thought fortune

was pouring her favors into his lap; and he printed the tickets, and an extra one for Mr. H., and in a little while his brother had the $10 and Mr. H. was happy.

But at the dead hour of midnight, "when graveyards yawn and graves give up their dead," the foxy Mr. Driscoll goes to his office, and in a little room, all by himself, he himself prints off five hundred tickets for the caucus the next night, on *stiff, red pasteboard!*

THE RED PASTEBOARD.

The next day, about noon, a thunder-clap fell out of a clear sky when the jubilant Mr. H. saw for the first time one of the real senatorial tickets. He grabbed his hat and rushed to the nearest stationery store.

"Have you any red pasteboard like this?"

"I regret to say that Mr. Driscoll called yesterday and bought every scrap of it we had."

Consternation!

Mr. H. darted off to the next store.

The same question, the same answer.

The next store.

The same question, the same answer.

That Irish fox, Fred. Driscoll, had bought every piece of red pasteboard for sale in the city!

Brother H. tore his hair.

But a bright thought struck him. David Ramaley had been in the job-printing business for a long time. He might have some of the coveted article among his old stock. A diligent search revealed the treasure!

In a little while there were a lot of stiff, red pasteboard tickets in the pockets of certain honest men, of the same size, shape and color as the Ramsey ticket, but without Ramsey's name on them.

All but one of the virtuous men had them. He, in the hurry, had been furnished by somebody with a "sticker," with the other candidate's name on it, to paste over the name of the Indian treaty-maker; but he was so closely watched, properly enough, by the fellows who had bought him, that he got no chance to paste it on until he found himself in the caucus; and then he tried to stick it on by wetting his thumb and applying it to the ticket in his pants pocket! But he made such clumsy work of it that the sticker came off, and was found by the tellers, rolled up in a pellet, in the hat.

Those who were present have said that it was one of the most amusing sights in the world to see Driscoll, checking off the red tickets, with a complacent smile on his face, as they were dropped, face downward, in the teller's hat, and then to see the same Driscoll with his eyes "hanging out of his head" when the red tickets came out of the hat, face uppermost, with another man's name on them!

Ramsey was nominated by one majority without counting the "sticker." If the opposition had had the sense to insist that that also was a ballot, as it was, there would have been a "tie;" and if there had been Ramsey would have been re-elected to the Senate, for several men had been forced into voting for him under the belief that he had a "sure thing" without them.

In Private Life.

Ever since that year, 1868 — twenty-three years ago — Governor Donnelly has lived upon his farm in private life, except during his service in the State Legislature. From 1874 to 1878, inclusive — five years — he was an independent member of the State Senate, from Dakota County — the county where he had settled in 1856. In 1886 he was elected by the Alliance, for two years, to the House of Representatives of the State, and in 1890 he was elected again, by the Alliance party, to the State Senate, of which he is now a member.

His Politics.

It has been charged all over the United States that Governor Donnelly has been, politically, "everything by turns and nothing long;" that he has been, "in the course of one revolving moon," Democrat, Republican, Anti-Monopolist and Greenbacker.

This is false. After his defeat for Congress, in 1868, he continued to act with the Republican party until 1870. In that year, without any solicitation on his part, he was requested, in petitions, signed by 3,500 Republicans, to run for Congress, on a low-tariff platform, as an independent Republican. And on September 15, 1870, the Democratic district convention met and resolved not to put a Democratic candidate in the field, but to support Mr. Donnelly "as an independent candidate for Congress." This surely did not make him a Democrat. In 1872 he supported Horace Greeley for President, as against Ulysses Grant, whose administration had been befouled with whisky-rings and corruptions of all kinds. With thousands of others he supported Greeley as a Liberal Republican. In 1874 he started "The Anti-Monopoly Party of Minnesota," and on July 16th of that year he established the *Anti-Monopolist* newspaper to advocate and defend it

From that hour to this he has remained an Anti-Monopolist. As such he coöperated with the advocates of the remonetization of silver and the defenders of the greenback currency, which the national banks sought to destroy. As an Anti-Monopolist he is now a member of the People's Party. The doctrine which the People's Party is now advocating he has been preaching, on the stump and in the press, for twenty years past. He may justly claim to have been the father of the whole independent movement in the United States. The following pages of this work will show how early he advocated its distinctive principles. In defense of these principles

he has made a dozen campaigns, and led a half-dozen "forlorn hopes;" sometimes his independent forces formed temporary alliances with the minority party, the Democracy, and at other times, in local matters, the Republicans supported them; and at still other times they fought both the old parties, with the leaders united by "the cohesive power of public plunder." Sometimes they were successful, and many times they were defeated. But after every defeat Mr. Donnelly rose, with indomitable resolution, and renewed the battle for popular rights.

The Anti-Monopolist.

On the 16th day of July, 1874, he published the first number of his weekly newspaper, *The Anti-Monopolist*, in the city of St. Paul, Minnesota. He chose for the motto of his paper the text of Scripture:

"*Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward.*"

The whole purpose of the paper was to educate the people in what he believed to be the truth. His great drawback, from the first, was lack of capital. He had not the means to employ a sufficient force to help him. He had to write the editorials, keep the books, collect the subscriptions, look after the advertisements, read the proofs, and for a time mail the paper to the subscribers. And all this while he was managing a farm of about 1,500 acres, and traveling backward and forward from St. Paul to Donnelly, in Stevens County, and from Donnelly to his home at Nininger, occasionally rushing off to make speeches at public meetings, county fairs and political conventions. And yet, despite all this, he managed to make one of the liveliest, most readable and best-edited papers ever published in the United States.

As soon as the first number appeared his swarming opponents assailed him like a cloud of hornets; but they did not know what they were undertaking. It was one thing to attack Governor Donnelly without a single newspaper in the State that would defend him, and quite another to assail him with his own newspaper to reply through. He opened a column of "*Recalcitrations*," or "*kickings-backward*," in which he answered his enemies in short, pithy, pointed articles, that stung like the sting of a wasp. Very few showed any desire to assail him the second time, and after a while he was forced to complain that he would have to abandon his "*Recalcitrations*" for lack of opponents to recalcitrate upon. In the following pages some extracts are given from these retorts.

The Power of the Anti-Monopolist.

The *Anti-Monopolist* wielded a large influence in the State and possessed an extensive circulation. At one time its subscription list ran up to 17,000, a very large one for a new and small State. In the fall of 1878 Mr. Donnelly found his labors greater than he could

perform, and he sold it out, but it did not live long after he withdrew from it. It contributed very materially to lay the foundation in men's minds of the strong public sentiment on which the People's Party rests to-day in Minnesota.

Mr. Donnelly's Legislative Career.

In his career as State Senator and member of the House of Representatives of the State of Minnesota, Governor Donnelly showed the same disposition to work for the good of the oppressed and the unfortunate which had been so marked in his course in Congress. He championed every measure which tended to improve the condition of the people, regardless of the abuse and persecution of the men whose robberies he was interfering with.

Cheap School Books.

One of the questions to which Mr. Donnelly addressed himself, as a member of the State Senate, was that of the text-books used in the public schools. The Governor of the State, Governor Austin, in his message addressed to the Legislature, in 1874, thus referred to the subject:

"It is estimated by those most thoroughly informed that the people of the State have paid the past year $250,000 for school books used in the public schools, and that the amount thus expended increases at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, that being the supposed increase of our population in the future. I am informed that the average profit of the publisher, as he wholesales to the jobber and retail dealer, is about one hundred per cent.; that the original cost of the readers that are sold to us at one dollar each is but fifty cents, and of a speller, small arithmetic or geography, for which we pay twenty five cents, is but ten cents. Thus it will be seen that the first cost of the books for which our people have paid $250,000 during the year was but $125,000, and that we should have saved, had they been supplied to us at cost, an annual tax of $125,000.

"I apprehend there is no good reason to suppose that we shall receive any better terms in the future than the past, without a radical change of policy. The prices are irrevocably fixed by a convention of the craft, and it matters not whether the publishers are few or many, the cost to the people is the same. 'Where combination is possible, competition is impossible.'"

Governor Donnelly's own experience confirmed these views of the Governor of the State. He knew that the evil complained of was a great one. It was not only the increased price of the books, but many of the county superintendents of schools were in the habit of combining with the publishers and receiving a large commission on all sales made in their county. The result was that every few months the books were changed, and those which the scholars had been using were thrown aside, and the parents had to buy complete sets of new ones. This became an onerous burden on the poor, and as a result children were in many instances kept away from school and grew up in ignorance, because their parents were unable, out of their small earnings, to purchase the necessary text-books.

Efforts to Stop a Robbery.

With Mr. Donnelly, to hear of an abuse was to move for its correction, and so he set to work to relieve his beloved popular education of this heavy burden. He first proposed that the State should employ scholars to prepare arithmetics, grammars, etc., and set the boys in the Reform School to learn printing and print them; and then furnish the books to the people free or at cost. But to this scheme the friends of the Book Ring made a hundred objections. It was impossible; men could not be found learned enough to prepare a spelling-book, etc. The struggle lasted through two or three years. Twice Mr. Donnelly secured the passage of a bill through the Senate, of which he was a member, only to have it defeated in the House. At last, in 1877, a bookseller of St. Paul, Mr. D. D. Merrill, came forward and offered to furnish the necessary text-books for one-half the then prices, to furnish equally good books of the same sizes and quality, if the State would make a contract with him that he should have the furnishing of all the books used in the State for fifteen years. Such a law was passed, and it stated, in the very law itself, that the book that had cost 20 cents should be furnished by Mr. Merrill for 10 cents, the book that had cost 45 cents should be had for 20 cents, the book that had cost 90 cents should be furnished for 40 cents, etc. And a contract was entered into with Mr. Merrill that he should furnish his books at these prices for fifteen years. The School-book Ring of the United States had entered into a combination to control the book trade of the whole country, and had given bonds to each other not to cheapen prices; but the Minnesota legislation broke the back of the ring, and the next year the prices of school books fell all over the United States. The number of scholars entitled to apportionment in 1878 was 157,476; in 1890 the number was 221,186. If we will average this for the fifteen years during which the law has stood, we will have 189,331 scholars per year. According to Governor Austin's estimate, the book ring took from the people each year $125,000. If we will multiply this by 15, for the fifteen years of the contract, then the saving to the State has been $1,875,000 — that is to say, there are $1,875,000 left in the pockets of the people of Minnesota that would not have been there but for the passage of this act; and this on the basis of the number of scholars seventeen years ago. But as the text-book act reduced the cost of the books one-half, and as there have been an average of 189,331 scholars during the life of the contract, we have but to call the saving to each scholar $1.00 per year (a very moderate estimate), and the text-book act has saved the people of Minnesota the great sum of $2,839,965 in fifteen years. In other words, the State is that much better off from Governor Donnelly having lived in it.

This is practical statesmanship. But it was not accomplished except after a dreadful fight. The Book Ring of the United States

sent unscrupulous agents, with plenty of money, to St. Paul, to kill the measure. The following amusing story is told, as happening at one stage of the contest:

The Indignation of an Honest Man.

A necessary amendment to the act was pending in the House. The Book Ring had bought just enough votes to kill the bill. To kill that amendment was practically to kill the whole reform. Their representative stood in the lobby, checking off the names of members as they voted. Just at this point a member who had not yet voted, and was about to vote against the bill, turned to his neighbor, and said, in a whisper:

"How much did you get for your vote?"

"Twenty-five hundred dollars," was the reply, also in a whisper.

"You did?" said the first party. "Why, I only got $500."

"Oh," said the other, "there is no use of lying to me; you got $2,500. I was in the headquarters of the Ring and saw the list of names, and ——— ——— got $2,500 for you."

"He did?" said the first member, thoroughly aroused. "Why, that d——d rascal has pocketed $2,000, and given me but $500. *I'll show the ring that I can't be bought in that way!*"

And when his name was called he voted for the bill and it was carried, by one vote! Mr. Donnelly was in the hall of the House at the time, and he saw, by the consternation of the Ring, that something unexpected had happened; and so he got the clerk of the House to return the bill to the Senate at once; and he had the Senate act upon it at once, and he hurried it instantly to the Governor, who was ready to sign it. In a few minutes the agent of the Ring had "fixed" things to the satisfaction of the indignant member; it was moved to reconsider the vote by which the bill had passed; and the House requested the Senate to return the bill; and the Senate politely informed the House that the bill was in the hands of the Governor and refused to recall it. And so this one man's honest (!) indignation has saved Minnesota $2,839,965.

The Usury Question.

Another subject very dear to Mr. Donnelly's heart is the protection of the people from excessive rates of interest and usurious practices. He argues, in *Cæsar's Column*, that interest on money should be abolished altogether. He holds, with the early Christian church, that, as an abstract proposition, it is a crime for "money to breed money."

When he was elected to the State Senate in 1874, the rate of interest was *twelve per cent. per annum*—and there was, practically, no law against usury—but borrowers paid twenty, fifty, one hundred, two hundred per cent. per annum. He fought for five years, until he secured the passage of an act which declared the forfeiture of princi-

pal and interest whenever more than the legal rate of interest was taken. The Supreme Court of the State, for a time, ruled against the law, in such a way as to make it practically inoperative; but latterly their decisions have been on the side of the people, and the law is having an excellent effect in preventing usury. Last winter there was a terrible battle to repeal the forfeiture clause, and but for the help of the Alliances, who nobly sustained Mr. Donnelly by hundreds of petitions, the money-lenders would have succeeded. As it is, the great fight then made has brought the knowledge of the forfeiture clause home to the farmers, and the result is, in many parts of the State, that usury has substantially ceased. The bankers, however, have been able to prevent the reduction of the rate of interest from ten per cent. (at which it was fixed in 1879) to eight per cent: but the Alliance hopes to accomplish this reform at the next session of the Legislature. It is impossible to estimate the number of millions of dollars taken from the producing classes of Minnesota by usury, or to tell of the thousands of families that have been reduced to poverty by this means.

An Age of Corruption.

It is no wonder that Governor Donnelly wrote *Cæsar's Column*. His convictions as to the future, expressed in that book, were forced home upon him by his knowledge of the conditions of Minnesota politics. We cannot convey to the reader in other lands any conception of the bottomless abyss of corruption in which the affairs of this State have fallen during the last twenty-five years.

The admissions and charges of the leading newspapers of the State throw some light on this dreadful condition of affairs.

The St. Paul *Press*, the leading Republican paper of Minnesota made in 1871 the following charge against the St. Paul *Pioneer*, the leading Democratic paper of the State:

> "And the *Press* begs to express the further opinion that it can very well afford the resuscitation of the stale and exploded falsehood that it was ever brought to support the claims of political candidates, by the publisher of a journal who, last fall and winter, exacted and obtained from a notorious Republican corruptionist a bribe of twenty thousand dollars, on the condition that it should not support the claims of Mr. Donnelly, the Democratic candidate for Congress."

And I find the St. Paul *Dispatch* of July 21, 1871, referring to the fact that the St. Paul *Press* (the Republican organ) had confessed that it blackmailed the Northern Pacific Railroad's construction company out of $30,000, as the price of its support of Hon. Wm. Windom for United States Senator.

The most amusing part of this quarrel (if anything so terrible can be amusing) between the editor of the St. Paul *Press*, Mr. Joseph A. Wheelock, and the editor of the Democratic sheet, the St. Paul *Pioneer*, Mr. Henry L. Carver, is that Carver defied Wheelock to show that he, Carver, had been paid $20,000 as a bribe to help the Republican candidate and defeat Mr. Donnelly,

who had the indorsement of the Democratic party: Carver well knowing that Wheelock could not substantiate his charge without rendering the Republican Congressman-elect, who was said to have paid the money, liable to expulsion from his seat for bribery. And thereupon Wheelock replied that if Carver would agree to the appointment of *referees*, who would report their conclusions, *but not the evidence*, he would go before the referees and prove the truth of his charge! It is laughable to read the debate between these political prostitutes, and the effort to blacken each other without giving away party secrets to the people. But two such kindred institutions as the *Press* and *Pioneer* could not be long kept apart, and the result was they were eventually merged into one and became the *Pioneer-Press*, which to-day holds up, in splendid shape, the reputation of both the original contracting parties.

H. L. GORDON AND THE $500.

I have heard Mr. Donnelly tell of the first appearance of corruption in the politics of the State — for all these terrible conditions have been of recent growth.

It was, I think, in 1864; Mr. Donnelly was a candidate for re-election to Congress; and the convention was in his favor. Among the delegates was the Hon. H. L. Gordon, a young man, a lawyer of ability and a man of honorable instincts, besides being a gallant soldier. Mr. Gordon represented, with three or four others, the county of Wright in that convention, and was an ardent friend and supporter of Governor Donnelly, as he is to this day.

It seems that two very prominent Republicans, one from Hennepin County, and the other from St. Paul, came to Mr. Gordon, and one of them said:

"See here, Gordon, can you conceive of anything that would induce you to oppose Donnelly?"

"Oh, yes," said the wily young man, "I can conceive of a great many things that would have that effect."

"Gordon," said his visitor, "will the rest of your delegation vote as you do?"

"I have no doubt they will," replied Gordon.

"Gordon, would you like to have five hundred dollars?"

"I never saw the time yet," replied Gordon, "that I would not like to have five hundred dollars."

And thereupon they handed him that sum.

This was just before the convention assembled. Gordon, a few moments later, rushed up to Governor Donnelly.

"Have you a revolver?" he asked.

"No; what do you want with a revolver?"

"See here," he said, pulling out a great wad of greenbacks, "I have been paid $500 to sell you out. If you are nominated, I shall say nothing; but, if you are defeated, I shall rise in the hall and show this money, and there will be a free fight."

And with this he rushed down the street to a gun-shop.

Fortunately, Governor Donnelly was nominated on the first ballot, and the "free fight" did not come off. The next day Gordon sent the $500 to good old Doctor Foster, chairman of the Republican district committee, with a note in which he said the money had been handed him by two prominent Republicans, without any instructions as to its use, and he desired that the committee should use it to help the re-election of that gallant representative, etc., Governor Donnelly. Doctor Foster published the letter, but subsequently, at Governor D.'s suggestion, returned the money to the humiliated men who had given it to Gordon.

This was the first blossoming of the upas tree which has since covered Minnesota with its deadly growth. But it was as nothing to what has followed.

A Corduroy Railway.

Bill King and eleven associates got a contract about that time, for political considerations, to build the Northern Pacific Railroad from Lake Superior to the Mississippi River, about 150 miles, and they made $1,200,000, or $100,000 each, out of it! The road ran through a swampy country, and they built it by laying down logs and brushwood on the swamp and placing the track on top of it, and in several places the road soon after sank down into the bottomless marsh and had to be rebuilt by driving piles, at great cost to the plundered company. And this is the construction company which the *Dispatch* says was blackmailed by the editors of the *Press*.

"Bill King."

The master-spirit of this terrible epoch was *William S. King*, of Minneapolis, called "Colonel" King, although he had never been in the army or smelled gunpowder, but he had been postmaster of the House of Representatives at Washington for years, and was one of the most notorious lobbyists that had ever been seen in Washington. That he made immense sums of money and brought it home with him to purchase real estate, and to use it in the politics of Minnesota, has been asserted time and again, and never denied, and his career seems to sustain the charge. It was alleged that at one time he returned to Minneapolis, at the end of a session of Congress, with $250,000 in his pocket. No argument, or eloquence, or ability, or honesty could avail anything against the power of such a man.

He was Mr. Donnelly's chiefest enemy, and has continued such to this day. He is a man of desperate recklessness and great energy. But he was not content to play the Warwick or King-maker. He had dealt in politicians, as he had in high-priced bulls, so long that the idea finally entered his head that, instead of merely making statesmen, he should become one himself. It occurred to him also that if he had been able to wield such great power as a lob-

byist, while holding the inferior place of postmaster of the House, he would exercise ten times as much influence if he could walk the floor as a full-blown member and an honorable law-maker. And so he set himself up for Congress. And then followed a tremendous battle of the money-bags. The St. Paul *Press* was disgusted and enraged. It had ruled the roost for years, but now came a bigger rascal than itself, with more money and more recklessness. And this is the graphic way in which the *Press*, aroused at last to virtuous (!) indignation, describes Bill King's campaign of 1874:

"The recent Congressional campaign in this district is likely to pass into history as the most rotten and disgraceful one which ever stirred the slimy depths of political corruption. No such unblushing and systematic effort was ever made to debauch the primaries and purchase votes and delegates into open bribery as has been witnessed in various parts of this district during the last few weeks. It has become such a loathsome and sickening scandal that all honest men turn away from it in disgust. If not an entirely new feature in our politics, it has heretofore been veiled in prudent secrecy. But now *the strumpet of corruption strides in naked horror over the district and opens her shameful market at every caucus and convention, and buys men for the herd, like cattle and sheep.*"

But, in spite of this terrible indictment, perhaps because of it, King was elected to Congress to represent the Fifth District of Minnesota.

The Empty Chair.

But during a great part of his term as Congressman King's chair on the floor of the House of Representatives at Washington stood empty.

Was King sick? No, he was out of the country. He had gone to Canada. He had been indicted by the grand jury of the District of Columbia *for perjury!* How did it happen?

It is a disgraceful record for Minnesota, and we do not quote it now out of any hostility to King — for we never saw the man — but as a historian, to show the dreadful influences which have brought Minnesota to the condition she is now in, when her people find themselves powerless in the hands of the corruptionists, their members and Senators bought up year after year, in spite of all party pledges, to refuse the people — the self-governing people (!) of this State — the reforms which they demand at the ballot-box. The awful spectacle and memory of that empty chair should be branded forever in the mind of every voter in this State, for all generations to come, and should stand there as an incentive to higher and nobler sentiments in politics.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

The matchless audacity of King is shown by the fact that at the very time he was running for Congress, in the Third District of Minnesota, an investigation had been commenced in Congress into one of the most gigantic frauds ever perpetrated upon the American people, and in which he had taken a conspicuous and shameful part.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company, in the year 1872, had expended about one million dollars in purchasing corruptly from Congress an act, approved June 1, 1872, granting them a subsidy of $500,000 per year for a term of years, for additional mail service between San Francisco, Japan and China. One man, named Richard B. Irwin, of San Francisco, an agent of the company, received, it was proved and acknowledged by him before an investigation committee, the sum of $890,000, of which he disbursed $750,000 and retained for his own services $140,000. Irwin swore (p. 463 of testimony) that of the $750,000 named he had paid the sum of $125,000 to William S. King, $10,000 in cash and $115,000 by a check. But, long before this fact came out, on February 25, 1873, suspicion had fallen on King, and he was the second witness called by the committee to testify before it. He was at that time postmaster of the House of Representatives. He swore, point blank, (p. 8, Report No. 268, Second Session, Forty-third Congress) that he had not received one dollar in behalf of the subsidy scheme "*not one dollar, directly or indirectly.*" That he had no bank account and never kept one.

But on December 28, 1874, less than sixty days after King was elected to Congress, George S. Coe, president of the American Exchange Bank of New York, came before the same committee of investigation, and testified, under oath, that on the 29th of May, 1872 (nearly a year before King testified that he had never received a dollar from any one in behalf of the subsidy scheme), a man came to his bank and presented a check drawn by R. B. Irwin, to bearer, for $115,000, the man refusing to be identified or to sign his name on the check, and when the bank paid him the $115,000 they sent a detective to shadow him to find out who he was, and the officer found he was William S. King. And this was confirmed by Dumont Clarke, the assistant cashier, who also swore that King came into the bank a year afterward with another check, accompanied by a gentleman who came to identify him, but Clarke said: "Mr. King does not need any identification - we remember him," and King replied, "It is not always well to have too long memories!" It also appeared that this R. B. Irwin was the same agent for the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. who disbursed $890,000 to corrupt Congress, and this $115,000 check was the same which he swore he paid King, besides $10,000 in cash. And so King's testimony ran bull-headed plump up against the sworn oath of two respectable and disinterested parties.

And it was also shown that King's statement that he had never kept a bank account was absolutely false, as he had kept a bank account with Jay Cook & Co. at the very time the $125,000 was paid to him.

And the committee of Congress reported in favor of placing the testimony against King in the hands of the grand jury of the District, which was done, and King was indicted for perjury. In the

meantime he had made his escape to Canada, and many months afterward the prosecution was dropped and King permitted to return home.

And this is an illustration of the kind of men who have ruled the politics of Minnesota for twenty-five years past. King was no worse than many others. He simply carried on business more boldly and on a larger scale. Some of those who were fighting him were bigger rascals than he, with fewer redeeming features of character, but they lacked King's nerve and money. But as a chapter in the history of free government, in a new country, in one of the States of the American Union, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, this dreadful picture can be studied with advantage by all subsequent generations. And it must not be thought that this is an incident or a condition peculiar to the past. The same terrible corruption is on us now, and not in Minnesota alone, but in every part of the United States, and it means — if there is not virtue enough among the people to check it by political revolution — it means a bloody catastrophe like that depicted in *Cæsar's Column*.

Governor Donnelly Becomes a Large Farmer.

In 1876 there was an opportunity to buy cheap land in Minnesota. The old "St. Paul and Pacific Railroad Company" was bankrupt, and its bonds were selling in Holland for the interest due on them; and these bonds were exchangeable for land, at rates that made the land cost about one dollar an acre. Mr. Donnelly's two sons desired to secure lands on which to make homes, and the result was that Mr. Donnelly and a number of his friends secured several thousand acres of land in the western part of the State, in Stevens County, forty miles from the Dakota line, around the town of Donnelly, and proceeded to colonize on them and build homes and open up farms. Here for several years they all worked hard and lived poor. They raised large crops, and the railroads and wheat rings, as I shall show hereafter, stole the profits, and the harder they worked the poorer they got. All this helped to open Governor Donnelly's eyes to the iniquities of the present system. After "breaking up" about fifteen hundred acres for himself and sons and building several houses and fences, planting trees, etc., he was forced to give up the enterprise at very great loss. One of his sons became a doctor, and the other a lawyer; and more than ten thousand acres in that county of Stevens, in that neighborhood alone, which had once been cultivated fields, relapsed into the wilderness condition again, and the people were driven off to seek livelihoods elsewhere. It is true that during two years the grasshoppers largely destroyed the crops, but the principal cause of these results (and they were typical of like results occurring all over Minnesota, and, in fact, I might say, all over the great West) was the robberies of the Wheat Ring and the exactions of the railroad companies.

The Era of Wooden Shoes.

The tendency of these thieveries was to reduce the people to the condition of peasants. In one of his speeches Governor Donnelly foretold that if the treatment of the producers was not changed it would not be many years until they reached the era of "wooden shoes." His audience laughed, but within five years wooden shoes were to be seen hanging at the door of every store in the Red River Valley.

About this time a prominent citizen, General T. H. Barrett, of Grant County, formerly president of the State Alliance, and an old soldier, with an excellent war record, and who had taken up a large quantity of the cheap lands and invested over $100,000 in the country, had a discussion before a legislative committee, with a famous railroad magnate, who had made himself a many-times millionaire by means of watered stock. In the course of the controversy the following dialogue took place:

General Barrett. "I tell you, Mr. ——, that if we men, who brought money into that country, cannot get cheaper rates of transportation and better treatment, we will have to leave it."

R. R. Magnate. "Leave it, d——n you, and we will get men in wooden shoes to take your places!"

This conversation typifies the spirit of the Plutocracy. They would like to see the intelligent American yeomanry, native or adopted, driven off the soil, and their places taken by a horde of unreasoning peasants, in wooden shoes, incapable of self-defense.

He is Nominated for Congress Again.

In 1878 the farmers of Minnesota were in a desperate condition and a state of great excitement. Their chief crop was wheat, and they produced immense quantities of it, of the finest quality known in the world, out of which the very best and highest-priced flour of commerce was made. This wheat, raised upon a virgin soil, was of great strength and nutritive value, and, practically, nearly all of the same quality. The Minneapolis millers had, however, organized a society, whose ramifications reached all over the Northwest, to every railroad depot, and excluded all competition and freedom of market, by driving out all other buyers, thus leaving it in their own hands to say, not how much, but how little, they would pay for the farmers' wheat. And of course it was to their interest to beat down the price to the lowest possible figure, and yet leave the poor producer just enough to induce him to raise another crop for them to steal. Their chief officer stood every day, with his finger on the telegraphic pedal, and dictated what price should be paid for wheat in every town in Minnesota and Dakota Territory (now the two States of North and South Dakota), and the farmers had to take what he said or not get anything, for there were no other buyers. Not satisfied, however, with this whole-

sale robbery, which in any other country except long-enduring America would have bred an armed revolution, they declared that a difference of a few ounces, or even, in some cases, of one ounce or a fraction of an ounce, in the weight of sixty pounds of wheat represented a difference of five, ten, and, in some cases, fifteen cents per bushel in the price, on account of a pretended difference in the flour-making capacity of the wheat; although in every case, whatever grade they called the wheat, they exacted *sixty pounds* of wheat, making first a large deduction for the dirt that might be in it. For instance, if No. 1 had to weigh fifty-eight pounds to the bushel, and the sample tested weighed an ounce less than fifty-eight pounds, the farmer's whole load was called No. 2, at a loss of fifteen cents per bushel, but when they weighed the load they exacted not fifty-eight pounds to the bushel, but sixty pounds. And thus they established swindling grades, in addition to the swindling practiced on the farmers by putting an end to all freedom of market in the whole State. And then, having established these grades, they compelled their buyers to buy "number one" for "number two," "number two" for "number three," and "number three" for "rejected," on penalty of having it graded back on them, and they being made to pay the difference out of their own pockets or being discharged from their service. But even this was not enough. They went into the question of the *genealogy* of the wheat, pretending that one kind of wheat would not make as good flour as another, and hence, if they could detect a few grains of *Lost Nation* or *Blue Stem* in a farmer's sack, his whole load was condemned to the lowest grade, and he was robbed of 5, 10 or 15 cents per bushel.

"The Swindling Brass Kettle."

But even this was not enough. One would think that if the weight of a bushel of wheat was to be ascertained the natural course would be to weigh a bushel of wheat, stroked off to a water level, on the scales. Instead of doing this, some ingenious knave invented what became known as "*the swindling brass kettle*," and this was speedily adopted by all the wheat-buyers in the State. This "little joker" held about one quart of wheat, and was so constructed — as was demonstrated before a legislative committee — that an expert could make the same wheat yield three different grades, according to the way in which the little vessel was filled. As some one remarked, "If a man sneezed over the kettle it would make a difference of a grade in the result!" Governor Donnelly said in a stump-speech that "there had been enough money stolen from the farmers of Minnesota by the Wheat Ring to pave the floor of all hell with gold!"

Governor Donnelly was struggling away on his frontier farm, suffering, in common with his brother farmers, from all these iniquit-

ies, his soul boiling within him with righteous indignation. He saw the poor farmers, too poverty-stricken in many cases to even put up at a hotel, compelled to camp by the roadside, in the midst of the cold and snows, sleeping on straw in their buffalo robes, on their way to sell their wagon-load of wheat to the swindling agents of a swindling Ring.

In the meantime, all the vast wealth thus appropriated from the hands of a hundred thousand farmers was transferred to the pockets of the millers and the railroad men, and while the farmers were sinking into poverty, their homes covered with mortgages and their families insufficiently fed, cowering in arctic winters, in smoke-blackened, wretched rooms, around fires of hay and straw or weeds, the city of Minneapolis was growing at a rate unheard-of in the previous history of the world. Great mills, the largest then known, sprang up; mighty elevators arose, holding millions of bushels of grain; palatial homes were erected, adorned with the paintings of the great European masters; diamonds fit for kings flashed on the breasts of adventurers who had never added a dollar to the actual wealth of the world, and the politics of the State fell into the power of a lot of inhuman knaves, who bought the honors of life as they bought their fast horses and faster women.

In their great distress the farmers turned, as usual, to Governor Donnelly as their champion, and he could not refuse to respond to their call.

"The Brass Kettle Campaign."

The Republicans had nominated William D. Washburn, Mr. Donnelly's old enemy, the real head of the Minneapolis millers, for Congress in that district. He had, apparently, a clear field. The district was overwhelmingly Republican. The year before, 1877, Mr. John S. Pillsbury, another leading Minneapolis miller, the Republican candidate for Governor, had about eleven thousand majority in the counties composing that Congressional district. The Democrats were hopeless. Washburn's election seemed a foregone conclusion.

A convention of Independent Greenbackers, or Nationalists, assembled in Minneapolis, September 5, 1878, adopted a platform of principles, nominated Mr. Donnelly for Congress, and appointed a committee to confer with the Democratic district convention, which met the next day in St. Paul. The Democrats, in the face of that 11,000 Republican majority, knew they had no show for a candidate of their own, so, after quite a battle, made in the interest of Washburn, by hired Democratic *claqueurs*, they indorsed Mr. Donnelly's candidacy, and soon after he left his wheat-fields and entered upon the canvass. That canvass will long be remembered in this State as the most extraordinary campaign ever made in the United States. Mr. Donnelly moved constantly from place to place over that vast dis-

trict, traveling twenty, thirty, fifty miles a day, and making, many days, two speeches, and sometimes three. His campaign was largely based on local issues — wrongs suffered by the farmers, the robberies of the millers, the railroads, and, above all, the iniquities of "the swindling brass kettle." At first Washburn lay back and laughed; he relied upon that 11,000 majority. But gradually he began to hear that Mr. Donnelly was creating a whirlwind of excitement wherever he appeared, and converting whole counties to his support. And so, as usual, the money began to flow in unlimited quantities, and the candidate and his friends were soon seen rushing and hustling around the district, wild with terror, running from one bank to another, summoning the faithful and disbursing the sinews of war.

The result of the contest was that Mr. Donnelly, in the district outside of Minneapolis, *swept away that 11,000 majority and placed 750 majority on his own side.* And he would have carried Minneapolis also, but the Ring had secured the passage of an act whereby, in the large towns, the ballots of the voters were all numbered, with the number of the voter on the poll list, and thus the employers of labor could know exactly how their workmen voted. In this way the labor vote was terrorized, and Minneapolis saved Washburn from defeat, although Judges and the Attorney-General and the County Attorney had all declared that the law was unconstitutional. But, unconstitutional or not, the Republicans insisted on keeping it in force.

He Contests Washburn's Election.

Mr. Donnelly's friends insisted that he must contest Washburn's election, and he reluctantly consented to do so, for he knew too well the power of money. He proceeded to take testimony, acting as his own attorney. The results are best stated in the following extract from the report of the Committee of Elections, made June 16, 1880, signed by Messrs. Manning, Sawyer, Armfield, Beltzhoover and Colerick, and assented to — except as to one county and as to the resolution to seat Mr. Donnelly — by a majority of the committee:

"The committee find that bribery was committed on behalf of the sitting member, Mr. Washburn, by his friends, by members of his district committee, and by personal, political and business agents; that this bribery was not confined to any portion of the district, or to any one town or county, but that it extended throughout a region of country nearly 400 miles long and 100 miles wide; and they further find that in many cases the bribery has been traced home directly to Mr. Washburn himself."

An Awful Record.

They then gave many instances in support of this conclusion. Charles Berens, of North Prairie, swore that he wrote and mailed a letter, *directly to Washburn himself*, in which he said he would give him his support for $50. Berens was a Democrat and Wash-

burn a Republican. The Republican postmaster, Dr. Keith, of Minneapolis, a friend of Washburn, wrote to Berens, saying he was glad "Berens would work that way," and that he would give his letter (thus showing that Washburn had received it) to one J. V. Brower, a local Republican leader, who would attend to the matter. Brower admits the receipt of $50 from Washburn or his committee, and he called to see Berens and told him he should "work for Washburn and he would see him all right;" but he, Brower, was suspicious of Berens' good faith, and so did not pay him the $50, and *so advised Mr. Washburn.*

This was only one case out of a hundred. Elections were held in moving railroad cars, with cigar-boxes for ballot-boxes. In one case eighty or ninety wood-choppers were paid from $1.65 to $2.20 each to vote for Washburn; they did so vote, and the money paid them was repaid to the party bribing them, by one Hale, the *business manager of Washburn, in Washburn's own office.* (Page 300 of testimony.) In another case a warm supporter of Mr. Donnelly was paid $5 and promised $36 by Washburn's business manager, the same Hale, *in Washburn's office*, and *in the presence of C. C. Washburn, his brother*, and a member of Congress from Wisconsin, with whom Hale conferred in whispers before paying the money. (P. 15 of testimony.) In another case, Bernard Cloutier, a leading Democrat of Minneapolis, swore that he was promised $50 by Charles W. Johnson, — now Secretary of the United States Senate! — then Secretary of the Republican District Committee, if he would go out and electioneer for Washburn; Johnson paid Cloutier $30 on the street, so Cloutier testifies, and the witness called at Washburn's office, and he swears that Johnson went into the next room and *talked with Washburn and returned and handed Cloutier twenty dollars more!*

The whole record is an awful one. The committee find 291 cases where men were bribed to vote for Washburn, and the money "paid by the sitting member or his business manager, or the clerk of his Congressional committee, or some friend, and the parties voted for Washburn."

The committee say:

"The records of the contested-election cases of Congress will be searched in vain for a parallel to this case. It shows that the people of this Congressional district were debauched to the last degree; the witnesses, in many cases, defend the practice of buying up voters to forego their principles; the parties who received the bribes in many cases boasted to their neighbors of the money they had received, and seemed to be proud of the high price for which they had sold themselves, and the sitting member (Washburn) *did not think it at all necessary to call witnesses to deny or explain away this overwhelming mass of corruption.*"

The committee also find that—

"There is evidence showing a wide-spread conspiracy among the employers of labor to corrupt, and, where they could not corrupt, to intimidate their workmen. . . . The workmen were intimidated, and believed that they would lose their means of subsistence if they voted against Washburn."

In Minneapolis the Republicans persisted in numbering the ballots of the workingmen, as I have shown, although the District Court of Ramsey County, the Attorney-General of the State and their own law-officer had all advised them that such numbering was unconstitutional.

The committee say:

"It will be observed that in nearly every one of these cases of bribery, committed throughout a region of country half as large as the State of New York, the money paid is traced back to the city of Minneapolis, the residence of the sitting member. From this point, as a common center, the corruption radiated in all directions over the district, and when we come to Minneapolis all the testimony shows that it was a very hotbed of bribery."

Mr. Donnelly's speakers were bought up for $150 each to make Republican speeches: Democratic newspapers were bought up for $125 each to denounce their own party ticket. The office of Charles Johnson literally swarmed with men coming for their purchase-money.

The committee thus state the law as to bribery:

"It is a clearly established principle of law, both in England and the United States, that bribery committed by the sitting member—'or by any agent of the sitting member, with or without the knowledge or direction of his principal'—renders the election void. In England bribery is an offense of so heinous a character, and so utterly subversive of the freedom of elections, that, when proved in one instance only, the election will be absolutely void."

But in spite of this law and testimony, Washburn kept his seat. How did he do it? I will show.

Bill King Appears on the Scene.

On the strength of this testimony, and the fact that there was no evidence to show that Mr. Donnelly had spent, or offered to spend a single dollar for any corrupt purpose, the sub-committee, to whom this case had been referred, reported back to the Committee on Elections in favor of unseating Washburn and seating Donnelly. A great terror fell on the soul of the sitting member, and just then, mysteriously enough, the notorious Bill King reappeared on the scene. He went to Willard's Hotel and took a room, *without registering his name!* He remained there during the greater part of February, as Mr. Donnelly swore, "in hiding:" he saw him but twice in a month.

The Anonymous Letter.

He left Washington March 4.

On the very day he left the following letter was written to William M. Springer, chairman of the Committee on Elections, a

Democrat, who, up to that time, had been strongly supporting Donnelly's claims to his seat:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 4, 1880.

Hon. Wm. M. Springer:

SIR—If you will keep Washburn in his seat, in spite of the Democrats, we will pay Mrs. S. $5,000.

Get the thing squashed at once.

Respectfully.

There are several things about this letter which would show that it was a *bona fide* proposal to buy Springer, or a memorandum of some previous verbal agreement. The contested election might have one of two issues: it might result in turning Washburn out and putting Donnelly in; or it might result in turning Washburn out and not seating Donnelly, but referring the matter back to the district for another election. If the latter course was adopted it meant for Washburn another very expensive and hazardous campaign, and he especially desired to avoid that conclusion of the matter. If the letter had originated in a joke, by some outsider, he would have said, "If you will keep Donnelly out of his seat," or "If you will beat Donnelly" or some such careless phraseology. But here the $5,000 was to be paid upon a specific, clearly-defined consideration — *Washburn was to be kept in his seat.* The writer was evidently a man of good business talent. And he was anxious and tired of the fight that was raging so fiercely; he wanted it "squashed *at once.*" And the $5,000 was to be paid to *Mrs.* Springer. These were all details of which an ordinary jester would not have thought.

And on the very day that the anonymous letter was written Mr. Manning had distributed the printed reports of the Democrats of the sub-committee, in favor of ousting Washburn and seating Donnelly (p. 65, report No. 395, 3d sess. Fortieth Congress), so that Mr. Washburn then knew, for the first time, that the Democrats were a unit in favor of turning him out of his seat, and the Democrats had a large majority in that Congress. But, the anonymous letter was not mailed until March 8th. Springer was absent, in New York. His wife opened the letter and showed it to Hon. George W. Julian, and he showed it to Mr. Donnelly. Mr. Donnelly testified subsequently that he believed it had been written by either Charles W. Johnson (Washburn's paymaster in the recent campaign), or Bill King, and he told Mrs. Springer so; and he offered to help Mr. Springer, when he returned from New York, to find out the author of it; supposing, of course, that Mr. Springer, as an honest man, would lay the anonymous letter before the Committee on Elections, of which he was chairman, and have the whole matter investigated, as it referred to an attempt to corruptly affect the action of that committee. But Springer was very angry that the existence of the letter had been revealed. He said he would not have it come out for ten thousand dollars, and

that if it did get out he would charge that Henry H. Finley, one of Mr. Donnelly's counsel, had written it! The audacity of such a charge is astonishing. *That Mr. Donnelly—or his counsel—seeking to obtain Washburn's seat, would offer $5,000 to Springer to keep Washburn in his seat!* Only an extraordinary mind could have conceived such a threat. He was going to punish Mr. Donnelly for exposing an attempt to corrupt the chairman of a committee of Congress! As an honest man he should himself have published the anonymous letter at once, and should have been grateful to Mr. Donnelly for his offer to aid him in finding the author.

Springer Flops.

But at this very time Springer, who had been, up to that date, earnestly supporting Donnelly, turned squarely around, and not only labored to do what the anonymous letter suggested, "keep Washburn in his seat in spite of the Democrats," but even labored with other Democrats on the committee to get them to do the same thing. If he had done this openly, one might have supposed that he had experienced an honest change of mind and heart on the question involved, but he proceeded to slaughter Donnelly secretly, while keeping up the appearance of supporting him. Gen. Van H. Manning, M. C. from Mississippi, a Democratic member of the Committee on Elections, and a man of the highest courage and integrity, testified that Springer made him believe, up to the last moment, that he would support Donnelly; and General Manning even produced, before the committee of investigation, a scrap of an old envelope on which Springer had written down, a day or two before the final vote, his own name *among the names of those who would vote to seat Donnelly*, and this scrap of paper Springer admitted that he had written.

An Extraordinary "Pair."

Springer also sent his clerk to tell General Manning to preside in the committee during his absence, and to bring up the Donnelly-Washburn case the next day, and that he was "paired" with Mr. Calkins, a Republican member of the committee from Indiana; and Mr. Calkins subsequently, on the 5th of April, 1880, stated in debate, in the House, the extraordinary nature of that pair (see Congressional Record):

> "I am not able now to recollect the exact language used upon the occasion, but the substance of it was, that if his (Springer's) vote was not necessary to decide the seating of Donnelly he desired me to 'pair' all the way through with him, *but if my vote was necessary to keep Donnelly from being seated he authorized me to vote in the committee.*"

And Mr. Springer followed Mr. Calkins, by saying, on the floor of the House, as the Congressional Record shows:

> "*The matter is substantially stated, as I understood it, by Mr. Calkins.*"

This was a candid confession of one of the most peculiar pieces of work ever heard of in Congress. This Democrat "pairs" with a Republican. He gives it out, in his own handwriting, that he is in favor of seating Mr. Donnelly; and sends word to General Manning that he is in favor of Donnelly and paired with Calkins, and to call up the Donnelly case in his absence; and then he has a secret understanding with his Republican friend, Mr. Calkins, that this is only a bogus "pair," good only as long as it was of no importance to the Democratic party or to Mr. Donnelly, *but at an end the moment Calkins' vote was necessary to defeat Donnelly!* And all this "duplicity," as General Manning justly called it, came into play just at the very time some one wrote this eminent Democrat a letter saying that Mrs. S. could have $5,000 if he (Springer) would "keep Washburn in his seat." And Springer *did* keep Washburn in his seat, despite the law as to bribery and all that overwhelming testimony; and Bill King, who left Washington the day the anonymous letter was written, reappeared in Washington March 25, and left there for good April 1, the *very day the final vote was taken on the Donnelly-Washburn case in the Committee of Elections*, and Mr. Donnelly was defeated.

These are the facts in the case. It certainly looked peculiar, and an investigation seemed necessary.

An Investigating Committee.

And an investigating committee was appointed to find out who wrote that letter, and, while some experts swore positively that the anonymous letter was in Bill King's handwriting, others swore that it was in Finley's *natural, undisguised* hand, and by the same mail he had written Springer another letter, over his own signature, also in his own natural, undisguised handwriting, so that Springer could compare one with the other, and tell just where the anonymous letter came from! But Finley swore that he did *not* write the letter, and, as his character for truth and veracity was unimpeached, that, of course, ended the matter. But Expert Hay, of Washington, prepared a copy of the anonymous letter, made up by tracing letters out of Bill King's acknowledged writings, and the copy was so exactly like the original anonymous letter that one of Springer's experts testified upon it and criticised it for some time, as the original letter, before he found out his mistake!

Putting Springer's Face in Evidence.

But the marvel is that a great Democratic statesman should "flop" precisely at the very time when $5,000 was offered to him to have him "flop;" and that Mr. Donnelly should promise $5,000 to Springer to keep his enemy, Washburn, in his seat; and that

Springer should do it! Mr. Donnelly said in a speech, in St. Paul, after his return home:

"But it is claimed that I knew that Mr. Springer was a pure, saintly and virtuous man, and that I had that letter written to him to rouse up his righteous indignation against Washburn for attempting to bribe him. God help us! Fellow-citizens, you never saw Mr. Springer, or you would not entertain that hypothesis for one moment. I could make *proffer meet* of this man's head and face. The small, restless, furtive eyes; the quick, shambling, uncertain shiftiness of his body; the dints in the flesh of his face, as if the devil had put marks of identification, with his finger, here and there, on the soft putty of his figure-head; — if you could behold that countenance, fellow-citizens, and witness that manner, you would not believe for one instant that any man — not a fool — would offer him $5,000 in the hope of rousing up his soul to virtuous resentment against the ravisher of his honor. Oh no! Bill Springer is not built that way."

The End of the Swindling Brass Kettle.

But while Mr. Donnelly made nothing by his tremendous campaign, against such overwhelming odds of numbers and money, the people profited by it; for he literally drove "the little brass kettle" out of use — with a resulting benefit to the producers of millions of dollars.

More than that, his terrific philippics against the Millers' Ring caused those gentlemen to abate their exactions. While they continued, and still continue to this day, to hold possession of the grain markets of Minnesota, and exclude all competition, the force of an aroused public opinion has shamed them into decency; and now they make but two or three cents difference in the price of grades, where formerly they made a difference of fifteen cents — or thirty cents between number one and number three; when, probably, the only difference between the two grades, in the question of the manufacture of flour, was that number three had a little more light chaff and dirt in it than number one, and an allowance had been made, in buying, for the dirt!

Other Labors.

Of course, in a brief biography like this, I have been able to give the record of but a small part of Governor Donnelly's labors for the public welfare. I have said nothing about his fight in 1866 to prevent the dishonest sale of the land in the Sioux Reservation, Minnesota, out of which many men made fortunes. Nor have I time to more than allude to the great battle he fought, while a member of the State Senate, in 1874, by which he broke up a corrupt contract made by the Interior Department for the sale of all the pine on the Leech Lake Indian Reservation, at one-third its real value, and saved vast quantities of the school lands of the State from being despoiled of the timber which gave them their only value. For this great work he was rewarded by the St. Paul *Press* and the other Ring organs with the foulest and most unlimited abuse and slander. In fact, during his whole career in public life the denunciations

which have been poured out upon him have been in exact proportion to his services to the public. He saved the people of Minnesota millions of dollars, but, as a consequence, before his great literary success placed him beyond the reach of his enemies, he was so blackened by the abuse of a hireling press that a large portion of the people of the State regarded him as one of their worst enemies. Whenever he would attack a public wrong the thieves would attack him, and the more good he did the more he was blackened by abuse. The fact that he would not "sell out" was regarded by the plunderers as a crime worse than high treason. There was no getting along with such a fellow. He had to be crushed.

"The Rebate on Wheat."

In 1884 the Minneapolis millers had invented a new rascality. Not content with all the other thieveries which I have described, they got up a scheme whereby any farmer who lived in any part of the great territory south and west of Minneapolis, on the lines of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, could not ship his grain to Minneapolis by paying the freight on his grain to that city, but he was compelled to pay the freight both to Minneapolis and Chicago, *four hundred miles further!* The farmers, or the buyers who bought from the farmers, at the local stations, might protest that they did not want to ship their wheat to Chicago; that it would, in fact, go no further than Minneapolis as wheat, as it would there be manufactured into flour. It was of no avail; the farmer must pay the freight to Chicago or he could not ship his wheat. They would give him a receipt for the freight on the extra distance of 400 miles, and he could take that receipt to Minneapolis and sell it, *at a large discount*, to the millers, who could use it, for its face value, *in payment of freight on flour from Minneapolis to Chicago!* In this way the wretched farmers, many of whom were struggling with extreme poverty, were compelled to pay part of the transportation of the millers' flour. A more shameful and outrageous fraud never was practiced on a free people.

In their distress the people turned, as usual, to Mr. Donnelly. Three conventions were held — an Alliance convention, an Independent Republican convention, and a Democratic convention, and all three united in nominating Mr. Donnelly. Two years before, Major Strait, the Republican candidate, had carried the district by nearly 10,000 majority. The Democrats knew there was no chance for one of their own men, and so they agreed to coöperate with the other elements of opposition to Strait. Strait was himself a miller and banker, and supported by the Indian Ring and even by many leading Democrats, who had shared in Indian contracts and other schemes of plunder. Mr. Donnelly, as usual, made a tremendous canvass; he had but $600 with which to make the fight, while it was believed that $50,000 was spent in behalf of his opponent.

Nevertheless, and despite considerable Democratic disaffection, he reduced Strait's majority from nearly 10,000 to about 750. He would have won the fight but for the opposition of some of the leading Democrats. He had the satisfaction, however, of knowing that he had forever broken up the villainous "rebate system," just as he had abolished "the swindling brass kettle" by his campaign in 1873; and he thereby saved the farmers of that section hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, forever afterward.

A Great Book Promised.

But it would take a book as large as this whole volume to begin to tell the story of Mr. Donnelly's active and useful life; and that book may some day be written, with thrilling pen-and-ink sketches of his contemporaries, drawn to the life, for the instruction and amusement of posterity.

While, therefore, Governor Donnelly's labors have profited him nothing, they have been of great value to the State of Minnesota. A Republican paper, the Blue Earth City *Post*, made, June 23, 1887, the following candid acknowledgment:

> "The *Post* has stated again and again what Donnelly has accomplished. He has completely revolutionized the legislative sentiment of the State. He has made it possible for laws to be enacted for the relief of the people. He has educated the masses of the Republican party up to his anti-monopolistic ideas, and forced the leaders of that party to advocate his principles. He has put the politicians through 'a course of sprouts,' and won almost completely the battle he began, in favor of the people, fifteen years ago: but as a politician, himself, he has not been a success."

No, and it is to his honor that he has not.

The Grange and the Alliance.

Neither have I the space or the time to enumerate Governor Donnelly's labors in the old Grange, or in the later Alliance. He has delivered hundreds of speeches in Minnesota and elsewhere, without a penny of reward and generally at his own expense. He has probably traveled as many miles as would circumnavigate the globe, in these efforts to rouse up and defend the people. Neither can I give any account of the efforts to break him down in the Alliance, or of his triumph, with the help of the *Great West*, over his enemies, and his election in December, 1890, by an overwhelming vote, to the presidency of the Minnesota State Farmers' Alliance, or of his labors in the House and Senate in behalf of the Alliance and its principles. It is to his honor that during twenty years spent in these conflicts he has never received a dollar of compensation from the Grange or the Alliance for his great services. He has fought as George Washington fought, during the Revolutionary War, without a salary, and at his own expense.

Mr. Donnelly Becomes a Book-Maker.

Governor Donnelly writes in his journal: "In the winter of

1880–81 there was nothing left of me but the back-bone. I was pounding my keel on the rocks. The very gulls had abandoned me."

He had been driven out of public life by the corrupt power of money; his crops had been devoured by corporations and grasshoppers; his newspaper, the *Anti-Monopolist*, had been forced to suspend publication; he was covered with debts to the eye-lids. Instead of taking to drink to drown his sorrows, or going out and hanging himself, as some men would have done under similar circumstances, he retired to "the shades of Xininger;" and there, in the midst of the arctic cold and the deep snows of a very severe winter, with the sheriff or the constable banging every day or two at the door, to serve a summons or an execution, he sat quietly down to recreate the history of man before the Deluge; to add myriads of years to the records of the human race; and to trace out the original parentage of the European alphabet. He wrote *Atlantis*.

He began then and there a wonderful literary career, which has lifted him out of poverty and debt, and rendered his name famous over all the world. We know of no more striking testimony of an indomitable will and unshaken courage than this carving out of a new career from the very depths of ruin. And just as soon, it must be noted, as his new success gave him a vantage-ground to renew the fight, he commenced once more his fierce battle for the rights of the people; and ever since he has mingled the most abstruse studies of the library with his labors on the stump in behalf of popular rights. And it must also be remembered, to his honor, that in the darkest hours of his career he never cringed to the powers that controlled the State and dispensed fortune; he never

> "Crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee
> That thrift might follow fawning."

The idea of submission seems never once to have occurred to him. It was not in the power of all his powerful enemies, combined, to pound him into obedience or servility.

Atlantis was an immediate and great success. The Chicago *Times* first called attention to it, devoting several columns to the discussion of its theories. The book has passed through about twenty-five editions in the United States, and this on its own merits. It commands a larger sale to-day than it did eight years ago. It has become one of "the standards" of English literature.

I quote some brief extracts from the press reviews, made at the time it was published:

"Mr. Donnelly's theory is an ingenious one, as well as fortified by arguments drawn from geology and history, from prehistoric relics, from traditions, and from manners, languages and customs of widely separated nations. His theory offers a plausible explanation for many puzzling discoveries of the philosophers, and his book will give a fresh impulse to historic and prehistoric research."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"Mr. Ignatius Donnelly has written a unique and interesting argument to prove that the legend of Atlantis is based upon fact, and that it tells of the first

and one of the greatest of civilized nations, which a terrible convulsion of nature obliterated."—*Congregationalist*, Boston.

"All of this is very startling, but the author has made out a case which, if not convincing, is at least interesting and wonderfully plausible. His book shows, throughout, wide reading, logical clearness and careful thought, and the work cannot fail to interest by the vast accumulation of out-of-the-way information it contains."—*Saturday Evening Gazette*, Boston.

"This is a most remarkable book, entertaining, instructive and fascinating to a degree. . . . A book well worth reading. The world will never tire of the story of the lost Atlantis and of speculations in regard to it. It has been the theme of the poet and the philosopher. Now it is brought to the test of science."—*Brooklyn Union-Argus.*

Atlantis has been republished by Sampson, Low & Co., in England, and has gone through several editions there. It is read in all parts of the civilized world. Governor Donnelly has received letters of congratulation and commendation from Spain, France, Germany, all parts of the British Islands, Australia, New Zealand, India, Japan and China. Politically the book was a great help to Governor Donnelly, for, while the press of the whole world was sounding its praises, it was impossible for the hireling newspapers of his own State, working under the inspiration of the corporations, to convince the people any longer that he was a base, low ruffian and demagogue, as they had very effectually done before its publication. The book was therefore a sort of resurrection for the proscribed friend of the people.

Governor Donnelly may justly claim that he was the first man in the world who thought to identify *Atlantis* with the antediluvian world, the land of Noah. In other words, he first found the link of connection between the story told by the Egyptian priests to Solon and the tale of the Deluge told in Genesis. He was also the first to prove that the alphabet of the Phœnicians, from which our own alphabet is derived, and the Landa alphabet, of the Mayas of Central America, were both derived from one common source, the alphabet of Atlantis. He was also the first to connect Plato's story with the legends of the Greeks and other nations of antiquity, and show that the gods of the pagan world had been originally the kings and queens of Atlantis.

Among the many tributes paid to Mr. Donnelly's book, one of the most gratifying was the following letter from Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the great English parliamentary leader and scholar:

"10 Downing Street, Whitehall, March 11, 1882.

"Dear Sir: I thank you very much for your 'Atlantis,' a copy of which you have been so kind as to present to me. Though much pressed by public affairs, I have contrived to read already an appreciable portion of it, with an interest which makes me very desirous to go through the whole.

"I may not be able to accept all your propositions, but I am much disposed to believe in an Atlantis; and I think I can supply you with another case in which traditions have come down into the historic age from periods of time lying far away in the background of preceding ages.

"Homer unquestionably (I do not fear to say) believed in a sea-exit from the Northern Adriatic, and imagined the north of Europe to be an expanse of water.

And this, geology, I believe, assures us that it was, but not within what we have heretofore received as the limit of the memory of man.

"Three or four years ago the Duke of Argyle was at Venice, and saw on a fish-stall a fish which he was familiar with on the west coast of Scotland, but which is unknown in the Mediterranean generally. And, on further examination, he found that the corner of the Adriatic corresponded, as to local fish, in a high degree, with the Atlantic. This is a curious and, perhaps, a significant fact.

"I am, dear sir, your very faithful and obedient

"W. E. GLADSTONE.

"*Ignatius Donnelly, Esq., U. S. A.*"

I understand that Governor Donnelly has collected a vast mass of new material since the publication of *Atlantis*, and that he will soon publish another work on the same subject, which he thinks will strongly corroborate his first book.

"RAGNARÖK."

Mr. Donnelly's second book, *Ragnarok*, takes its name from the most ancient legends of the Scandinavians, which contain a description of a Day of Judgment or destruction which once, in the remote past, overtook the world, when a great conflagration swept the face of the planet. The following review will give an idea of the nature of the work:

"The title of this book is taken from the Scandinavian *sagas*, or legends, and means 'the darkness of the gods.' The work consists of a chain of arguments and facts to prove a series of extraordinary theories, viz.: That the Drift Age, with its vast deposits of clay and gravel, its decomposed rocks, and its great rents in the face of the globe, was the result of contact between the earth and a comet, and that the Drift-material was brought to the earth by the comet; that man lived on the earth at that time; that he was highly civilized; that all the human family, with the exception of a few persons who saved themselves in caves, perished from the same causes which destroyed the mammoth and the other pre-glacial animals; that the legends of all the races of the world preserve references to and descriptions of this catastrophe; that following it came a terrible age of ice and snow, of great floods, while the clouds were restoring the waters to the sea, and an age of darkness while the dense clouds infolded the globe. These startling ideas are supported by an array of scientific facts, and by legends drawn from all ages and all regions of the earth.

"There is nothing impossible or unreasonable in the theory of this singular work. A hundred years ago it was believed that there were in space only suns and planets. We now know that there are multitudes of asteroids or planetoids — bodies so small as to be scarcely perceptible in the telescope — and it is conceded that the tails of comets consist of vast streams of stones, and that even the heads of comets may be composed of great masses of rocks. It follows that there may be, in space, great regions occupied by immense clouds of stones, gravel and dust. This is confirmed by the fact that annually, in November and August, the orbit of the earth traverses portions of the heavens whence fall toward the earth millions of stones, and it is known that these meteor-bearing regions correspond with the paths of certain comets.

"If, in former geological ages, space contained greater quantities of this loose and floating material, the earth would necessarily have received vast accessions to its bulk from this source. In the course of time the planets have cleared the space within the reach of their attractive power, by drawing in this loose material, but to some extent the work is still going on. Professor Nordenskjold has recently found that on the great snow-covered plains of interior Greenland, far removed from volcanoes or mountain-chains, there is a constant shower of cosmic dust, and

that this dust forms a *clay-like* deposit. If a small deposit of clay comes from the heavens at the present time, is it unreasonable to suppose that in former ages similar deposits may have fallen in greater quantities, and formed the clay-beds which cover a large part of the earth's surface? And if this be true of clay, which is granitic stones ground to dust, why may it not be equally true of gravel, which consists of stones in process of being ground to dust?

"Certain it is that geologists entertain widely different views as to the origin of the Drift. One class holds that land ice or glaciers have no power to tear and scour the surface rocks, or to break them up and reduce them to gravel; that, on the contrary, ice is 'protective rather than erosive,' and that the atmospherically wasted *detritus* of a glacier bears no resemblance to the 'till,' and that the results characteristic of the Glacial Age were due to floating icebergs; while, on the other hand, another section claims that the mountains of New England, marked by the glaciers to their very summits, have been constantly above the sea, since a period ages prior to the coming of the Drift, and that the Drift gives evidence, in its non stratified condition, and in its absence of fossils, that it was not laid down in the water, either fresh or salt.

"*Ragnarok* supplies a new theory as to the origin of the Glacial Age, coherent in all its parts, plausible, not opposed to any of the teachings of modern science, and curiously supported by the traditions of mankind. If the theory is true, it will be productive of far-reaching consequences: it will teach us to look to cosmical causes for many things on the earth which we have heretofore ascribed to telluric causes, and it will revolutionize the present science of geology."

Ragnarok was published by D. Appleton & Co., of New York. It proved a great success; five thousand copies (the first edition) were sold in six months, and its theories were the cause of wide-spread interest and discussion. The book is now published by F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago. It is in its twelfth edition. I quote extracts from a few of the thousands of newspaper notices:

"The idea begins to draw upon the minds of men that this globe of ours could not have rolled in space for hundreds of millions of years unaffected by the other forms of matter which occupy space. And just as every November we pass through regions from which showers of stones are attracted to the earth, burning as they come, and filling the heavens with celestial fireworks, so, in past ages, vaster and denser bodies of matter, comets' tails or what you will, protected from combustion by their own atmosphere of gases, may have struck the earth, covering it with *detritus*, and scarring and tearing up its surface."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"This stupendous speculator in cosmogony begins and ends with 'Drift,' on the summit of which temporary pile of successive superincumbent ruins of worlds destroyed by convulsions or by comets, at vast intervals of time, the human race breathes out its moment of a life. . . . A book which, with all its deliberate eccentricities, is often eloquent and suggestive."—*London Daily News.*

"It is a bold enterprise, and its very boldness gives it a peculiar fascination. The vast range of the survey and the multitude of witnesses, of every age and clime, which the author passes in review, yield the reader a decidedly new sensation, something like that of making a voyage around the earth in mid-air."—*Home Journal.*

"Mr. Donnelly can claim the credit of furnishing a theory which is consistent with itself, and, as he evidently thinks, with the scientific requirements of the problem, and also with the teachings of Holy Scripture. . . . The shifting opinions of geologists in regard to this question, and the fact that the latest theory is manifestly inadequate, afford, we must say, a fair presumption in the author's favor. . . . This is just that kind of teaching which cannot be met with a sneer. . . . The book is well worth studying. If it is true, it answers two very important purposes — the first connected with science, and the second with prophecy. It gives a reasonable account for the tremendous changes which the earth has undergone,

and it shows how its dissolution, so clearly described in St. Peter's Second Epistle, may be accomplished."— *The Churchman, New York.*

"In this remarkable volume Mr. Donnelly, with an originality and vigor of which we had a taste in *Atlantis*, unceremoniously knocks in the head all the elaborate theorizing as to the glacial period and other scientific forms of argument, and boldly proceeds to prove that the world owes its various physical changes to collisions with comets, more or less terrific in force, and to the calamitous and long-continued visitations of snow, and flood, and fire, the result of the encounter."—*Troy Times.*

"The work will be read with curious interest by the learned, and, though it draws perpetually on the treasuries of scientific and ethnic lore, the unlearned will pore over its pages with eagerness and delight. . . *Ragnarok* is a strong and brilliant literary production, which will command the interest of general readers, and the admiration and respect, if not the universal credence, of the conservative and the scientific."—Prof. ALEXANDER WINCHELL, in *The Dial.*

"In a few sharp, short and decisive chapters the author disposes of the theory that the vast phenomena of the 'Drift' could have been produced by the action of ice, no matter if the ice swept over the continent. His facts and their application are certainly impressive. In fact, his book is very original "— *Hartford Times.*

"It is one of the most powerful and suggestive books of the day, and deserves respectful attention, not only from the general reader, but from the scientist."— *The Continent.*

"No mere summary can do justice to this extraordinary book, which certainly contains many strong arguments against the generally accepted theory that all the gigantic phenomena of the Drift were due to the action of ice. Whether readers believe Mr. Donnelly or not, they will find his book intensely interesting."— *The Guardian, Banbury, England.*

"These two volumes are phenomenal. The author, who has been known as one of the most prominent political men west of the Mississippi, suddenly appears before the public as a writer upon scientific subjects, and issues two volumes in quick succession, one of which reaches the seventh edition in less than nine months, and the other is in a fair way for a similar success."— *American Antiquarian.*

CONFIRMATION OF THE RAGNAROK THEORY.

The truth of the theory set forth in *Ragnarok* has received startling confirmation in the fact that the leading astronomer of England has, since its publication, presented the world with a powerful work, in which he proves that the accepted theory of the formation of worlds from matter in a gaseous condition is impossible. He shows that space is full of vast streams of stones, similar to the meteoric stones, and that wherever a center of attraction is established among them, by any one stone being much larger than the rest, a sun or planet is formed, by the rushing together of the rocky fragments to the center of gravitation; and that the clash and impact of the stones produces such intense heat that the body becomes luminous, and a blazing world or star is formed.*

Ragnarok is probably the most original book ever written. The whole conception is perfectly novel; and the linking together of the wonderful legends of mankind with the latest conclusions arrived at by the scientific world is a marvelous piece of work.

* The revelations of the spectroscope prove the truth of this theory.

The light the theory throws upon Genesis and the Fall of Man is unique, and is accepted by many clergymen as true.

Since the publication of *Ragnarok*, Governor Donnelly has received corroborations of his theory from scholars in all parts of the world, and he hopes to some day publish a continuation of the work.

Francis Bacon's Authorship of the Shakespeare Plays.

It would take a volume much larger than the space assigned for this biography to give anything like a full account of the vast labors of Governor Donnelly in the preparation of that which is, perhaps, the chief literary work of his life — his book *The Great Cryptogram*.

The size of the book (containing a thousand pages); the immense toil involved in its preparation, continued through fifteen years; the difficulty of the working-out of the hidden cipher; the intense microscopic work of the cipher itself, all make the book memorable in the annals of literature.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, of London, said:

"Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's *Great Cryptogram* is not a thing to be dismissed in a moment. If it be a delusion, it is respectable by reason of its very magnitude. The labor represented by the two great volumes before us, and especially by the second, is stupendous. America, the land of 'big things,' has in Mr. Donnelly a son worthy of her immensity."

The *London Telegraph* ("the newspaper with the largest circulation in the world") May 2, 1888, said:

"Whether it is to be regarded as fatal to the personal claims of our sovereign English genius, a piece of extraordinary special pleading for the long-delayed recognition of his great rival, Bacon, carrying judgment and conviction with it, or only a vast delusion, based on some remarkable freaks of chance, it will be for specialists and the age to say. . . .

Such are a few of these strange 'finds' of Mr. Donnelly, and, if he has not allowed himself to be deceived, *it is impossible to avoid the deduction that, for one purpose or another, a wonderfully intricate series of stories has been threaded through the web of the great English classic.*"

Labouchere's Truth, the great independent journal, of May 20, 1888, said:

"I think every critic will say that the book is a monument of laborious industry, such as has hardly ever been produced before outside of Germany, and that some of Mr Donnelly's results are very astonishing, while all of them are interesting and curious. . . .

The Opinion of Mathematicians as to the Cipher.

But some readers may ask: "Has not Mr. Donnelly, as the London *Telegraph* suggests, deceived himself? Is not the cipher an illusion?"

I answer this by saying that the proof-sheets of the book were submitted to two eminent mathematicians — one in England and one in this country — George Parker Bidder, Q. C., of London, and Pro-

fessor Elias Colbert, of Chicago, author of well-known works on astronomy, etc.* Both gentlemen took their time and thoroughly examined the proofs submitted to them, and these are their verdicts:

Mr. Bidder's Statement.

"House of Commons, April 19, 1888.

"My Dear Sir: I have given a good many hours to the examination of the proofs of Mr. Donnelly's book, so far as the method of the Cryptogram is dealt with, and write to let you know the opinion I have formed.

"In the first place, I am *amazed* at the stupendous industry and perseverance shown, and the ingenuity with which Mr. Donnelly has followed up his clues. The numerical coincidences, in the position of words which he has discovered in the plays—notably of suggestive words such as '*Bacon*,' '*St. Albans*,' etc.—are very remarkable, so remarkable, in fact, that my own strong belief is that they cannot possibly be due to chance. And considering this in connection with the extraordinary peculiarities of the text, which he points out, both as regards typography and paging, and as regards the unnatural introduction of words into the text, I am further strongly inclined to the opinion that *Mr. Donnelly is probably right in his conclusions that there is a cipher interwoven—possibly several—and very probably by Bacon.*"

Prof. Colbert's Statement.

"*I am obliged to indorse the claim made by Mr. Donnelly that he has found a cipher in some of the plays.* It can be intelligently traced by the aid of explanations given by him, some of which are only hinted at in the book. I do not say, nor does he claim, that he has discovered the complete cipher, and I think it is quite probable that some of the readings he gives will bear modification in the light of subsequent knowledge. But the cipher is there, as claimed, and he has done enough to *prove its existence to my satisfaction.*"

Opinions of Eminent Critics.

In addition to these statements, which should be conclusive, I add a few other testimonials:

That distinguished scholar and author, Count Vitzthum d' Eckstadt, wrote, from Paris, to a friend in London, under date of May 18th, 1888:

"Will you be good enough to convey to Mr. Donnelly my sincerest congratulations. I do not know whether the opinion of an old diplomate may be of any value to him. At any rate I give it to you. . . . Taking the first volume alone, it is absolutely conclusive. It is a fair, scientific investigation, most skillfully conducted and complete. I do not know which to admire most, the industry, the extreme ingenuity, or the strong power of reasoning shown in these volumes. The style is perfect; terse, business-like, and always to the point. The reader himself assists in the inquiry. Every honest man, after reading the first volume, must come to the conclusion that *the Shakespeare theory has no leg to stand upon.* Those who have not studied the book have no voice in the question. Mr. Donnelly may safely appeal to posterity, as Lord Bacon did. . . . *It is certain the cipher exists*, though whether the actual key, by which it is to be unlocked, has been yet found, may be doubtful. I can never believe that Bacon left this discovery to mere chance; and it has been a chance that a man has been found, in the nineteenth century, ingenious and persevering enough to find and to trace out the existence of a cipher. I am convinced that Bacon left the MSS., together with the key, either

* Mr. Bidder was selected for the task of examining the proofs by Mr. Knowles, the editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, the leading review of England, and Professor Colbert was selected by Hon. Joseph Medill, editor of the *Tribune* of Chicago.

to Percy, or Sir Tobie Matthew, with authority to publish the secret after his death. But the civil war broke out, and the trustees may have thought that under the rule of Cromwell and the Puritans the memory of Bacon, as a philosopher, would have been ruined, if it were published that he was the author of the plays. In the interest of their deceased friend they may have destroyed the MSS. of the plays, together with the key."

Mrs. Henry Pott, of London, the author of that great work, *The Promus*, and other books, and a lady of extensive learning and profound penetration, thus writes to the *Bacon Journal* of London:

"With regard to the cipher part of Mr. Donnelly's book, it appears to me that the fact of the cipher being there, and of the matter and narratives inclosed in it being as Mr. Donnelly has stated, *is beyond question*. All those who have expressed themselves, who are competent to understand it, and who have been able to give time to the close examination of the arithmetical calculations, of the sequence of words by means of these calculations, and of the doctrine of chances against or in favor of that sequence, have come to the same conclusions, namely, that *the cipher exists as Mr. Donnelly has demonstrated*. . . . The imperfections in minor details to which Mr. Donnelly draws attention are, as he modestly says, 'due, not to the maker of the cipher, but to the decipherer.' And we unite with Mr. Donnelly in the belief that wherever a sentence is not mathematically exact, or whenever a gap or flaw occurs in the work, it will, with the further time and labor which Mr. Donnelly is bestowing upon it, be corrected and the rule brought to absolute perfection."

Sir Joseph Neal McKenna, member of Parliament, and an eminent cryptologist, writes to the Dublin *Nation* as follows:

"I have had for many years of my life considerable practice in the construction of cryptograph notes and messages for the purposes of secrecy, brevity and economy. . . . What I assert is that there is a genuine, demonstrated, mathematically constructed cryptogram in the text of the play *Henry IV.*, which tells the story; and it is impossible to maintain that the printer, editor or publisher of the Folio edition of 1623 was not privy to the infolding of the cryptogram in the text of the edition published in that year. I do not go into minor points, none of which, however, in the slightest degree derogate from the certainty with which I have already pronounced my own opinion or judgment."

Professor Greenwood, in the Kansas City *Journal* of May 21, 1888, says:

"Without going into all the details in the first part of the book; . . . in point of scholarship, close study, numerous and extended comparisons, minute research and the greatest familiarity with all that is known of Shakspere and his entire history, . . . it must be confessed that Mr. Donnelly, by all laws of evidence, has shown that Shakspere could not have written the plays that are now called his. . . . On any theory of certainty, the chance that he did so would be as great a miracle as the creation of a world. Any jury of intelligent lawyers, on the first part of this great work, would bring in a verdict against Shakspere's authorship. . . . No one can assert, after glancing through this part of the work, that there is nothing in the cipher, unless he actually proves it mathematically. It would take an expert mathematician several months to verify all these statements or to disprove them. It would be very much less work to calculate an eclipse of the sun or moon. On the other hand, if the number-relations he presents and verifies are simply happy coincidences without any significance, then it is *the most elaborate and connected set of coincidences that has ever been brought to light in chance work*. . . . It is a strong case with hardly a weak point in it. Of course it would be humiliating for English scholars to give an author justice who hails from the wheat-fields of Minnesota."

The Philadelphia *Evening Star* says:

"If Mr. Donnelly has made a single miscount his critics should be able to demonstrate it. He gives the page and the number on the page of every cipher word. It would, of course, be an easy matter for anybody to pick out words from the pages of the plays that would make a consecutive story: but here we have a story which is consecutive, which is grammatical, which is written in the purest English, with a rhetoric striking alike by its force and its simplicity, and which retains the very flavor of the Elizabethan age, and all the words corresponding with certain root numbers, which never vary, save according to certain modifiers. *This could not be the work of chance.* It rests with those who may deny the possibility of the cipher to explain away this startling fact — if they can. . . . Let anybody take any of the cipher pages, as we have done, and a glance at its symmetrical structure will suffice at once to exclude the idea that Mr. Donnelly has deceived himself. The figures are there. They are not there arbitrarily. It is inconceivable how they could be put there by any system of self deception, and no other conclusion appears possible than the alternative suggested by the London editor — *that there is a cipher and Mr. Donnelly has found it.*" . . .

Shakspere's Claims.

While differences of opinion exist as to the reality of the cipher, there is none as to the literary merit of the work, or its effect in demolishing the claims of William Shakspere to be the author of the great plays which bear his name.

Dr. R. M. Theobald, A. M., Hon. Secretary of the Bacon Society, of London, says:

"I cannot refrain from expressing my most unqualified admiration of his [Mr. Donnelly's] masterly exposition of the Bacon-Shakspere case. His first volume is, by far, the completest and strongest Baconian argument ever written Its cogency astonished even me, convinced as I am from long familiarity with all sides of the argument. How the Shakspereans will wriggle away from those 200 pages of 'parallels' I cannot conceive. It is *the most magnificent bit of circumstantial evidence ever produced in the whole range of the world's literature.* . . . But there is the same cogency in most of the other chapters; and the bright, attractive, eloquent, often genuinely poetical, way in which he marshals his arguments and enforces them, makes the whole book so fascinating — so absolutely irresistible — that I find it far more captivating than any novel I ever read."

The Hon. Joseph Medill, the distinguished editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, thus expressed himself the day the book appeared:

"For those who have not seen Mr. Donnelly's work, the magnitude of his performance cannot be described adequately without danger of apparent exaggeration. Whether the world shall accept his conclusions or hold the verdict in abeyance, Ignatius Donnelly must hereafter be counted among the men whose industry, persistence and sincerity have thrust into literature and history a force compelling recognition, if not conviction; and whose prodigious and patient labor has amassed against the current belief about Shakspere too much testimony for incredulity to scoff at, for jests to smile out of sight, or for learning to ignore."

The New York *World* said:

"It is the most startling announcement that has been hurled at mankind since Galileo proclaimed his theory of the earth's motion."

Julian Hawthorne says:

"It involves the most interesting literary possibility of our generation."

The *San Francisco Argonaut* said:

"The ignorance of Shakspere, the learning of Bacon; the parallel passages in Bacon's works and in the plays; the unity of thought, the community of error; the employment of the identical metaphors, and of unusual and newly coined words; the display of the same phases of religious belief, of politics and of human sympathy; the acute knowledge displayed in the plays of common law, even in its most technical form, as well as of science, and of moral and natural philosophy, are all strikingly set forth, and demonstrate that either Bacon wrote all, or at least a portion of the plays or that he and Shakspere were mental twins — each a hemisphere of a single brain."

The *Bury Times*, East Lancashire, England, said:

"This is one of the most remarkable books America has ever produced. . . . A monument of ability, industry and literary acumen . . . An epoch-making book."

Hon. John Bright's Opinion.

The Great Cryptogram has made many converts, among others the famous English statesman, John Bright. The Birmingham *Daily Mail* of May 13, 1888, said:

"Mr. John Bright, M. P., is much better and practically out of danger. He has not been troubling his head recently about political matters, but for the last few weeks he has been chiefly occupied in the study of the Bacon Shakspere controversy. Mr. Bright is one of the few living men who have read all through the ponderous volumes of Mr. Donnelly. He does not go all the way and assert the accuracy of Mr. Donnelly's discovery, but in his uncompromising and unhesitating manner declares his belief that, whoever may have written the plays, it was not William Shakspere."

The English newspapers also report Mr. Bright as saying, in his brusque fashion, that "any man who believes that William Shakspere wrote *Lear* and *Hamlet* is a fool!"

The St. Paul Pioneer-Press Again.

No book ever created such intense excitement as *The Great Cryptogram*: every newspaper in England and America was full of it, before and after it appeared; and the New York *World* devoted *two whole pages* to it. But the book was, so far as the sales were concerned, a comparative failure. Joseph A. Wheelock began his persecution of it before it appeared. A sub editor of the *Pioneer-Press* named Piles (appropriate name) prepared a small book, called *The Little Cryptogram*, which was a burlesque of Governor Donnelly's work; copies were sent to all the newspapers in the United States, and even to England; agents were employed by the day, by the *Pioneer-Press*, to peddle copies everywhere, at twenty-five cents each, in advance of the agents sent out by Governor Donnelly's publishers, so that when those agents called to sell the work they would find the public mind filled with the belief that the cipher was an absurd fraud. These acts, with a concerted attack from the plutocratic press, and a failure of the publishers to procure the 5,000 agents they had promised (they had but about 350 for the whole United States), and the fact that the book was not on sale in any book-store (the publishers had threatened the retail booksellers with

prosecution if they dared to sell a single copy of it, while for ninety-nine hundredths of the territory of the United States there were no canvassing agents to seek out those who might want it), could have but one result: the sale was but a few thousand copies where the publishers had promised Governor Donnelly a sale of 100,000 copies.

The New York *Morning Journal* said:

"No book of modern times has excited so much interest all over the civilized world as this volume, and its sale will probably reach a million copies."

The free advertising which the book had received was worth a million dollars, and if the book had been properly presented to the public there ought to have been such a sale as the *Journal* predicted.

Visit to England.

On March 17th, 1888, Governor Donnelly sailed from New York, on the steamship *Etruria*, of the Cunard line, for Liverpool. The object of his visit was to secure an English copyright of *The Great Cryptogram*. He returned the same year on the *Aurania*, of the same line, leaving Liverpool August 11th, and reaching New York August 19th, after a delightful sea voyage. He spent most of his time in London, but visited and traveled through Scotland and Ireland. In the latter country he visited the birth-place of his father, and was most hospitably entertained by many relatives. While in Fintona, he delivered a lecture upon "The Irish in America," and dwelt upon the necessity for temperance among the Irish people. His address, particularly that part of it which related to the question of total abstinence, produced a great effect upon his audience, and was extensively quoted in the newspapers of Ireland. The proceeds of the lecture went to the benefit of the Liberal campaign fund. He was called upon, while in Fintona, by a delegation of leading citizens, and asked if he would become a candidate for Parliament on the Liberal ticket, and assured that if he would they would nominate and elect him. He declined on the ground that, while he was deeply interested in the success of the movement for Home Rule, his interests and feelings all tied him to his native country; that he was first, last and all the time an American.

English Newspaper Abuse.

Governor Donnelly and his book were the theme of constant discussion and general denunciation by the English newspapers. As some one said, "if the English people had to give up Shakspere or the Indian Empire, they would let the Indian Empire go." In fact, one distinguished English lady told Governor Donnelly that the English people would give up Christianity before they would surrender the Bard of Avon. The fact that Governor Donnelly was an American had a great deal to do with the ferocious opposition of the English press. As one English gentleman said to him, "If you

had even been a Canadian, we would not feel so badly about it!" But to think that the secret which had escaped the eyes of the English critics, during three hundred years, should be found out by a despised Yankee, from the backwoods of America, where but yesterday the buffalo and the red man held undisputed sway, was, as Artemus Ward said, "too much! too much!"

Governor Donnelly kept his temper under all the abuse that was heaped upon him, and replied in an effective manner to many of his assailants, through the columns of the daily press. The Bacon Society of London, an association of ladies and gentlemen of high culture and social standing, formed to study the works of Francis Bacon — both his acknowledged works and those that are attributed to him — invited Governor Donnelly to lecture before it, and subsequently made a public challenge for the advocates of Shakspere to pick out any man in the kingdom to meet Governor Donnelly in joint debate on the question, in London. But the men who were ready to denounce the iconoclastic American at long range could not be induced to meet him on the platform.

St. Albans.

Governor Donnelly spent a great deal of his time at St. Albans, the former home of Francis Bacon. He wandered, day by day, over the fields and through the woods about Gorhamsbury, accompanied by his son, Doctor Ignatius Donnelly, who was in London perfecting his medical education; and spent hours in the quaint old church of St. Michael, in the ancient city of St. Albans, where Bacon is buried, and where his statue is erected, representing the great philosopher and poet sitting in his chair, rapt in meditation.

Debates in England.

While Governor Donnelly was in England he made several speeches in London, Birmingham, etc., on the Bacon-Shakspere question, besides conducting debates at Cambridge University and Oxford University, on the same topic, with bright young men, students and graduates. The discussion at Cambridge was especially spirited. It lasted from 8 o'clock to 12, and would probably have continued all night but that the rules of the University required the students to retire at midnight. Mr. Donnelly opened and closed the debate, and some half-dozen others took part in it, equally divided between the adherents of Bacon and Shakspere. Some of these debaters were young men of twenty-five years of age, all of them were among the brightest of the rising generation; they were from all parts of the British Empire, even from Australia; and all of them had been studying *The Great Cryptogram* in the University library, and were perfectly informed on the subject of which it treated. The rules of the society required that at the close of every debate all the members present, as they filed out through an ante-room, should

write their names in a book kept for that purpose, and record how they voted on the question which had been under discussion. There were five hundred present on the night of the debate on the authorship of the plays, but the great majority of them became so perplexed by the arguments in favor of Bacon that they refused to vote at all, and of the remainder who did vote one hundred and twenty voted that Shakspere wrote the plays, and *one hundred and one that Bacon wrote them!*

This was considered a great victory for the new theory, right in the heart of English conservatism, especially as one of the bigoted professors of the university had stated, three months before, that he "did not believe a single person, professor or student, could be found in Cambridge who believed in the absurd Baconian theory."

In Edinburgh, Scotland, the interest in *The Great Cryptogram* was so intense that the newspapers were filled with discussions on the subject; and Mr. Donnelly was told that, in the Advocates' Library, the applications, by the lawyers, were so numerous for the book, that it would be kept out of the library, in the hands of readers, for six months to come.

A Manchester paper has recently stated, as a generally recognized fact, that Shakspere is already cast down from his pedestal.

W. F. C. Wigston, of England, the learned author of "*A New Study of Shakespeare* and *Bacon, Shakspere and the Rosicrucians*," wrote to Mr. Donnelly, after his return to America, under date of December 28th, 1888:

"You have written a wonderful book. Everybody who takes it up is very soon converted, and I call it the most iconoclastic, idol-smashing piece of writing ever penned. Shakspere has been attacked before, but never really shaken on his pedestal with the public in England, until your work appeared. *It has made a great, silent and quick revolution.* The boys in the college at Ryde [Isle of Wight — Mr. Wigston's place of residence] divide and fight upon the subject; lectures are given *pro* and *contra*. What more would you have?"

And at another time Mr. Wigston writes, to an American friend:

"Mr. Donnelly may console himself for any temporary checks or annoyances. His name will be as eternal as 'the god in art' whom he has vindicated from oblivion. Newton's great discovery was by no means accepted till many years after his publication of it; even Leibnitz opposed it. The greater the present opposition the greater will be his ultimate triumph. I have made many discoveries which go to confirm his cipher."

Francis Bacon's Secret Society.

Mrs. Henry Pott, a very learned and able lady, at whose house Governor Donnelly visited, while in London, has now in press a remarkable book, entitled *Francis Bacon and His Secret Society* (F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago), which goes to show that Bacon was the real founder of the famous Rosicrucian Society, and that this was the parent organization out of which Freemasonry arose. There are

those who claim that the Rosicrucian Society is yet alive, in Germany, and possessed of the secret history of Bacon's life and works.

Governor Donnelly is now engaged upon a supplementary volume to *The Great Cryptogram*, which he believes will forever end the Shaksperean controversy, and establish Francis Bacon's claims to the authorship. It will be entitled, *The Cipher in the Plays and on the Tombstone*. He says he will be able to prove, not only the reality of the cipher in the plays, but also that the curious inscription which was placed over Shakspere's grave, at the time of his death, contains a statement, in Francis Bacon's biliteral cipher, that Francis Bacon wrote the plays. The original inscription was in this extraordinary form:

"Good Frend, for Jesus SAKE forbeare
To diGG T-E Dust Enclo-Ased HE.Re.
Blese be T-E Man $\frac{T}{Y}$ spares T-Es Stones,
And curst be He $\frac{T}{Y}$ moves my Bones."

"CÆSAR'S COLUMN."

The year 1889 may be set down as a great year in the annals of the struggle of the people of the whole world for their rights against the encroachments of capital, for in that year was written a book which has become the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of the new revolution, —*Cæsar's Column.*

Every work that deserves to live has its genesis. How did this wonderful book come to be written? What were the circumstances out of which it arose?

The session of the Legislature of Minnesota of 1889 was the most rotten and corrupt ever held in the history of this rotten and corrupt commonwealth. The very man, W. D. Washburn, who was elected by it to the United States Senate, declared, to a New York newspaper reporter, that such was the case, although he afterward tried to disavow what he said; for, even with his limited intelligence, he perceived that the man who had triumphed in such a degraded body was, to say the least, under suspicion. Two great rival railroad systems, the Canadian and the Chicagoan, contended for supremacy, and their weapons were not arguments, but greenbacks. There was a perfect holocaust of corruption. Bill King was fluttering around the battle like a foul bird of night. Men who had been bought by one side for $5,000 held on to the money and sold out to the other side for $5,000 more; the men who made the last payment got the votes. The thing was boundless and unfathomable. Scarcely were the forms of decency preserved. One Senator, always impecunious, became dead drunk in one of the orgies of the time, and, as his friends were putting him to bed, several thousand dollars, in wads of bank notes, rolled out of his clothes. The houses of prostitution were the headquarters of the corruption. The newspapers were filled with charges and counter-charges. After Washburn was elected Senator, committees were appointed by the House and Sen-

ate to investigate these allegations. A large mass of testimony was taken, by both committees, of the most damaging kind. When the Senate committee reported, the Senate turned the public out and listened to the testimony in "executive session," and then suppressed it. The House had no "executive session," and it deliberately refused to permit the testimony to be read, and it never was made public until two years afterward, upon the demand of Governor Donnelly. But the corruption of that legislature was not confined to the Senatorial election. It covered everything. One Senator charged, and offered to prove, that $25,000 had been paid to another Senator for his vote; and that dignified body did not think it worth while to investigate the charge. In the House, thirty members were said to have banded themselves together, and one man sold their votes, on all important questions, as Mr. Donnelly said, "like a bunch of asparagus." An universal outcry went up from the people of the State that it was the worst legislature that had ever been known in the world.

Mr. Donnelly saw all this. He was not a member of the legislature. He received fifteen votes of Alliance men for U. S. Senator, but he recognized that in such a contest of money-bags he was out of the question. But he knew everything that was going on. He was appalled. He said to himself, if twenty-five or thirty years have produced these dreadful conditions, what will one hundred years yield us? Can civilization continue to exist under such conditions? What is to arrest the forward movement to destruction? Where is the remedy to be found? Out of these reflections *Cæsar's Column* was born. Mr. Donnelly believes he was inspired to write the book. He says that while he was full of these gloomy reflections the words "Cæsar's Column" were spoken, as it were, within his mind. He repeated them: "Cæsar's Column! What does that mean? What Cæsar? What Column?" And then the thought came to him that the phrase with its singular alliteration would make a good name for a novel. Why not a novel to show the dangers that hung over mankind? And so he proceeded step by step until he had built the famous novel around the name thus singularly suggested to him.

He wrote the first chapter the night Washburn was elected Senator. A few weeks afterward he resumed the work in his home and finished it in about a month.

He then tried to find a publisher. Remember that this work has probably had a million readers in both hemispheres, in a little over one year; that it has been translated into two languages; and three editions of it have been published in England. And yet when Governor Donnelly submitted it to four leading publishers, in New York City, they each declined to print it. He then took it to a prominent Chicago house. That too declined it, and the head of the firm wrote Governor Donnelly a long letter, imploring him not to publish it, or, if he did, to put the price so high that it would be

beyond the reach of the common people. At this time Mr. Donnelly began to think that his book would never see the light. He realized that there was already in America a censorship of the press as complete and autocratic as that of Russia, and that even a note of warning to the people, of the hell of destruction to which they were rushing, with headlong speed, must be suppressed. Fortunately for the world he at this time met a young man who was just starting into the business of book publishing—a bright, capable, clear-headed man, Mr. F. J. Schulte, of Chicago. He took the book, and it not only proved, from the very first, a great success, but it brought success to the publishing house which put it forth. It was the first of a long line of very popular books on industrial questions.

Julian Hawthorne, himself a novelist of high rank, and the son of the illustrious author of *The Marble Faun* and *The House of the Seven Gables*, said of *Cæsar's Column*:

"It is exceedingly interesting as a narrative and is written by a man of thought, learning and imagination. I consider it the best work of its class since Bulwer's *Coming Race*. I was impressed with the power of the book—the vividness and strength with which the incidents of the tale are described and developed. The plot is absorbing, and yet nothing in it seems forced. The conception of the 'Column' is as original as its treatment is vigorous. There is no padding in the book; the events are portrayed tersely and clearly. The analysis is reasonable and sagacious, and the breadth of the author's mind, as well as his careful study of social conditions, is made evident by his treatment of the discussions put into the mouths of his characters. Justice is done to each side."

Cardinal Gibbons said:

"As an example of the highest literary form it deserves unstinted praise."

The Episcopal Bishop of New York, Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, called it "a very extraordinary production."

Miss Frances E. Willard pronounced it a "Gabriel's trump."

H. L. Loucks, president of the National Alliance, said:

"I was unable to lay it down until I had finished reading it. It should be read by every farmer in the land."

Milton George, the founder of the Farmers' Alliance, said:

"Bellamy looks backward upon what is impossible as well as improbable. *Cæsar's Column* looks forward to what is not only possible, but probable."

George Cary Eggleston said, in the New York *World*:

"The book points out tendencies which actually exist and are in need of cure. It warns us with vehemence and force of the necessity of guarding our liberties against the encroachments of monopoly and plutocracy, and of disarming corruption in government by every device that a vigilant ingenuity can supply."

The *Arena* spoke of it as—

"The most remarkable and thought-provoking novel that the disturbed industrial and social conditions of the present have produced. . . . The purpose of this book is to arrest attention—to make men think wisely and act justly and with dispatch. The writer holds it as a signal of danger before the on-coming train. Will the warning be heeded?"

The great Washington journal, *Public Opinion*, said:

"The author writes with tremendous feeling and great imaginative power. The picture gives in startling colors what would be the case if many of our business methods and social tendencies were to move on unimpeded to their legitimate results. The book is a plea, and a striking one. Its plot is bold, its language is forceful, and the great uprising is given with terrible vividness."

These are a few of a thousand similar utterances in England and the United States.

Mr. Donnelly was so conscious of the opposition of the Plutocracy that he did not, at first, dare to publish *Cæsar's Column* with his own name on the title-page, but put it forth under the *nom de plume* of "Edmund Boisgilbert, M. D.," and the publishers allowed it to be believed that it was the work of a Chicago millionaire, and it was most amusing to see such villainous tools of monopoly as the *Pioneer-Press* cringing before the wealth of its supposed author, and praising it to the skies!

The book has made an immense impression on the public mind, and is doing a great deal to warn thinking men and women of the dangers that impend over the country.

"Doctor Huguet,"

Governor Donnelly's second novel, promises to become as great a success as his first. It is devoted to an entirely different subject, which it treats in an altogether different manner. His first novel was written to save men, of all races, from the loss of liberty and civilization; the second is a philanthropic appeal to the hearts of mankind in behalf of a poor and oppressed race, the negroes.

Mr. Donnelly is Nominated for Governor.

On Mr. Donnelly's return from England he found that a Farm and Labor Convention had been called to meet in St. Paul the next day after he reached that city. He had taken no part in convening the convention, and the meeting was composed of a number of workingmen from the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and but three or four farmers who represented all the rest of the great State. The gathering insisted on nominating Mr. Donnelly for Governor. He objected strenuously. He told them that the movement was premature; that there was no organization behind it, and no public sentiment to sustain it; and that it would be better to postpone action for a year or two, and not injure the good cause by making a fizzle of it. But some of the leaders were honest enthusiasts and some were cunning tricksters who desired to affect the action of the coming Republican State convention by Mr. Donnelly's candidacy, and they assured him that he knew nothing of the feeling in the State, and that a fund of $3,000 could be readily raised to pay the expenses of speakers and for the distribution of printed matter and that he *must* run. He was then nominated unanimously and accepted, but with a reiteration of the views he had already im-

pressed on the leaders. The event proved he was right. He started in at once on the campaign, and made a number of speeches and spent between two and three hundred dollars of his own funds, and then returned to St. Paul to find that the movement had utterly collapsed; that, instead of the $3,000 promised, they had raised but $80 (one-fourth of which he had himself contributed) with which to canvass the whole State, and the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor insisted on getting off the ticket. The executive committee got together and withdrew the State ticket and resolved that the whole effort of the new movement must be directed to electing members of the Legislature to secure needed legislation. And so Governor Donnelly's campaign came to an end, very much to his disgust, for he is the last man in the world to give up a contest, and he had wasted two weeks of hard work and, for him, a considerable sum of money. I refer to these facts because they were afterwards made the subject of unjust comments, by his enemies.

Mr. Donnelly's Relatives.

The reader will probably remember the article in the New York *Tribune* of June 20, 1866, which I quoted heretofore, from the pen of George Alfred Townsend, which, speaking of Mr. Donnelly, concluded with these words: "He belongs to a singularly gifted family."

It seems to me that it might be proper, before concluding this biography, to say a few words as to Mr. Donnelly's immediate family — that is, his sisters. They all reside in their native city, Philadelphia, and they fully deserve Gath's words of praise.

Some years since, when Professor Maguire was principal of the Philadelphia Central High School, a gentleman from the West, who was visiting the school, asked the Professor who was the most intelligent young lady of his acquaintance in the Quaker City. Prof. Maguire replied that the two most intellectual women of the city were two sisters, of the name of Donnelly. Further inquiry disclosed that they were the sisters of Ignatius Donnelly.

Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly.

Mr. Donnelly's sister, Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, of Philadelphia, is a very distinguished poetess. She has written some of the sweetest verses in our language. Her "Monk Gabriel's Vision" has been rated by eminent critics far above a poem on the same subject written by Longfellow.

The Philadelphia *Press*, speaking of the "Vision of the Monk Gabriel," said:

> "Its warmth of imagination, artistic vigor and tenderness of color and expression make it glow like an old painting beside the cold marble of Longfellow's poem on the same subject."

The Minneapolis *Tribune* pronounced it "a companion piece to Whittier's 'Brother of Mercy' — Piero Luca."

The famous Dr. Mackenzie declared that Miss Donnelly's work

contained "some of the best poetry published in this or any other country for many a long day."

The New Orleans *Morning Star* said:

"The North lionizes Longfellow, the West pays homage to Joaquin Miller, the South is proud of Father Ryan, but the East may name Eleanor C Donnelly as one in all respects equal to these poets, and whose writings will live by the side of theirs as long as the English language is spoken."

I regret that the limitations of this biography prevent me from quoting "The Monk Gabriel's Vision." I give, however, as a specimen of her style, the following poem:

"MISSING."

In the cool, sweet hush of a wooded nook,
Where the May-buds sprinkle the green old ground,
And the wind, and the birds, and the limpid brook
Murmur their dreams with a drowsy sound,
Who lies so still in the plushy moss,
With his pale cheek pressed to a breezy pillow,
Concealed where the light and shadows cross,
Through the flickering fringe of the willow?
Who lies, alas!
So still, so chill, in the whispering grass?

A soldier, clad in the zouave dress,
A bright-haired man, with his lips apart,
One hand thrown up o'er his frank, dead face,
And the other clutching his pulseless heart,
Lies there in the shadows cool and dim;
His musket brushed by a trailing bough,
A careless grace in each quiet limb,
And a wound on his manly brow—
A wound, alas!
Whose dark clots blood the pleasant grass.

The violets peer from their dusky beds,
With a tearful dew in their great blue eyes;
The lilies quiver their shining heads,
Their pale lips full of sad surprise,
And the lizard darts through the glistening fern,
And the squirrel rustles the branches hoary;
Strange birds fly out, with a cry, to burn
Their wings in the sunset glory,
While the shadows pass
O'er the quiet face on the dewy grass.

God pity the bride who waits at home,
With her lily cheeks and her violet eyes,
Dreaming the sweet old dream of love,
While the lover is walking in paradise!
God strengthen her heart as the days go by,
And the long, drear nights of her vigil follow;
Nor bird, nor moon, nor whispering wind
May breathe the tale of the hollow!
Alas! Alas!
The secret is safe with the woodland grass.

Miss Donnelly has published thirteen volumes of poems, and I understand a collected edition of her most popular writings is about

to be put forth by F. J. Schulte & Co., of Chicago. All Mr. Donnelly's sisters are "book-makers," artists and musicians; they have published a number of volumes, many of them translations from the French, Italian and German. They are, all of them, very intellectual and scholarly women.

Governor Donnelly had but one brother—John Gavin Donnelly. He was at one time Collector of Internal Revenue in Philadelphia. He migrated to Minnesota, and settled on a farm near Donnelly, where he died, September 9th, 1889. He was a man of a very modest, retiring disposition, but of excellent mind and great kindness of heart, and beloved by all who knew him.

Mr. Donnelly's uncle, his father's youngest brother, John C. Donnelly, of Fintona, is famous in the north of Ireland as a most attractive and eloquent speaker; and crowds gather from many miles around whenever it is known that he is about to make an address. He is greatly respected where he lives, and has held several important local offices.

Mr. Donnelly at Home.

Like many others engaged in public work, we have been in many homes, but never in one where the charm of home-life appeared more exquisitely realized than in that literary farm-home at Nininger, on the Mississippi, three miles above the city of Hastings, Minnesota. The quiet humor of the man, whose famous sobriquet of "The Sage of Nininger" will outlive the age; the tenderness of speech, the affection unspoken and yet ever expressed, made every visit of ours one of great delight and of pleasant memory. One who has witnessed the Titanic intellectual strength of Ignatius Donnelly, in keeping an entire hostile State Senate at bay, for ten days at a time, with a rhetorical vehemence and a mastery of aggressive eloquence unprecedented, can hardly imagine the peaceful quiet that marks his home as one of the happiest on earth.

A newspaper correspondent, Mr. James Sullivan, sent by one of the Chicago papers, the *Tribune*, to interview Mr. Donnelly, at his home, thus describes him:

"A man of wonderful vitality and energy, Mr. Donnelly belongs to that class, by no means a large one, who never know when they are beaten. His exhaustless energy and elasticity really amount to that 'vigor' so highly prized by the Hindoo Mencius, and described by him as being 'supremely great, and in the highest degree unbending.' He is a little below medium height, and deep chested, while his fine head is set, Douglas like, above his broad shoulders, upon the least possible length of neck. His face is ruddy and smooth-shaven, and his expression is the very essence of brightness and good feeling; and when he speaks his clear, blue eyes sparkle or grow humid with every shade of feeling. In manner Mr. Donnelly unites the quiet of the cultivated man of the East, the forcefulness of the Western man, and the chivalrous courtesy which distinguishes the Southern gentleman. He is really pleasing to a charm socially, and in his own home, as the affable, entertaining host, is the embodiment of gracious agreeableness."

Another correspondent writes:

"I believe that in all the bitter political strifes to which Mr. Donnelly has been a party — and they have not been a few — there has not been a sustained assertion against his morality, nor to the effect that he has not, when elected, represented his constituents honestly."

The celebrated Prof. Thomas Davidson, of Orange, N. J., who visited Mr. Donnelly in 1887, as the representative of the New York *World*, thus describes his home and himself:

"Mr. Donnelly had sent a carriage to meet us, and we were soon driving vigorously along the high western bank of the Mississippi. In about half an hour we reached Mr. Donnelly's residence, a roomy, old-fashioned, frame building, standing in the midst of a large rural garden on a bluff of the river, and affording a superb view of its course both above and below. The spot seemed altogether suitable for a quiet scholar desirous of uninterrupted leisure to devote to study. Everything looked modest, simple and durable, betokening competency without wealth, and refinement without luxury or show. At the garden gate I was met by Mr. Donnelly, who seemed made for his surroundings, and who greeted me in a most cordial and unaffected manner. I had sharpened my eyes to discover in him the deluded crank or the deluding fraud. I felt pretty sure that the 'first sight' would reveal either the one or the other to me, and it was only when I utterly failed to find in the man a trace of either that I became aware, (to my shame), with how much prejudice I had come laden. In Mr. Donnelly's person and demeanor I could find nothing that was not perfectly simple and genuine. His quietness and geniality at once disarmed me. I was forced to believe that he was an honest man, and during my intercourse with him I did not alter this opinion for a moment. I could not find a trace of mystery about him, or of any desire to impose upon me. . . . His smile shows a man who delights in fun, while his whole expression is keen, intelligent and kindly."

Another correspondent, the celebrated Mrs. Antoinette V. Wakeman, thus writes to the Chicago *Times*:

"A short way up from the Mississippi River, embowered in a natural grove of oaks, stands Mr. Donnelly's broad, roomy house, which is encircled by piazzas and surrounded by broad grounds that give it an air of ample hospitality. The brooding stillness about the place is broken only by the song of birds and the occasional puff of engine and beat of great wheels on the placidly flowing water, as a steamer plies up or down. The wagon-way leading to this retired spot, which is situated fully a quarter of a mile from the main country road, is quite overgrown with the thick clinging knot grass. As we approached our carriage wheels revolved noiselessly along this truly velvety way, and the place seemed to be quite away from all the world and its bustle and noise; while the view from the approach, and the house itself, of the distant towns of Hastings and Prescott, the great, green, billowy bluffs, the woodland, and the opposite tawny limestone cliff, pine-crowned, over all of which hung the diaphanous veil of soft blue haze which almost continually rests above the distance of all Minnesota landscapes, was a picture of marvelous beauty. . . . His farm supplies the needs of life without personal effort on his part, while there is still the 'somewhat to be desired,' which is ever a wholesome stimulant to effort; and the profound and charming retirement of his home gives ideal opportunity for literary work."

Mr. Donnelly's Religion.

During all his life time, since he came to man's estate, Mr. Donnelly has never opened his mouth to make any statement as to his religious views. As far back as 1855, when he was nominated for the Legislature, in Philadelphia, he was denounced in public

handbills, as an "infidel." Time and again he has been assailed in Minnesota, on the one hand as a heretic and renegade, and on the other as a Catholic and Jesuit. Even Elihu Washburne, in 1868, said he was "false to his religion," — implying that Mr. Donnelly had been a Catholic and had left his faith: — a strange charge for a Protestant, like Washburne, a believer in the right of private judgment, to make, as a matter of opprobrium. It is to Mr. Donnelly's honor that he has never made any appeal to race or sectarian prejudices of any kind. He preferred to suffer political unpopularity rather than say one word about his religious belief which might affect the opinions of others, or be interpreted as reflecting upon any creed. But we learn from members of his family that Elihu Washburne's charge was without any foundation: — Mr. Donnelly had never been a member of the Catholic church, or of any other church. He never received even the rite of confirmation, which is administered in early youth. He inherited his frame of mind upon this question from his father. His creed was the creed of Micah: "And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" But while Mr. Donnelly is as independent in religion as in politics, he has felt that it was wrong to shake any man's faith in the restraining influences of the gospel; and in his lecture, in reply to Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, entitled "The Mistakes of Ingersoll in Literature and Religion," he denounces him strongly for unsettling the beliefs of men in their old creeds, while giving them nothing in exchange except barren *agnosticism*. He declared that all religions conserve morality and are a restraint on our natural weakness and wickedness, and hence that any religion is better than none. His books show that he has the profoundest respect for Christianity and the most unshaken belief in the immortality of the soul and the existence of an intelligent First Cause in the Universe. In fact, the tone of all his writings is strongly religious; he is not a "materialist;" he believes that man is a spirit, dwelling, for a time, in a shell of flesh, and that God is overruling the affairs of earth for the good of mankind. He is, therefore, a Christian in the broadest sense of the word, while not accepting the dogmas of any particular denomination. Although he entertains his own views upon many questions, he has never written or spoken a word in all his life that could wound the religious feelings of any man or lessen his respect for virtue. He believes that each individual has just that kind and grade of religion which is fitted to his mental condition and stage of development. I remember to have heard him say, in one of his Alliance speeches:

"When I die and present myself at the golden gate, I do not expect St. Peter to ask me, 'What is your opinion upon this or that dogma, or this or that translation of such a Greek or Hebrew text?' But I expect him to thrust his head out of his window and roar

at me, in a voice of thunder: 'You miserable little cuss, what did you ever do, while on earth, to help your fellow man? What did you ever do to punish the robbers of the people and lift up the fallen?' And I fear, my friends, that if I cannot satisfactorily answer that question, I will never play on a golden harp, even if my shroud is stuffed full of receipts for pew-rents and certificates of good character from all the clergymen in Minnesota."

Mr. Donnelly's Character.

At the close of the session of the Legislature of 1887, the St. Paul *Dispatch*, then and now the ably-edited leader of the Republican party of Minnesota, proceeded to announce Mr. Donnelly's ruin, and to read him out of the party. It is the most singular and at the same time complimentary indictment ever framed against a public man, as an excuse for retiring him to private life.

Mr. Donnelly was elected to the House that year, from his own county, as an Independent or Alliance man, indorsed by the Republicans; and when it came to voting for United States Senator, the Independents having no candidate, he voted for the Republican candidate. The Republicans claimed that he had turned Republican again, but he insisted that he was still an Independent. The *Dispatch* thus refers to this episode:

"No man had ever entered anew upon a political career with brighter prospects than had Mr. Donnelly at the opening of the present session. The arms of the Republican party had been opened to receive him, with a joy that no returning political prodigal had ever before experienced. In a speech of the rarest power and eloquence, in the Republican legislative caucus, he placed himself squarely upon the platform of that party and justified his errantry in the past. He was at once the prophet and the leader of the farming element in the State."

But he fell from grace. The *Dispatch* continues its remarkable eulogy, suggesting as a cause for his "fall" his faithfulness to the people:

"The bent of Mr. Donnelly's mind and sympathies undoubtedly leads him to the championship of the cause of the common people. It is ingrained in him that he should oppose every form of public policy which he might believe to lead toward the curtailment of individual right. In the many digressions which he has made from the path of party fealty, the people have involuntarily made allowance the most liberal for this manifest disposition of his. They have marked his signal talents. Few of them there are who have not, at one time or other, fallen under the spell of his magic eloquence. Intellectually there is no man that has appeared among us, perhaps, who can be said to be his peer. A scholar the most profound, a debater the most skillful, a publicist trained and educated; still this singular man has willfully stamped upon his own character the brand of political failure."

Why? He was not dishonest. The *Dispatch* continues:

"For upward of a quarter of a century Ignatius Donnelly has been prominent in the public life of Minnesota. It may be truly said, however, that during that period the enmities which he has aroused have been more numerous and enduring, and have had a more vital bearing upon his career, than any friendships which may have sprung either from his personal good qualities or from that admiration which his grand talents could not help but evoke. Enemies and friends alike unite in conceding to him that the duties of every public station which Mr. Don-

nelly has ever held have been discharged faithfully and with ability. That this is the public verdict the people of Minnesota have borne testimony in the many exalted positions to which they have successively called him."

Who were these enemies he had made, whose opposition had such a vital bearing on his career? They were the men who were profiting by the plunder of the people. Why, let us ask, had he incurred their enmity? Because he would neither betray nor deceive the people. And therefore, despite all his honesty, industry and ability, to which the *Dispatch* bears such ample testimony, he is branded as a "political failure," and the leading Republican organ of the State reads him out of the party. And in doing so it throws a flood of light on the character of the man it proscribes, and the character of the age and country in which he lives.

Yes, it is "ingrained" in him to defend the oppressed, and it is "ingrained" in him to advocate the same ideas in office that he did before he got the office. And there is no human power that can corrupt him, or intimidate him, or cajole him. He will fight as bravely alone as with ten thousand at his back. I well remember last winter, when the great battle was on over the usury question and the repeal of the forfeiture clause, when his allies, and some even of his own men, deserted him, and when he was the subject of savage attacks without number on the floor and in the newspapers — I well remember the fierce determination with which he said:

"The Republicans may desert me, but I shall stand firm. The Democrats may desert me, but I shall stand firm. The Alliance may desert me, but I shall stand firm. You may hack the flesh off these bones, but the very bones will continue to fight for justice."

We know of nothing equal to that since Martin Luther declared that he would go to the Diet of Worms "though there were as many devils there as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses."

Indeed, it might be said that Governor Donnelly is the strangest and most extraordinary combination of fierce determination with amiability and magnanimity that was ever heard of. He will fight the whole world in arms, but he will not strike his worst enemy when he is down. Indeed, he is oftentimes too good-natured for his own good; and part of his failure in public life has been due to the fact that he would trust, and take to his heart, those who had once proved themselves unworthy of his confidence, but who came to him with appeals to his mercy. His treatment of Bill King illustrates this feature of his character.

Concluding Remarks.

It will probably be expected that, as usual at the end of a biography, there should be some summing up of the character of the subject of the narrative, in particulars other than those I have just spoken of; but I do not feel able to undertake such a task. If I attempted it my readers would, I fear, conclude that my natural

feelings, as a friend, had colored my judgment. Moreover it seems to me that any one who has read the foregoing biography, or who will read the extracts which follow in the body of this work, will have formed a fairly accurate judgment for himself. I would therefore only call attention to one or two points.

In the first place it is very apparent that Mr. Donnelly is a very composite character, with a great many sides to his mind.

It is usually the rule that a ready man is not a profound man; an orator is seldom a writer; and high imagination and close reasoning and penetration of mind seldom go together. But it seems to me all these qualities will be conceded, by all men, to the subject of this sketch.

An amusing article appeared, not long since, in the St. Paul *Globe*, the leading Democratic paper of Minnesota, which considers Governor Donnelly's composite character from a hostile standpoint:

"Some people have compared Ignatius Donnelly to Cicero. . . . This is entirely unfair. When it comes to talking, Cicero is not to be named with Donnelly. Cicero was wordy, prosy, ornate and elaborate. Donnelly scintillates with the rarest of prismatic brilliancy; he is as witty as Lucifer, who made the angels laugh around the glassy sea; he is as fluent as an Itasca County brook-stream on a July day; he is as original and as full of joyous surprises, terrifying abysses and overshadowing summits as are the Peruvian Andes. Ignatius Donnelly is a great orator.

"Donnelly is not like Cicero in action either. Cæsar and Pompey and Mark Antony, and other ward politicians of ancient Rome, snubbed Cicero, and made him whimper. Finally, he got to be such a bore that they cut off his head, or some other vital part of him. Just fancy anybody's snubbing Ignatius Donnelly! Who ever heard Ignatius Donnelly whimper! Who, in the whole wide world, would dare say that he had ever been anything but interesting and effective? He is as earnest and persistent as Charles Stewart Parnell. He can exist without political pabulum as long as Succi went without food, and then come up smiling, sleek and fat, as though he had been all the time fattening on the fees of the best office in Ramsey County. He is as steadfast and brave, in defeat and disaster, as Marcus Aurelius. He is as industrious and many-sided as William Ewart Gladstone. He can thrust and parry with the grace of an Orlando. He is as subtle as Jay Gould; as masterful as Thomas B. Reed; and as crafty as Macchiavelli. Donnelly is not at all like Cicero in action. *He is an amazing man.*"

His Ready Wit.

I give a good many specimens of his quick wit in the following extracts. I would call attention to but one or two more at this time.

The Waterways Convention of the Northwestern States, which met a few years ago in in St. Paul, was called, ostensibly, in the interest of the producers, as against the exactions of the railroad corporations; but these latter interests, as usual, packed the convention with railroad attorneys, who were determined that nothing should be done that would conflict with the interests of their employers. Mr. Donnelly was invited to attend by Governor Hubbard, as a prominent representative of the producing class. He tried to get some resolutions passed looking to reduced railroad charges, because, as he

argued, it would be useless to improve the great waterways, at public expense, if the productions of the country were eaten up by exorbitant railroad charges before they could reach those waterways. The railroad lawyers combined to table his resolutions and put him down. One gentleman, of this class, a very able, and personally a very worthy man, now deceased, got up, and, referring to Governor Donnelly's resolutions, and desiring to intimate that they were foreign to the business of the convention, said:

"Mr. Chairman, I move you that we also indorse the new revision of the Old Testament."

Governor Donnelly sprang to his feet, as quick as a flash, and said:

"And, Mr. Chairman, I move that we especially indorse that verse of the Old Testament which says: 'And the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib.'"

The convention "took" at once, and the roar of laughter and applause that followed lasted for several minutes, while the railroad attorney sat down pale as a sheet, and looking as if he had been hit on the head with a club.

Another attorney, who sat in the gallery, and whose sympathies were not at all with Mr. Donnelly's views, and who, when excited, is an especially profane man, turned to a friend sitting next to him, and, swearing fiercely, said: "To think that that d——d fool had not sense enough to keep out of the claws of that d——d wildcat!"

Another story is told of him that illustrates his rare quickness of mind.

He was making a speech during the war, when party feeling ran high, to an outdoor meeting at Stillwater, standing on a piazza, between two posts. Some political opponent, in the background, hurled a hard, solid head of cabbage at him, and it struck one of the posts beside him with great force. He stooped and picked it up.

"Gentlemen," he said, "some Democrat has flung his head up here. I only asked him for his ears, and, lo! he has given me his whole head!"

Then, turning the mangled side of the vegetable to the audience, he continued:

"Look at the fine, intelligent cast of that countenance! The man that head belongs to believes, I have no doubt, that slavery is ordained of God, and that the best way to prosecute the war is to stop fighting."

"Got 'em Agin, by Thunder."

During the Senatorial contest of 1889, Governor Donnelly had rooms in the Merchants' Hotel, St. Paul. On a cabinet, in his reception room, was one of those curious Japanese dragons, made of

papier mache, all eyes and horns, a horrible-looking object. Among the Governor's callers, every day, was an amiable young fellow, whose great weakness was drink. He made himself rather a bore to the Governor and his friends, for he was seldom sober.

One day he happened to roll his eyes up until they encountered the terrible-looking creature on the cabinet.

"Good God!" he cried, rising to his feet, "what's that?"

"What's what?" asked the Governor, quietly.

"Why, that thing there!" pointing to it.

"There's nothing there," said the Governor.

"What! nothing there?"

"Not a thing. Is there, gentlemen?" asked the Governor, appealing to those present.

They entered into the spirit of the joke, and protested that there was not a thing to be seen on the cabinet.

The young man's face grew very solemn; he grabbed his hat and struck a bee-line for the door, muttering as he went, "Got 'em agin, by thunder!"

He never returned. He remained sober for six months.

A Difference in the Size of Vessels.

One day in the State Senate, a very important question was up for discussion, and one of the Senators, a man of very mediocre ability, proposed that all speeches be limited to five minutes each. A discussion followed.

"Why," said he, "Mr. President, I can say all *I* have to say, on any question, in five minutes."

"Mr. President," said Governor Donnelly, "it takes longer to empty a five-gallon jug than a pint bottle."

The motion was lost.

His Originality.

On the other hand, in Governor Donnelly's literary works we find evidences of the deepest and most original thought. Who, before him, ever conceived that the destruction of Plato's Atlantis was identical with the Flood of Noah? Who, before him, ever saw the relationship between the alphabets of the old and new world? And in *Ragnarok* we have the most startling and original conceptions as to the origin of the Drift, and a linking together of legends and geological and astronomical facts which has carried conviction to thousands of minds. Who, before him, ever conceived the idea that an absolute arithmetical cipher existed in the Shakespeare plays, and saw the real nature of Bacon's hints about a cipher narrative infolded in an external narrative?

His Courage.

In 1887, while Governor Donnelly was a member of the Minnesota House, he proved, in the most striking way, his possession of

extraordinary nerve. The State Capitol building had been very poorly constructed; an immense weight of iron, thousands of tons, was piled on the roof, which was insufficiently held up by the walls. One day a tremendous crowd gathered to witness the fight between the temperance and anti-temperance elements over the high license law — every seat and every foot of space was occupied. Governor Donnelly was acting as speaker *pro tem.* One of the officers of the House came and whispered to him that the floor was settling, the walls cracking, and that in another moment the ponderous roof might come crashing down. Already great cracks appeared right over his head. A sudden movement of the dense mass of people might bring down death and ruin upon them. Governor Donnelly rose, and, with a smiling face, said that in all legislative buildings "the dead-point of danger" was always inside the door, on the floor of the House, and that there were too many people present; and he requested those in the galleries to move out. He did it so jovially that the crowd quietly and reluctantly withdrew. Many laughed and kept their seats, for they could not believe there was any danger. Then he urged those in the lobby to withdraw; and, when they had done so, he called the attention of the House to the cracks in the wall and ceiling, and the frightened House instantly adjourned. The St. Paul *Globe* said, the next day:

"The value of having a man with a cool head and steady nerve at the helm was never better illustrated than yesterday, when Mr. Donnelly filled the speaker's chair during the impending crisis of a falling building. It was Mr. Donnelly's reassuring manner, in requesting the crowd to withdraw, that averted a stampede, which would assuredly have been a thing of horrible fatality at that crisis. The probabilities are that a very slight vibration of the floor would have hastened the spreading of the walls, and the hundreds of men and women assembled in the House of Representatives would have been buried in the wreck. People who, at the polite request of Acting Speaker Donnelly, quietly withdrew, laughing over what they supposed was a little practical joke to get them out of the room, so as to give the members of the Legislature a better chance to spread themselves on the high license bill, little realized the imminent peril which environed them, or how much they owe to Mr. Donnelly for averting what otherwise might have been the most dreadful catastrophe of modern times. Mr. Donnelly's way of thinking, on many public matters, is not our way of thinking, but the *Globe* is always ready to render credit where credit is due. And so it is we write it down, that for a cool head and steady nerve Ignatius Donnelly takes the palm, and deserves praise for his heroism in the face of danger."

The hall of the House could not be again occupied until great pillars were erected to hold up the roof, and after the adjournment of the Legislature the whole thing had to be reconstructed.

His Industry.

Governor Donnelly's industry is something phenomenal. It is endless and absolutely tireless. He never rests during his waking hours. He works regularly from twelve to fourteen hours a day, and he boasts that he is as fresh at midnight as he was in the morning. Nor does he force himself to this industry. It is natural to him.

He could not do otherwise. One of his brother senators called him "a steam-engine." His greatest delight is in his library, and he never leaves his home except reluctantly, and under the pressure of his sense of public duty.

His Habits.

He has been all his life abstemious and temperate in his habits. He has never used whisky or tobacco. Of late years he does not drink tea or coffee, believing, with Thiers, that they are nerve poisons and destructive of digestion. The result of his mode of life is that, while nearly sixty years of age, he looks like a man of forty-five, and can perform, without effort, an amount of work that would kill many a man of forty.

The Future.

As we intimated when we began this biography, we do not think Governor Donnelly's career is at an end, or even near its close. He is in the full flush of extraordinary vigor. Even as we write, a new novel from his pen, *Doctor Huguet*, is, as we have shown, attracting the attention of the world; and he has, he says, literary work enough blocked out to occupy him for months and years to come; so that, even if the Plutocracy are able, as is very probable, to keep him out of national public life, as they have done for the last twenty-three years, he will be neither idle nor useless.

In Conclusion.

We conclude these pages with many apologies. They were written hurriedly, in the midst of the exactions of newspaper life and many pressing duties, and we offer them simply as a rough and imperfect throwing together of facts, and a mere *sketch* of the life of a man in whom many people are to-day greatly interested.

We hope to recur to the subject hereafter, under more favorable circumstances.

ADDENDA.

The Last Act in the Drama.

SINCE I prepared the foregoing pages of this biography, something has happened which has attracted renewed attention to Governor Donnelly, on both sides of the Atlantic; namely, his action for damages against the *Pioneer-Press* newspaper for libel.

Although every page of the preceding record has shown him constantly battling for right and justice, against wealth and power; while facts and official documents have proved, beyond controversy, that his enemies were a gang of public plunderers and desperate thieves, nevertheless, as if by the very irony of fate, this champion of the people has been forced to defend himself, in the last few months, against the charge of the corruptionists, that he has been, or rather was, *twenty-two or twenty-three years ago*, a corrupt and dishonest man; and they have sought to establish the truth of his charge by the testimony of no less a person than that dreadful character—*Bill King*—whom we saw indicted for *perjury* by the grand jury of the District of Columbia, and flying to Canada for shelter from the officers of his outraged country.

A Peculiar Kind of Witnesses.

I do not propose to defend Governor Donnelly, in much detail, against these attacks. They are too flimsy. They are already answered by the verdict of a jury in his favor, for if that jury had believed that any one of the counter-charges made against him was sustained by the evidence, they would undoubtedly have given their decision in favor of his persecutors. But the end is not yet. Other suits are pending, and, I learn, still others are to be instituted. All the lion in Governor Donnelly is aroused, and his assailants will get enough of it before he consents to stop.

It is sufficient to say now that during the last twenty-three years Governor Donnelly has been almost constantly in public life, in Minnesota; he has served in seven sessions of the House and Senate of the State; he has been at all times a public leader, with a large influence and following. If he had been corrupt he could readily have sold out a score of times to the corporations and the

rings. But during all that period not a single charge of wrong-doing is brought against him. His enemies concede that his career has been spotless. He testified in the course of the libel suit that in 1887 he was offered $100,000 to betray the Alliance and stop his fight against the railroad corporations. And, strange to say, the very man, (a fellow by the name of Rhoads), who made this offer, and pressed Governor Donnelly to accept it, and go with him and see the leading railroad magnate of the State, and close up the trade, took the stand and swore that Governor Donnelly's *character as an honest legislator was bad!* And yet he admitted that Governor Donnelly, in a public meeting in Hastings, where he, Rhoads, lived, had publicly charged, in 1890, that Rhoads had made him that offer, and had challenged him, Rhoads, to meet him before the public, at a subsequent meeting, and deny the charge if he dared; and that he, Rhoads, *had never accepted that challenge.*

A Defeated Candidate Testifieth!

Another man — one R. C. Libby, of Hastings — also swore that Governor Donnelly's character was "bad," especially among his friends and neighbors, in Dakota County. Mr. Donnelly's attorney — Mr. C. Wellington — then asked him the following brief and pointed questions:

Wellington. "Did you run against Governor Donnelly last fall for the State Senate in Dakota County?"
Libby. "Yes."
Wellington. "On what ticket?"
Libby. "The Democratic ticket."
Wellington. "The county is usually Democratic by about 500 majority, I believe?"
Libby. "Yes."
Wellington. "There was a Republican candidate also in the field?"
Libby. "Yes."
Wellington. "And Governor Donnelly beat both of you, by large majorities?"
Libby. "Yes."
Wellington. "And you say his character is bad and the people have no confidence in him?"
Libby. "Yes."
Wellington. "That's all."

And the obliterated Libby retired, amid shouts and roars of laughter, from judges, attorneys, jury and audience.

Another witness, named Rich, swore that he lived quite near Governor Donnelly, and that his reputation for political honesty was bad among his immediate neighbors. Then came the following cross-examination:

Wellington. "You say Governor Donnelly's character is bad among his neighbors in his own township?"
Rich. "Yes."
Wellington. "What township is that?"
Rich. "Nininger Township."
Wellington. "He has lived there thirty-five years, hasn't he?"
Rich. "I believe so."

Wellington. "Now, was not the vote of that township almost unanimously in favor of Governor Donnelly when he ran for State Senator last fall, while the rest of his party ticket had but a third of the vote?"

Rich. "I believe it was." [Great laughter and applause.]

In fact, the immense crowd in the court-room was so strongly in favor of Governor Donnelly, even in that hostile city of Minneapolis, that they repeatedly broke forth in tremendous applause whenever his brilliant counsel, Mr. Wellington, said a word in his favor, until the presiding judge threatened to clear the court-room if the interruptions continued.

The Hastings and Dakota Railway Charge.

One William G. Le Duc, a personal and political enemy of Governor Donnelly, and now a Republican office-holder and tool of the Plutocrats, swore that in 1867 Governor Donnelly made a demand on him for $10,000, for services rendered in procuring a land-grant, as member of Congress, for the Hastings and Dakota Railroad, of which he, Le Duc, was president; and that he, Le Duc, presented his demand to the board of directors of the company, and that they refused to pay it: and that he, Governor Donnelly, then reduced his demand to $5,000, and again Le Duc presented it to the company, and again they refused to pay it. But Le Duc said that he did not consider this attempt at bribery dishonorable, and that he and Mr. Donnelly remained warm friends for years afterwards. Governor Donnelly produced the secretary of the company and another gentleman, one of the board of directors and of the executive committee at that time, both perfectly reputable men, and they swore positively that no such demands were ever made by Le Duc, Donnelly or any one else. And Le Duc could not and did not produce a single witness to sustain his statement, out of all the large board of directors and stockholders of the company.

And it further appeared that the company was practically bankrupt at the time; that it had but about $3,000 in its treasury when Le Duc swore Donnelly asked them for $10,000; that its stock was worthless; that he, Le Duc, stated, at a meeting of the directors (Governor Donnelly not being present, and never having been present at any meeting of the board), that Governor D. had rendered the company great services, outside of his duties as Congressman; that he asked no compensation therefor, but that he, Le Duc, moved that, as an expresssion of their gratitude (Governor Donnelly having subscribed for $2,500 of the stock and paid in a five per cent. assessment on it), his money so paid, $125, be returned to him, and that the balance of his assessments be treated as paid up in full. This was done; and the secretary so notified Governor Donnelly; but he never replied to the notice; he regarded the stock as worthless; he had subscribed for stock, as others had done, to help along a local enterprise; the stock was never issued or delivered to him; the road became bankrupt through Le Duc's mismanagement, and the

citizens of Hastings, who had invested some $70,000 in the enterprise, lost every cent of their money, and the stock became utterly worthless—not worth the paper it was printed on. The largest stockholder in the company, Stephen Gardner, president of the First National Bank of Hastings; L. S. Follett, cashier of the same, and Michael Comer, Treasurer of Dakota County (both of these two last named gentlemen having also put their money into the road, as a local public enterprise), united in a letter to the St. Paul *Press*, dated February 23, 1874, in which they said:

"Le Duc asked us to vote Mr. Donnelly $2,500 in stock, saying that it would only in part compensate him for his trouble. We knew that Mr. Donnelly had performed these services, and voted him the stock, not for any past Congressional services, or with the hope of any in the future, but solely for services in aiding Le Duc, upon his (Le Duc's) own representations as to the value of the services endered. The resolution was passed at a public meeting of the Board of Directors, and *almost every person in Hastings, at the time, knew of it*, and it was looked upon by all as a perfectly legitimate transaction. Mr. Donnelly was not present, knew nothing of the matter until afterwards, and did not take the stock."

They further say:

"We knew Governor Donnelly when he first went to Congress, and had pretty fair means of knowing his financial condition, and when he returned, after six years in Congress, his means were not visibly increased, and he was not one of that kind that squandered money. . . . We believe he is unselfish and above bribery, and we know that he did not prostitute his position in Congress to his own pecuniary advantage."

The St. Paul Press published this letter. It never attempted to deny or contradict its statements, and yet, with dreadful mendacity, it continued its slanderous attacks on Governor Donnelly, *on this very charge*, year after year, and set it up in its answer to the libel suit; and when Governor Donnelly's counsel attempted to show that they had published the foregoing letter, and knew perfectly well that the charge was false, they made the technical objection that *the St. Paul Press and the St. Paul Pioneer-Press were not one and the same paper*, although they admitted that the *Press* had simply bought out the *Pioneer;* and that the same man edited and the same man managed the old *Press* and the new *Pioneer-Press!*

The Memphis and El Paso Charge.

This charge was fully as baseless as the last. Gen. John C. Fremont, the great explorer, conqueror of California, and first candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency, was, in 1869, president of a Texas railroad company called "The Memphis and El Paso." At the close of Governor Donnelly's term as Congressman, when he was about to return to private life, General Fremont offered to employ him, as an attorney for his company, to appear before the committees of the next Congress and sustain an application for legislation which would enable them to extend their road from Texas to the Pacific Ocean, over the line now occupied by the Southern Pacific Railway. The company had no money, and its

stock was practically worthless; and General Fremont offered Governor Donnelly a large amount of such stock, and a due-bill of the company for $50,000, if he would come to the next Congress, pay his own expenses and work for the road. If Governor Donnelly had accepted that offer there would have been nothing wrong about it, for he was out of public life, and he had been educated for the law, and was even then a practicing attorney. But, after considering the offer, Mr. Donnelly declined it and never received a penny from the company.

In 1875 the St. Paul *Press* — Joe Wheelock — made a charge that Mr. Donnelly had been corruptly influenced by the Memphis and El Paso Company, as a member of Congress, and thereupon Doctor William Schmoele, treasurer of the company, wrote a letter to the Philadelphia *Press*, dated February 10, 1875, in which he said:

"Having held a contract with that company, by which I was to hold and dispose of all the assets of the company, and apply the proceeds to the building, etc., of the road, and being, at the same time, one of the officers of the company and familiar with its affairs, I am able to state authoritatively that Mr. Donnelly never received one cent from the company, or from any person for it."

Dr. Schmoele then proceeds to state the offer made to Governor Donnelly to employ him, about a week, he says (it was really four days), before the close of his term as Congressman; and that Governor Donnelly declined the same; and adds:

"I feel that this statement is due to Mr. Donnelly, whom I have always known and regarded as one of our most patriotic, pure and thorough statesmen."

This letter the St. Paul *Press* printed, and *then retracted the charge that it had made;* this retraction was in February, 1875, and closed with these words:

"And we, therefore, cheerfully admit that, as the case now stands, *the evidence affords no sufficient ground for the conclusion that the stock or money agreed to be paid him were designed as a corrupt consideration for his legislative services.*"

And yet, despite this retraction, Wheelock, year after year, whenever Governor Donnelly was a candidate for office, or was striking heavy blows against the thieves, in the legislature or elswhere, has revamped and revived this charge, and even made it a part of his justification in the libel suit! There are no words in the English language that can do justice to such a malignant character.

Col. Blanton Duncan's Statement.

It seems that one of the directors of the defunct Memphis and El Paso company was the celebrated Col. Blanton Duncan, of Kentucky, one of the ablest Democrats and foremost statesmen of the South. He was at Los Angeles, California, at the time of the trial of the libel suit, and seeing, by the newspaper reports, that one of the charges made against Governor Donnelly, by his enemies, was in connection with that company, of which he had been a director, he

voluntarily wrote a letter to Governor Donnelly, in which he gives a full history of the company, and says:

"If you had informed me that you required anybody to bear testimony that you had passed through the times with clean hands and a clear conscience, when dishonest men could make fortunes under the syndicates which ruled at Washington in 1868-9, I could have said emphatically, as I do now, that you were one of the clean-handed. You had opportunities, from your great influence and the warm friendship entertained for you by many prominent men, to have amassed a million easily, by simply turning rascal. But instead of that you have lived as poor as a church-mouse for twenty years, expressing your fearless independence on all occasions, and, as I understand, making a bare living from your literary efforts. *If all the slanderous charges brought against you have no greater foundation than those in connection with the El Paso, you are as white as an angel.*"

After giving a history of the legislation in connection with the company, and its subsequent unfortunate career, he concludes:

"I knew fully who were the corrupt men engaged, and I have no hesitation in saying that you were not 'in it;' and that no breath of scandal was whispered about you, when scores of public men were freely discussed."

Bill King's Charges.

It is hardly worth while to dignify Bill King's charges by replying to them. The fact that he made them is a sufficient refutation. He has been the life-long enemy of Governor Donnelly; the life-long tool of rings and corporations, with all his dreadful record in the past — he has been, in short, the worst and most dangerous instrument of Plutocracy in the whole world. Governor Donnelly epitomized the man when he said:

"And there sits the mephitic Bill King, with his tail over his back, surrounded by the unapproachable atmosphere of his own unparalleled reputation!"

We have seen that he contradicted himself flatly on the witness stand. He first swore that, in the Senatorial fight, in 1869, he and his brother Dana were neutral, as between Governor Donnelly and Governor Ramsey; and then, when he saw that Governor Donnelly held in his hand documentary evidence which would contradict him on that point, he whirled around and swore that both he and his brother Dana, who was a member of the Legislature, were earnestly supporting Governor Donnelly, and continued to support him to the end of the contest. And yet he had just sworn that Governor Donnelly had offered him $3,000, to give to Dana, to corruptly induce him to support Donnelly, *the man he was already earnestly in favor of!*

But his other charge was even more ridiculous. He swore that C. P. Huntington, the famous president of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, wrote him, King, a letter, in January or February, 1869,— the first and only letter, he says, that Huntington had ever written him,— inclosing a check, for $2,500, drawn to bearer, and requested him to give it to Governor Donnelly, because "for obvious reasons" he, Huntington, did not want to send it directly to Donnelly! And he swore he handed Governor Donnelly that check and destroyed that letter. There was, of course, nothing to have pre-

vented Mr. Huntington, if the story had been true, from sending the check, in a letter, directly to Governor Donnelly himself through the mails; and, as no one would have known anything about it, in that case, but Donnelly and himself, it would have been a thousand times safer than to have placed in the hands of a man of King's reputation evidence that would — if the charge was true — have been sufficient to convict both Huntington and Donnelly of bribery, and have sent them to the penitentiary. As Mr. Wellington said, on the trial:

"If King had ever come into possession of any such letter, written by the millionaire Californian, he would have cut his right arm off before he would have destroyed it. He would have had not only the president of the richest railroad corporation in the world on his knees forever after, subject to all the exactions he might see fit to make upon him; but he would also have had his enemy, Donnelly, in his power forever. The whole story is a lie, and an absurd lie."

It is needless to add that Governor Donnelly swore that there was not a syllable of truth in King's statement. The *Pioneer-Press* did not call Mr. Huntington as a witness, although as a railroad man he could have had no sympathy with Mr. Donnelly; and since the trial Huntington has declared, most emphatically, through the public press, that King is a liar; that he never sent any such check to King; and that he never paid Mr. Donnelly, directly or indirectly, a single dollar.

Degrading the Law.

And this is all there is of the charges that have been heralded over the whole world. This is all there is of the filth that has been heaped upon Governor Donnelly's head for twenty years past by Joseph A. Wheelock. Brought to the analysis of a court and jury, it becomes thin air. Governor Donnelly's defense has been complete and overwhelming at every point. The *Pioneer-Press* spent $12,000 in this trial; a large part of this was paid to detectives to search the face of the world for everything Governor Donnelly had done during thirty-five years past, in order to find something — anything — that would sustain and save them. And, not content with professional detectives, they have degraded the very profession of the law, by hiring the law-firm of Flandrau & Squires, of St. Paul, to play sleuth-hounds and spies, and range over the country from New York and Washington to the western boundary of Minnesota. No other reputable firm in America would have descended to such work.

A Class of Democrats Described.

And this reminds us of a description in Governor Donnelly's journal [1880] of a class of men that have been, for twenty years, the curse of the Democratic party in Minnesota, and probably in other States:

"There is a class of superserviceable Democrats who are always ready to sell

their poor, whisky-sodden brains to the defense of Republican iniquity. Like prostitutes that come of respectable families, the very decency of their antecedents gives an increased rate to the wages of their infamy. They are always hired by Republican thieves when they are in trouble, because they belong to the opposition, which, as a party, has had no share in the steal. They are a stench in the nostrils of honest Democrats—for Democracy means, or ought to mean, the cause of the common people against the aristocracy. But these fellows believe that if they get drunk on Republican champagne it makes them gentlemen—knights—barons—feudal lords;—while their instincts may be as base as those of sneak-thieves,—mere blackguards, befuddlers of juries, perverters of justice and allies of criminals. But they steal the livery of Democratic decency to serve the Republican devil in. Pah! The spirits of Jefferson and Jackson look down from the clouds and spit upon the wretches."

As a general statement of an abstract truth no exception will be taken to the correctness of this description of a class.

Attacking Mr. Donnelly's Books.

One of the attorneys for the *Pioneer-Press* in the libel suit spent the greater part of his time, during his final argument, in *denouncing Governor Donnelly's literary works!* He said, for instance, that *Cæsar's Column* was stolen bodily from Bellamy's *Looking Backward!* There is, in fact, no more resemblance between these two books than there is between Thomson's *Seasons* and the tragedy of *Lear*. Nothing but a powerful alcoholic stimulant could excuse such ignorant misrepresentation; but the malignity was all the lawyer's own—it had about it the ingrained flavor of the tomahawk and the scalping-knife.

A significant fact is, that this man is the hireling of the railroad corporations. At the very time that he was thus denouncing Governor Donnelly and his great works he was the paid attorney of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company, the company whose agents flood Dakota County every time Governor D. is a candidate for office.

The Motive.

But why, I ask, these attacks? Why Elihu Washburne's unfounded and unsupported charges? Why Wheelock's venomous persecutions of a lifetime? Why Bill King's coming out from the shameful obscurity to which his evil life had consigned him, and daring to enter once more into a court of justice, to attempt to swear away any man's character? Why did the very railroad attorneys join in this man-hunt?

Why is Governor Donnelly so harried, tormented, pursued and blackened with lies, spread through the agency of the Associated Press all over the United States and all over the world? Why, at sixty years of age, is he compelled to go into court to defend his good name—for the sake of his wife and children—against such a gang of knaves and thieves? Why was the inside railing of the court-room at Minneapolis filled, crammed (Mr. Wellington called

attention to the fact in his speech) with a mob of tools and agents of every form of robbery that oppresses the people? The Millers' Ring, the Elevator Ring, the Watered Stock Ring, the Railroad Ring, the Indian Ring, the Pine Land Ring, all were there, inside that railing, to help kill and bury this man. What had he done? They admitted, by failing to attack it, that for twenty-three years his life had been blameless and spotless. They could not show that he had ever injured a human being. They could not trace home a single wrong or oppression to his door. No combination owned him. In the midst of poverty he had always fought for humanity.

Ah! that was his offense.

He would not cease; he would not come to terms; he would not sell out; *he would not be corrupt;* AND, THEREFORE, THEY CHARGED HIM WITH CORRUPTION.

Think of it! A gang of rich rascals, rich by public plunder, trying to prove that a poor man, living in a little hamlet, not even a village, supporting himself by tongue and pen, was a corrupt and purchasable knave, when, if it had been true, they would have had no quarrel with him, for *they would have bought him, over and over again, long ago.*

"Ah!" they said, "if he would only stick to literature and book-making, we would crown him with bays and laurels, and we would carry him on our shoulders. Why will a man with such genius interfere in politics?"

Why? Because Ignatius Donnelly is something more than a book-maker. He is a philanthropist. He wishes to leave the world better than he found it. Only some such reason can explain his entrance into the filthy pool of politics. He believes, as he shows in *Cæsar's Column*, that the world is on the high road to ruin, and he would save it, if that be possible. He knows there is no money in such a contest for him, and no promotion; nothing but defamation and sorrow. It is a thankless task. But, as he has often said, in his public speeches, he believes that the only title a man can have to happiness in the next world is devotion to the interests of his fellow creatures in this. That is the key-note of his career.

He is Indorsed.

Any one can see the purpose of these ferocious attacks on Governor Donnelly. Hon. John G. Otis, member of Congress elect from Kansas, and a very able gentleman, wrote to Governor Donnelly, immediately after the trial:

"We have read with great interest the reports from your libel case. It is simply Plutocracy *versus* the People.

"We admire your courage in never giving up to the infernal Money-Power.

"In that suit Ignatius Donnelly represents the cause of the common people single-handed. But rest assured he has the sympathy of every true reformer."

The *Farmers' Voice*, of Chicago, one of the leading Reform papers of the United States, says:

"From his first entrance into public life down to the present time Ignatius Donnelly has been a loyal tribune of the people.

"He has not only been scrupulously honest in keeping his hands clean from the stain of vulgar money bribes, but he has shown forth that loftier integrity that will not temporize and palter with sincere convictions in order to gain high place.

"Ignatius Donnelly, gifted as he is with commanding genius, could have been continuously in public life during the past twenty years.

"He had merely to compromise with truth, and Governorships, United States Senatorships, and even the Presidency of the Nation, would have invited him."

"If Mr. Donnelly had consented to a truce with the plutocratic corporations it would have been all-sufficient.

"He need not have worked for them either openly or secretly, for the monopolists would have rewarded him with the highest honors in the Nation, as a wage for keeping silent.

"They would have joyously compromised with him, on a basis that he should not attack their atrocious felonies against the prosperity of the producers and the stability of the republic. . . .

"Ignatius Donnelly is above and beyond the power of plutocratic corruption, and the threats of the Triumphant Plutocracy cannot frighten his serene and fearless soul.

"He is the unrelenting foe of aristocratic privilege, and the leagued money kings of America hate, and would destroy him if they could.

"Men of the great plain people of America, the plutocrats are striving to crush Ignatius Donnelly, and they do this because he is your friend, your defender, your dauntless tribune.

"Every blow these assassins strike at him is a blow struck at you, because if he were not your champion, they would not seek to do him harm."

A thousand similar utterances could be quoted from newspapers and individuals, since the trial of that famous suit for libel.

An Appendix to "Cæsar's Column."

Can any one doubt that the events detailed in this biography, and especially in these closing chapters, are a fit and proper appendix to *Cæsar's Column?* Can any one fail to see that there is nothing told in that book half so significant of the decadence of free institutions as this record of the long and terrible battle of a human life against the combined forces of the Money Power? Can any one fail to see that the subtle, wide-spreading, cruel, degrading despotism of Prince Cabano already has possession of this country, East and West? Can any one doubt that if the new political revolution is not able to arrest these evils and save the republic, peacefully, at the ballot-box, the dreadful figure of the *column of corpses* will soon rise, amid flame and ashes, and the destruction of a rotten civilization?

Part Second.

EXCERPTS FROM THE WIT, WISDOM, POETRY AND ELOQUENCE OF IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

DONNELLIANA.

Part Second.

EXTRACTS FROM THE WIT, WISDOM, POETRY AND ELOQUENCE OF IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

INTELLECT. An ounce of brains outweighs a pound of muscle.—*Speech to Farmers, 1873.*

THE SOUL. Every fiber of the frame of man or woman partakes of the characteristics of the soul.—*Cæsar's Column.*

TRUTH. Truth is born an acorn, not an oak.—*Ragnarok.*

THE JEWS. "Well," he replied, "it was the old question of the survival of the fittest. Christianity fell upon the Jews, originally a race of agriculturists and shepherds, and forced them, for many centuries, through the most terrible ordeal of persecution the history of mankind bears any record of. Only the strong of body, the cunning of brain, the long-headed, the persistent, the men with capacity to live where a dog would starve, survived the awful trial. Like breeds like; and now the Christian world is paying, in tears and blood, for the sufferings inflicted by their bigoted and ignorant ancestors upon a noble race. When the time came for liberty and fair play, the Jew was master in the contest with the Gentile, who hated and feared him."—*Cæsar's Column.*

HOW TO IMPROVE THE WORLD. Out of arrested selfishness comes happiness.—*Speech to the State Alliance, December, 1890.*

EVENING.

The day drops piecemeal, darkly crumbling down,
Heaping the east with gray, worn, twilight ruins.—*1850.*

THE WORLD. The world is a garden of beauty, filled with the stench of injustice.—*Journal, 1886.*

Loss of Force. Every concession to our own weaknesses is a robbery of our own forces.—*1855.*

Life. A fight with bacteria.—*Journal, 1889.*

Death. Death is simply the opening of the windows.—*Journal, 1886.*

The Farmers. "There are 6,000,000 farmers in the United States hard at work."—*Exchange.*

Yes; and half a million thieves living off them.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Magnanimous. When God lays his hand upon a man it is time to take ours off.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Love. What a powerful impulse is this love! It is nature-wide. The rushing together of the chemical elements; the attraction of suns and planets—all are love. See how even the plant casts its pollen abroad on the winds, that it may somewhere reach and rest upon the bosom of a sister-flower; and there, amid perfume and sweetness and the breath of zephyrs, the great mystery of life is re-enacted. The plant is without intellect, but it is sensible to love.—*Cæsar's Column.*

The Virtues of Selfishness. It will be no consolation to the traveler, when he feels the teeth of the lioness crunching his ribs, to know that she is a devoted mother and an affectionate spouse.—*Journal, 1882.*

Twilight. The sunset towers from gold heaps into gloom.—*1850.*

When Truth's wings are grown she draws her feet out of the pigeon-nets of technicality.—*Journal, 1868.*

The Tributes of Virtue. Abuse and denunciation are the tributes which villainy pays to virtue.—*Speech to the State Alliance, Dec., 1890.*

Great Poets. And as the hunter knows the older and bolder eagles, as they fly far above him in the heavens, by the ragged clefts in their wings, where the feathers have fallen out, so in the daring and venturesome soarers above Parnassus, there is a roughness and carelessness which reveals them, no matter at what altitude they may fly.—*Essay, 1851.*

THE MIND. The mind, enlightened, is a tremendous engine. Given industry enough, and the capacities of the human intellect are as unlimited as the universe. It is not the mind falls short. It is knowledge. God give us knowledge.—*Journal, 1886.*

POLITICAL ORATORY.—The average political speaker knows no other literature than the inflamed, disjointed, metaphorical, extravagant and abusive stuff of party organs and campaign papers.—*Essay, 1853.*

THE PENALTIES OF INDEPENDENCE. The man who in this world undertakes to think his own thoughts, and express them, will find the angles of ten thousand elbows grinding his ribs continually. The fool who has no opinions, and the coward who conceals what he has, are always *en rapport* with the streaming, shouting, happy-go-lucky multitude; but woe unto the strong man who does his own thinking, and will not be bullied into silence!—*The Great Cryptogram.*

THE PURPOSE OF THINGS. The purpose of the thing must always be greater than the thing itself; it incloses, permeates and maintains it. The result is but a small part of the pre-existent intention. All things must stand or fall by their purposes, and every great work is the outgrowth of a great purpose.—*The Great Cryptogram.*

OPPORTUNITY. Then came the news that a Manchurian professor, an iconoclast, had written a learned work in English, to prove that George Washington's genius and moral greatness had been much overrated by the partiality of his countrymen. He was answered by a learned doctor of Japan, who argued that the greatness of all great men consisted simply in opportunity, and that, for every illustrious name that shone in the pages of history, associated with important events, a hundred abler men had lived and died unknown. The battle was raging hotly, and all China and Japan were dividing into contending factions upon this great issue.—*Cæsar's Column.*

GOD'S POWER EXERCISED THROUGH AGENTS. Through what infinite seas or atmospheres of life—myriad-formed and multiple-natured life—do the spirit and purposes of God reach down to this lower world!—*Journal, 1889.*

Genius and Talent. The jeweled arrow of genius will often miss the mark which the sturdy shaft of talent pierces to the center.—*1854.*

Great Races. Great races are the weeded-out survivors of great sufferings.—*Ragnarok.*

The Power of Time. You can carry a score of acorns in your vest pocket. But one acorn *plus* time will crush a hundred men.—*Journal, 1884.*

The Power of Man. What an infinite thing is man, as revealed in the tremendous civilization he has built up! These swarming, laborious, all-capable ants seem great enough to attack heaven itself, if they could but find a resting-place for their ladders. Who can fix a limit to the intelligence or the achievements of our species? —*Cæsar's Column.*

Reasonable. If a man has betrayed you once, do not trust him again — at least not in this world.—*Address to State Farmers' Alliance, 1886.*

What the Workingmen Need. A friend writes to ask us if we indorse the extreme doctrines of the Socialists, as to the division of property, etc. Not at all. What the workingmen of the world need is a fair chance to acquire property, not an opportunity to destroy it.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

The Unbelief of Ignorance. The fact that the story of Atlantis was for thousands of years regarded as a fable proves nothing. There is an unbelief which grows out of ignorance, as well as a scepticism which is born of intelligence. The people nearest to the past are not always those who are best informed concerning the past.—*Atlantis.*

The Duty of the Races. To the white race I would preach mercy and charity. I ask them to give the humblest and lowest a chance in the great, fierce battle of life. Do not trample on the man that is down. To the black race I would preach patience and wisdom. The negro's remedy is not in violence. Six millions cannot go to war with sixty millions. He who steps outside of the law invokes all the overwhelming powers of government upon his own head, and they crush him. The prejudices of race are not to be

dissipated by grouping the people into the separations of race-politics.—*Doctor Huguet.*

WASHBURNE ACKNOWLEDGING GRANT'S HONORS. Why, sir, we had General Grant up in Minnesota, and of course the distinguished gentleman from Illinois was with him, and when General Grant was serenaded the gentleman from Illinois stuck his head out of the window and thanked the crowd, and when they rode in an open barouche together, and the crowd hurrahed, the gentleman from Illinois laid his hand upon his heart and bowed profound acknowledgments. Why, Mr. Speaker, my people up there were in great doubt which was Grant and which was Washburne. They naturally concluded that the quiet little gentleman must be the fourth-class politician, and that the pretentious, fussy individual must be the conqueror of Lee. Good old Jesse Grant, it is said, remarked on that occasion, "It 'pears to me that Washburne thinks he owns 'Lysses; but he don't own me, not by a long sight."—*Speech in Congress, 1868.*

GREAT THOUGHTS. Every great thought is part of the living God. It can no more die than God can die. The world may perish, but it will be repeated by spirits beyond the stars.—*Journal, 1886.*

A PLAY ON WORDS.

What matters it, what does my lady lose,
If I, a muse, amuse, am used, or muse?
Sing, sigh, soar, sorrow, smile, or smirk, or smatter,
So that I please at all, it is no matter.—*1854.*

A NEUTRAL PAPER. What will that be? It will represent those obscure forms of primal life where both sexes were embraced in the same system, and the process of procreation was slow and difficult. It will be like the stuff that fell the other day in Kentucky, neither fish, flesh, nor good red-herring, but a kind of ill-smelling, unorganized protoplasm—Democratic at one end, and Republican at the other end, united by Government contracts.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE FAILURE OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.

"It is the greatest of pities that so noble and beautiful a civilization should have become so hollow and rotten at the core."

"Rotten at the core!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; our civilization has grown to be a gorgeous shell, a mere mockery, a sham, outwardly fair and lovely, but inwardly full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. To think that mankind is so capable of good, and now so cultured and polished, and yet all above is cruelty, craft and destruction, and all below is suffering, wretchedness, sin and shame!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"That civilization is a gross and dreadful failure for seven-tenths of the human family; that seven-tenths of the backs of the world are insufficiently clothed; seven-tenths of the stomachs of the world are insufficiently fed; seven-tenths of the minds of the world are darkened and despairing, and filled with bitterness against the Author of the universe. It is pitiful to think what society is, and then to think what it might have been if our ancestors had not cast away their magnificent opportunities — had not thrown them into the pens of the swine of greed and gluttony."—*Cæsar's Column.*

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Life is a perpetual struggle even under the most favorable circumstances; an unending fight of man against man,

"For some slight plank whose weight will bear but one!"

And occasionally how monstrous and horrible are the giant selfishnesses which start up under our feet like ghouls and affrights!

History is the record of the gradual amelioration of deep-rooted, ancient injustice. What a hard, long, bloody, terrible fight it has been! But for the fact that our national organization rests upon a basis of new colonizations we would not possess the large measure of liberty we now enjoy; we would be as are the old lands of the world, still weighed down by the burdens of feudality and barbarism. But being peopled by the overflowings of the poor laboring people of Europe, who left the errors and prejudices of the Old World in mid-ocean, we have started upon our career of national greatness on the grand basis of the perfect political equality of all men.—*Speech in Congress, January 17, 1867.*

The Blue Flowers and the Red. I said to them that I did not expect black men to become white men, or white men to turn into black men; but there was room on God's footstool for them all. The blue flowers in the meadow did not quarrel with the red flowers.

The oak tree grew peacefully beside the maple. The orange did not ask God why He made the laurel.—*Doctor Huguet.*

DANIEL AND THE LIONS. No wonder the editor of the Minneapolis *Tribune* wrote to his paper that the "resolutions were MODERATELY applauded!" "I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word:" "*moderately* applauded." They cheered *sotto-voce*, with their ears cocked to catch the responsive echoes from Faneuil Hall. They did well not to let themselves out. As "Gath" says, they were distressed with the problem "how to keep Daniel alive and satisfy the lions at the same time." They were willing to compromise by giving the lions the meat, and letting Daniel keep the bones—his own bones! [Laughter.] It is impossible, my friends, to sweeten such a mass of putridity with a pinch of salt in the shape of a respectable candidate.—*Speech to Grangers, 1873.*

MATERIAL CIVILIZATION. Material civilization might be defined to be the result of a series of inventions and discoveries, whereby man improves his condition, and controls the forces of nature for his own advantage.—*Atlantis.*

A PENETRATING MIND. His mind was like a great forceps, that reached out and seized the central fact or core of a thing, and twisted and pulled until he dragged it out, shrieking, into the light of day; never to retreat into the shadow again.—*Journal, 1890.*

THE LEGAL PROFESSION. The mental labor bestowed by the lawyers on their business is out of all proportion to the objects at stake. Ask the names of the great lawyers of the last century, and there is no answer. Ask the names of the great lawyers of another nation, and fame is silent. Their toil is in the little affairs of others; their reputation is among their brethren. And yet some have given more anxious toil and severe thought to this trifling business than have been employed to conquer kingdoms and build up dynasties. —*Law Essays, 1852.*

DAKOTA COUNTY AFTER AN ELECTION. Dakota County this year is a perfect Golgotha—"a place of skulls." Nearly every man has his head in his hand, examining the cracks and sore places, and wondering whether the other fellow's skull is as badly damaged as his own.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

WASHBURNE'S ERUDITION. Mr. Speaker, I tremble for my country. Is it true that eighty odd years of republican government have reduced us so low that there is but one honest man in this House — but one Lot in all this Sodom? Does no voice but his ring out against cliques and conspiracies and rings? Will no voice but his be heard in all the future assuring this House that they are all a pack of knaves, that the country is going to the devil — concluding with that favorite quotation, launched at us from the vast stores of his erudition:

"Shake not thy gory locks at me,
Thou canst not say I did it,"

given with a roar like a wounded gorilla, and ending with a rush on the cloak-room, amid the shouts and laughter of the House?—*Speech in Congress, 1868.*

BREAK RANKS.

The perpetual dread of the South is a race war. When the negroes all mass themselves together, in solid political phalanx, it looks, to the whites, like a black army ready to march to battle. Every passion in the white man's breast rises at the challenge, ready for the conflict; — race, home, wife, children, prosperity, self-government, liberty, shriek in his ears their clamorous appeals for protection. He seizes his rifle,— he marches,— he murders.

What is the remedy?

Let the black men break ranks! Let them dissolve into the community. Let them divide politically on other lines than those of color. Great economic questions are arising which have nothing to do with the old struggle. A tidal wave — a great passionate cry for justice, for prosperity, for liberation from the plunderers, for each man's share of happiness and the fruits of civilization — sweeps, high-mounting, through the hearts and brains of the whites of the South. They are gathering in a vast army, with principles for banners and ballots for weapons. The black man's interests are the same as theirs. He needs prosperity, growth, opportunity, happiness. He wants to see the robbers struck down. He desires all that civilization can give him — all that belongs to him. Will he join with his white brethren to rescue the land from poverty and ruin? Or will he stand afar off, in solid, unreasoning, sullen, threatening array, to perpetuate the race-prejudices which are destroying

him? When he breaks his own ranks and moves, in solid column, with part, at least, of his white friends and neighbors, they will perceive that his ballots are bullets, as potent as their own to kill injustice. Their own interests will compel them to defend his rights. The day of persecution and cruelty will end. In every intelligent white man the intelligent black man will find a defender; and the reign of peace and love and brotherhood will begin in the South, yea, in the whole land. And if the negro does not then rise to the topmost heights of culture and education and material prosperity, it will be his own fault.—*Doctor Huguet.*

THE FABLES OF THE WORLD'S YOUTH. There is nothing in antiquity that has not a meaning. The very fables of the world's childhood should be sacred from our laughter.—*Ragnarok.*

HUMAN TIGERS AND WOLVES. I pitied mankind, caught in the grip of such wide-spreading tendencies. I said to myself: "Where is it all to end? What are we to expect of a race without heart or honor? What may we look for when the powers of the highest civilization supplement the instincts of tigers and wolves? Can the brain of man flourish when the heart is dead?"—*Cæsar's Column.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. I am aware, Mr. Speaker, of the great claims which President Lincoln has upon the people of the United States. I recognize that popularity which accompanies him, and which, considering the ordeal through which he has passed, is little less than miraculous. I recognize that unquestioning faith in his honesty and ability which pervades all classes, and that sincere affection with which almost the entire population regard him. We must not underrate him even in our praises. He is a great man. Great not after the old models of the world, but with a homely and original greatness. He will stand out to future ages in the history of these crowded and confused times with wonderful distinctness. He has carried a vast and discordant population safely and peacefully through the greatest of political revolutions with such consummate sagacity and skill that while he led he appeared to follow; while he innovated beyond all precedent he has been denounced as tardy; while he struck the shackles from the limbs of three million slaves he has been hailed as a conservative! If to adapt, persist-

ently and continuously, just and righteous principles to all the perplexed windings and changes of human events, and to secure in the end the complete triumph of those principles, be statesmanship, then Abraham Lincoln is the first of statesmen.—*Speech in Congress, May 2, 1864.*

Money-making. The money-getting faculty is low down in the accoutrement of the mind. Midas was always painted with the ears of an ass.—*Journal, 1889.*

Genius. Genius is a powerful predisposition, so strong that it overrules a man's whole life, from boyhood to the grave. The greatness of a mind is in proportion to its receptivity, its capacity to assimilate a vast mass of food; it is an intellectual stomach that eliminates, not muscle, but thought. Its power holds a due relation to its greed — it is an eternal and insatiable hunger. In itself it is but an instrument. It can work only upon external material.—*The Great Cryptogram.*

Sitting on the Safety-Valve. But I must cease. Several speakers are to follow me. In the old days of steamboat racing on the Southern Mississippi it was customary to set a negro on the safety-valve. If the boiler got more pressure on it than it could stand there was an explosion and that colored gentleman was projected into space and became a white-robed angel. When I look back at these gentlemen behind me, full to bursting with bottled-up eloquence, I feel like the negro on the safety-valve — something has got to give, and if I don't get out of the way I run a risk of being thrown half way across this hall.—*Speech, St. Paul, 1887.*

THE LABORERS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

What struck me most was their incalculable multitude and their silence. It seemed to me that I was witnessing the resurrection of the dead; and that these vast, streaming, endless swarms were the condemned marching noiselessly as shades to unavoidable and everlasting misery. They seemed to me merely automata in the hands of some ruthless and unrelenting destiny. They lived and moved, but they were without heart or hope. The illusions of the imagination, which beckon all of us forward, even over the roughest paths and through the darkest valleys and shadows of life, had departed from the scope of their vision. They knew that to-morrow could

bring them nothing better than to-day — the same shameful, pitiable, contemptible, sordid struggle for a mere existence. If they produced children it was reluctantly or unmeaningly; for they knew the wretches must tread in their footsteps, and enter, like them, that narrow, gloomy, high-walled pathway, out of which they could never climb; which began almost in infancy and ended in a pauper's grave — nay, I am wrong, not even in a pauper's grave; for they might have claimed, perhaps, some sort of ownership over the earth which enfolded them, which touched them and mingled with their dust. But public safety and the demands of science had long ago decreed that they should be whisked off, as soon as dead, a score or two at a time, and swept on iron tram-cars into furnaces heated to such intense white heat that they dissolved crackling, even as they entered the chamber, and rose in nameless gases through the high chimney. That towering structure was the sole memorial monument of millions of them. Their graveyard was the air. Nature reclaimed her own with such velocity that she seemed to grudge them the very dust she had lent them during their wretched pilgrimage. The busy, toiling, rushing, roaring, groaning universe, big with young, appeared to cry out: "Away with them! Away with them! They have had their hour! They have performed their task. Here are a billion spirits waiting for the substance we loaned them. The spirits are boundless in number; matter is scarce. Away with them!"—*Cæsar's Column.*

Too True. Poverty in all ages has been the most efficient tool of despotism.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

The Old World. That boundless sea of human misery, which roars and dashes and moans and threatens around the base of civilization, flinging its salt tears even into the faces of those who sit highest in assured prosperity.—*Journal, 1888.*

An Advice to the Races. The race, whatever its color, which gives itself over unanimously and unconditionally to any one political party, incurs the hatred of the organization it opposes and the contempt of the organization it serves. The one has nothing to hope from it; the other has nothing to fear from it. The one party feels that it can never gain it; the other that it can never lose it. The former persecutes the race for their unreasoning hostility; the

other despises them for their unreasoning fidelity. The first feels that it cannot placate them by doing them justice; the other that they will not revolt under any amount of injustice. They become a target for the abuse of all men; a wall behind which scoundrels hide to steal; a faction without a friend or an advocate.—*Doctor Huguet.*

Insufficiency. There can be no doubt that if one were to look abroad, with a wide range of thought, he would cast down his weapons and turn his back on the world's conflict. Insufficiency is written over all the temples of human labor. Riches to the sordid; praise to the vain; pleasure to the thoughtless; but for the searching and penetrating soul of man there is no rest, no refuge.—*Essay, 1854.*

Did You? Did you ever know a banker to be reduced to snow-packs and a ragged overcoat?—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

A Vision of Destruction. And then I thought how thin a crust of earth separated all this splendor from that burning hell of misery beneath it. And if the molten mass of horror should break its limitations and overflow the earth! Already it seemed to me the planet trembled; I could hear the volcanic explosions; I could see the sordid flood of wrath and hunger pouring through these halls; cataracts of misery bursting through every door and window, and sweeping away all this splendor into never-ending blackness and ruin.—*Cæsar's Column.*

A Question. Who ride in buggies—the men who raise the crops or the men who handle them?—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Intemperance. A habit deadlier than death, for it makes even death disgraceful.—*Journal, 1888.*

THE TRANSFORMATION OF DOCTOR HUGUET.

How long I slept I know not. It must have been an hour or two—an hour or two of disturbed and uneasy slumber, troubled with dreams, in which I saw again and again those reproachful, threatening eyes. Then came a feeling as if I was smothering—choking. I gasped and was awake. But the smothering sensation did not leave me. It seemed to me as if the air was exhausted; as if I was shut up in a vault or—coffin! And then I noticed a strong,

negro-like smell. My first thought was that a negro burglar had entered my room and was leaning over me. I threw my hands up; they encountered nothing. I was in total darkness. As my arms fell one of them came near my face, and the negro-like smell grew stronger than before. Instinctively I placed my bare arm close to my nose, and I then perceived that the strong odor came from my own person. What could it mean? I felt with one hand my other hand and arm. The arm was larger than my own — much larger. The hand was coarse and huge — the palms calloused and rough — little, fine filaments of skin projected from the frayed callosities, as in the hands of those worn with hard work. My God! What does it mean? I quickly brought both hands to my face. The negroloid smell was stronger than ever. I felt my face. Instead of my own clean-cut features, my hands encountered a flat nose and a pair of swollen lips. Was I dreaming some dreadful dream? I bit my hand until the blood came. No; I was wide awake. The bed was not my own. It was lumpy and stuffed, apparently, with straw. I felt out on both sides of me. My left hand encountered a huge, sleeping body.

Where am I? What in God's name does all this mean? Am I insane? Has some dreadful disease — like the Indian *elephantiasis* — overtaken me in my sleep, and swelled my limbs and features to twice their natural size? But that would not account for the changed bed and the sleeper by my side. I must find out where I am. I put my feet out of the bed, and stood erect. In doing so my head struck the ceiling with such force that I made an exclamation of pain. There was a movement in the bed, and a voice cried out, shrilly and fiercely, and in the unmistakable speech of a negro woman:

"Hi, there! Sam Johnsing, you d —— d nigger! What you gittin' up for now? Does you think yer gwine steal Colonel Jenkins' shirts again, and pawn 'em?"

There was a bounce out of bed on the instant, and the next minute a match was struck and a tallow candle lighted. It revealed to me an astonishing sight. I was standing in a negro cabin, between the bed and the wall, my head touching the sloping roof. On the other side of the bed, holding the lighted candle in her hand, and glaring at me savagely, was a huge, coal-black negro

woman. In one corner was a cradle, in another a wash-tub, and across the further end of the cabin were some lines, on which hung an assortment of washing — stockings, shirts and underwear. All this my astonished eyes took in at a glance. I looked down at myself. A torn fragment of a shirt revealed to me the large body, arms and legs of a negro — the huge, splay feet resting on the mud floor of the cabin.

For a few moments I was as one paralyzed. My mind seemed torn from its moorings. I could not put the facts together. I had fallen asleep in my own luxurious room. I had awakened here in this wretched hovel. Who was this woman? I had never seen her before. Who was this man, standing, almost naked, against the wall, with eyes revolving wildly, taking in his surroundings? It could not be I — Doctor Anthony Huguet — the gentleman — the physician — the cultured scholar! Oh, no! That thought was too dreadful — too impossible. I smiled.

The woman noted the expression, and said:

"What you grinnin' at, you d —— d nigger — you chicken-thief. You knows berry well dat you got up to steal de clothes, to buy more whisky. But I'll crack yer d —— d skull first."

With this she picked up an ironing-board and assumed a threatening position, advancing toward me.

And still my brain worked, and still I couldn't understand what it all meant. How did I come here? Where was I? What had happened to me? Who was this standing against the wall, with stooped head, watching the advancing virago? It was not I, and yet *I seemed to think within it!* How did I come to be within this black figure? And then came to me a dreadful thought:

"My God! has my soul been placed within the body of this black man?"—*Doctor Huguet.*

Marlowe and Shakespeare. And we have seen the critics speculating whether Marlowe, if he had not been prematurely cut off, in his twenty-ninth year, *would not have been in time as great a poet as Shakespeare!* As if bountiful Nature, after waiting for five thousand years to produce a Shakespeare, had been delivered of twins in that year of grace 1564! And we are asked to believe that, if it had not been for Marlowe's drunken brawl, the two intellectual monsters would have existed side by side for thirty years or so, cor-

ruseating *Tamburlanes*, *Lears*, *Doctor Faustuses* and *Hamlets* to the end of the chapter; to the infinite delight of the pyrotechnically astounded multitude, who couldn't have told the productions of one from the other. But it was a sad fact that one of these brilliant suns was not able to rise until the other had set; and unfortunate that both at last declined their glorious orbs into a sea of strong drink, while "the god of the machine" was behind the scenes delivering immortal sermons in behalf of temperance.—*The Great Cryptogram.*

THE CIVILIZATION OF THE WOOD-TICK. The civilization of the world to-day is the civilization of the wood-tick and not the honeybee. The wood-tick sucks, but it creates nothing. The thing that carries it feeds it. It is the bloated plutocrat of the woods—simply claws and belly. A higher civilization means death to the wood-ticks and fair play for the honeybees.—*Speech to State Alliance, Dec., 1890.*

THE DEVOTION OF THE WEST TO THE UNION.

We who come, Mr. Speaker, from the far West, have not that deep and ingrained veneration for State power which is to be found among the inhabitants of some of the older States. We have found that State lines, State names, State organizations, are, in most cases, the veriest creatures of accident. To us there is no savor of antiquity about them. Our people move into a region of country and *make* the State. We feel ourselves to be offshoots of the nation. We look to the nation for protection. The love of our hearts gathers around the nation; and there is no prouder and no gladder sight to our eyes than the flag of the nation fluttering in the sunshine over our frontier homes. We are willing to trust the nation. We have never received aught at its hands but benefits. We need erect no bulwark of State sovereignty behind which to shelter ourselves from the gifts which it so generously and bountifully showers upon us; and when the order of nature is reversed and it calls to us in its extremity for help and protection, the farmer will be found leaving his plow in the furrow, and the woodman the tree half felled in the forest, to fly to its assistance. Part of a mighty nation, we feel that our fame and greatness reach to the uttermost ends of the earth, over all the seas, and through all the continent. Citizens

of States, we are lost and buried from the gaze of mankind, the tributary Nubias of those governments which control the mouth of our Nile; without commerce, without a navy, without a flag; the merest insignificant accidents. Be assured, sir, those interior States will forever insist upon "the Union," and will continue to insist upon it, even if abandoned by all the rest of the nation. It is their right to reach the sea in every direction over kindred territory; nay, it is more than their right; it is their necessity.

There is, then, one solidified sentiment in the hearts of our people, one sentiment which will not be denied, one sentiment which rises above all political considerations — *this nation must live.* What shall stand in the way of its life? The institution of slavery? Put the nation and slavery in the balance, and ask the people of the Northwest to choose between them. What is slavery to them? Unfitted for their climate, repugnant to their tastes, destructive to their interests, bloody with the blood of their children, onerous with the weight of taxation to themselves, and terrible with portents of ruin to the nation in the future, what interest have they in the preservation of slavery? Will they for slavery give up that kind and generous Government which has so long blessed and protected them? Will they for slavery see their fair, bright flag, with all its clustering stars and all its lines of light, torn into shreds and trampled in the dust? Will they for slavery drag down upon themselves the fabric of their Government and bury themselves beneath mountains of anarchy and destruction? Never! It needs but to present the question to call forth a unanimous answer. Let that man step forth who is willing to bring calamity and ruin upon himself and family that a gigantic crime may continue to exist, undisturbed, a thousand miles away; who is willing to sacrifice the enjoyments of earth that hell may escape annoyance. —*Speech in Congress, May 2, 1864.*

The Cruel Past. Let the dead past bury its dead. It was a cruel, bloody and merciless past. Its ways were not our ways, nor its thoughts our thoughts. Let us thank God that we live in this great, broad, generous, tolerant age; and let us frown down all attempts to revive the evil passions and hatreds of the past.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

SHAKSPERE'S DAUGHTER.

Think of it! The daughter of William Shakspere, the daughter of the greatest intellect of the age (if he wrote the Plays), or of all ages, the profound scholar, the master of Latin, Greek, Italian, French, Spanish, Danish, the philosopher, the scientist, the politician, the statesman, the physician, the musician, signs her name with a curley-queue like a Pottawatomie Indian. And this girl was twenty-seven years old, and no idiot; she was subsequently married to one of the leading citizens of the town, Thomas Quincy, vintner. She was raised in the same town wherein was the same free-school in which, we are assured, Shakspere received that magnificent education which is manifested in the Plays.

Imagine William E. Gladstone, or Herbert Spencer, dwelling in the same house with a daughter, in the full possession of all her faculties, who signed her name with a pot-hook. Imagine the father and daughter meeting every day and looking at each other! And yet neither of these really great men is to be mentioned in the same breath with the immortal genius who produced the plays.

With an income, as we have shown, equal to $25,000 yearly of our money; with the country swarming with graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, begging for bread and ready to act as tutors; living in a quiet, rural neighborhood, where there were few things to distract attention, William Shakspere permitted his daughter to attain the ripe age of twenty-seven years, unable to read the immortal quartos which had made her father famous and wealthy. We will not — we cannot — believe it.—*The Great Cryptogram.*

DAYBREAK.

The sweep
Of the torn sunlight down some craggy slope,
Half morning and half midnight.—*1850.*

AMERICAN POLITICS. Dean Swift described a country where the horses ruled the men; we have here in America a country where the asses rule the men.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

NIGHT.

Many-folded night,
Like a black banner drooped along the sky,
Blazoning a quaint device of stars.—*1850.*

RIGHT-LIVING. Death is not a thing to be dreaded, if man lives aright.

> "For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight:
> He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
> In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
> But all mankind's concern is Charity."
>
> —*Doctor Huguet.*

A COMPARISON. "A negro highwayman near Lexington bought a revolver of a man for $3, and then used the weapon to rob him of all his money, including the purchase price."

That's a good deal like getting a land-grant from the people to build a railroad, and then charging them oppressive tariffs on the transportation of their goods forever after.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

AN APPEAL TO MAN'S BETTER NATURE.

Build a little broader, Dives. Establish spiritual relations. Matter is not everything. You do not deal in certainties. You are but a vitalized speck, filled with a fraction of God's delegated intelligence, crawling over an egg-shell filled with fire, whirling madly through infinite space, a target for the bombs of a universe.

Take your mind off your bricks and mortar, and put out your tentacles toward the great spiritual world around you. Open communications with God. You can not help God. For Him who made the Milky Way you can do nothing. But here are His creatures. Not a nerve, muscle or brain-convolution of the humblest of these but duplicates your own; you excel them simply in the co-ordination of certain inherited faculties which have given you success. Widen your heart. Put your intellect to work to so readjust the values of labor and increase the productive capacity of nature, that plenty and happiness, light and hope, shall dwell in every heart, and the catacombs be closed for ever.

And from such a world God will fend off the comets with His great right arm, and the angels will exult over it in heaven.—*Ragnarok.*

THE POWER OF POVERTY.

"The strongest resolves of men melt in the fire of want like figures of wax. It is simply a question of increasing pressure to find the point where virtue inevitably breaks. Morality, in man or

woman, is a magnificent flower which blossoms only in the rich soil of prosperity; impoverish the land, and the bloom withers. If there are cases that seem to you otherwise, it is simply because the pressure has not been great enough; sufficient nourishment has not yet been withdrawn from the soil. Dignity, decency, honor, fade away when man or woman is reduced to shabby, shameful, degrading, cruel wretchedness. Before the clamors of the stomach the soul is silent."

"I cannot believe that," I replied; "look at the martyrs who have perished in the flames for an opinion."

"Yes," he said, "it is easy to die in an ecstasy of enthusiasm for a creed, with all the world looking on; to exchange life for eternal glory; but put the virgin, who would face without shrinking the flames or the wild beasts of the arena, into some wretched garret, in some miserable alley, surrounded by the low, the ignorant, the vile; close every avenue and prospect of hope; shut off every ennobling thought or sight or deed; and then subject the emaciated frame to endless toil and hopeless hunger, and the very fibers of the soul will rot under the debasing ordeal, and there is nothing left but the bare animal, that must be fed at whatever sacrifice."—*Cæsar's Column.*

THE CHIN. The chin, the organ of character. The pedestal on which the brain rests.—*Journal, 1891.*

BIGOTRY. Bacon's mind was too great to be illiberal. Bigotry is a burst of strong light, through the crevice of a narrow mind, lighting only one face of its object and throwing all the rest into hideous and grotesque shadows. Bacon's mind, like the sun in the tropics, illuminated all sides of the object upon which it shone, with a comprehensive and vivifying light.—*The Great Cryptogram.*

DEATH AS NATURAL AS LIFE. Death is as natural as life; there is nothing horrible about it. It is superstition that has invested it with terrors and hobgoblins. Let the mantle of Christian charity cover the differences of race and social conditions, for under it all men can dwell together in peace and happiness.—*Doctor Huguet.*

ROBERT EMMETT.

We have seen the world celebrate the centennial of the ploughman poet, the sweet singer of Scotland, Robert Burns. We have

seen the German race gather together to renew the memories of that master of the human soul, Schiller. The other day the Emperor of Germany unveiled the statue of that old Gothic hero who overthrew the Roman legions in the day of their glory. A few days ago our whole land celebrated the birth of that great and good man who led the forces of the American colonies through the War of Independence. Ireland, alas! has none of these triumphant memories. In the midst of her gloom and desolation she selects as her idol one who, like herself, went down in disaster—one whose life, like her own, was a life of suffering and sacrifice.

The poet has said:

"Whether upon the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The noblest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man."

It is easy to die for one's country in the rush and roar of battle, with the soul ablaze with combat. How different is it to be led forth by a rude executioner, the basest of his species, and consigned to a brutal and shameful death. Thus did Emmett die.

Did he die in vain? No. From generation to generation of Irishmen the flame of patriotism leaps along the line of the ages. From the Irishman who fought Strongbow to the Irishman who now languishes in England's prison the long line is unbroken—the chain of succession is complete—and far away into the future it will reach through many generations.

Sooner or later that persistent, passionate patriotism will triumph. Under the ameliorating influences of modern civilization England will of her own accord do Ireland justice, or in some grand crisis of her fate the conquered but unsubjugated race will spring to their feet and hurl down their oppressors.—*Speech at St. Paul on Emmett's Birthday.*

The Last Man. "The newspapers are wondering 'what will become of the last man?' As he will have all the money in the world, and nothing in particular to do, he will probably marry the last woman. Heaven only knows what will become of him then."

He will probably raise a family of last children, and the race take a new start. This planet will not get clear of mankind as long as there is a fragment of it left. They will breed and fight and steal on a good-sized chunk of meteor.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

DRUNKENNESS IS MISGOVERNMENT. "In England they are getting nearer to the root of that dreadful disease, drunkenness. At a recent temperance meeting in his diocese, the Bishop of Ely said that he attributed drunkenness not to a desire for liquor, but to the comfort of the public-house and the discomfort of their homes."

In the last analysis drunkenness is misgovernment. Give every man a comfortable home, prosperity, hope and bright thoughts, and drunkenness will disappear from the face of the earth. And if the laws were wise and just the earth could afford all these blessings to all her children.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE ANIMAL WORLD. Have you entered into the mind of the animal? Can you say that he has no glimpses of the Infinite? A barrier of incommunicability is placed between your soul and his. If it were removed he might perchance tell you more than you could tell him. Why do horses tremble at the sight of white objects in the dark? Do they believe in ghosts? And if so,—why? Tell us all about it.—*Journal, 1886.*

METALLIC MONEY AND CIVILIZATION.

And thus has it come to pass that, precisely as the physicians of Europe, fifty years ago, practiced bleeding, because for thousands of years their savage ancestors had used it to draw away the evil spirits out of the man, so the business of our modern civilization is dependent upon the superstition of a past civilization, and the bankers of the world are to-day perpetuating the adoration of "the tears wept by the sun" which was commenced ages since on the island of Atlantis.

And it becomes a grave question — when we remember that the rapidly increasing business of the world, consequent upon an increasing population, and a civilization advancing with giant steps, is measured by the standard of a currency limited by natural laws, decreasing annually in production, and incapable of expanding proportionately to the growth of the world — whether the Atlantean superstition may not yet inflict more incalculable injuries on mankind than those which resulted from the practice of phlebotomy. — *Atlantis.*

THE FUTURE OF MANKIND. I tremble, my brother, I tremble with horror when I think of what is crawling toward us, with noiseless steps; couchant, silent, treacherous, pardlike; scarce rustling

the dry leaves as it moves, and yet, with bloodshot, glaring eyes and tense-drawn limbs of steel, ready for the fatal spring. When comes it? To-night? To-morrow? A week hence? Who can say?—*Cæsar's Column.*

The Duty of a Great Man. A man of an ignorant, a low, a base mind may refuse to sympathize with his own caste because it is oppressed and down-trodden, and put himself in posture of cringe and conciliation to those whose whip descends upon his shoulders; but a really great and noble soul, a really broad and comprehensive mind, never would dissociate himself from his brethren in the hour of their affliction.—*The Great Cryptogram.*

The Necessity for Religion. But, say some, it will be admitted that there is a great deal of immorality in the age itself, a loosening of the marriage tie, debauchery, corruption, peculation, and crime and violence. Granted; but are the public schools responsible for this? Is it not due to the fact that religion has been for years past, yes, we may say, for a century past, losing its hold upon the convictions of the *adult* population? It is not necessary to go into the causes of this result; it is sufficient to know that thousands are skeptical and hundrds of thousands indifferent. There is scarcely a leading newspaper in our country that does not sneer at religion. This result is to be deplored; for, aside from the truth or error of the dogmas taught, the moral training and discipline for which we must look alone to churches and pastors is essential, in our judgment, to the preservation of virtue and the safety of society; and hence all the Christian churches are working together for the good of mankind. It is scarcely possible to conceive of an enduring republic based on intelligence without morality. The walls of the penitentiaries of such a country would simply divide the stupid knaves inside from the intellectual knaves outside.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Morning.

The trees shake out the fragments of the night,
And the glad sun thrusts in his glowing hand
Till the rough bark is splashed with laughing gold.—*1850.*

PARTY SLAVERY. The curse of our land is party slavery. It is worse for the negro than the old physical slavery. God have mercy on the man who permits another to do his thinking.

> "First slave to words, then vassal to a name,
> Then dupe of party; child and man the same:
> Bounded by nature, narrowed still by art,
> A trifling head and a contracted heart."
>
> —*Doctor Huguet.*

THE HIGHER ARGUMENT.

But there is still another consideration. So far I have striven to conduct this argument with a view only to its political relations, to the effect of the questions involved upon the material welfare of the people.

But there is something beyond all this. There are considerations as far above all this as the heavens are above the earth. To every man comes home this question: Shall I take my place in the ranks of that continuous and unending procession of events which, since the revival of civilization in Europe, has been steadily pressing forward over the world and through the centuries? Or shall I be of those frail and feeble ones who present their breasts as barriers and bulwarks against the rising flood which the breath of God is swelling and lifting over all the wrongs and iniquities of the world?

For who will dare to say that in the long fight of the centuries error is not hourly losing blood and strength and life; that truth is not each day arming itself with new and more formidable weapons, shining each day with more glorious and more effulgent radiance?

Let us take to ourselves the consolation afforded by this thought, that truth is imperishable, and that no human power is sufficient to destroy it. It is a subtle essence, the soul of the material world. The heavens and the earth may pass away, but truth shall not pass away. We have seen it in all the past liberated by the blows aimed at its destruction. We have seen it passing, upon golden wings, out through all the meshes with which the perverted skill of the human mind sought to entangle it.

Let us remember, then, that in so far as we contribute, however humbly, to the cause of truth, we are identifying our temporary existence with an eternal work. This is a posterity which shall never die; this shall live and brighten and keep green our memories

when the descendants of our bodies have disappeared from among the things of the world.

For myself, I can see the welfare of my country only in those things which widen the opportunities and elevate the dignity of mankind. I cannot perceive the advantage to any man of the degradation of any other man; and I feel assured of the greatness and perpetuity of my country only in so far as it identifies itself with the uninterrupted progress and the universal liberty of mankind.—*Speech in Congress, May 2, 1864.*

Secular Education has Nothing to do with Religion. Neither can it be claimed that there is anything irreligious in education itself. There is no possible heresy in reading, writing, grammar, geography or arithmetic. The rule of three neither proves nor disproves any theological dogma; and the length of the Tombigbee or the Hoangho river throws no light on transubstantiation or predestination. If our whole people were converted to-morrow to Mohammedanism or Brahminism, the alphabet, the rules of arithmetic, the forms of grammar and the facts of geography, astronomy, etc., would remain the same. In short, secular education, considered in itself, has nothing whatever to do with morality or immorality, religion or irreligion. And we cannot therefore perceive wherein congregations of young people, to pursue their studies in a public school, are necessarily any more "Godless" than similar assemblages would be to learn the printer's art or the carpenter's trade.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE GREAT CRIMINALS.

And when you come to look at it, my brother, how shall we compare the condition of the well-to-do man, who has been merely robbed of his watch and purse, even at the cost of a broken head, which will heal in a few days, with the awful doom of the poor multitude, who from the cradle to the grave work without joy and live without hope? Who is there that would take back his watch and purse at the cost of changing places with one of these wretches?

And who is there that, if the choice were presented to him, would not prefer instant death, which is but a change of conditions, a flight from world to world, or at worst annihilation, rather than to be hurled into the living tomb which I have depicted, there to

grovel and writhe, pressed down by the sordid mass around him, until death comes to his relief?

And so it seems to me that, in the final analysis of reason, the great criminals of the world are not these wild beasts, who break through all laws, whose selfishness takes the form of the bloody knife, the fire-brand, or the bludgeon; but those who, equally selfish, corrupt the fountains of government and create laws and conditions by which millions suffer, and out of which these murderers and robbers naturally and unavoidably arise.—*Cæsar's Column.*

The Persian Theory. The presence of such narrow-headed, bitter-hearted, small-souled men as McC—— in this world goes far to support the Persian theory that occasionally God turns over his creative power to the devil. McC—— was slipped into the world in one of these unfortunate moments. How else could he have got here?—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Egypt. And how mighty must have been the parent nation of which this Egypt was a colony! Egypt was the magnificent, the golden bridge, ten thousand years long, glorious with temples and pyramids, illuminated and illustrated by the most complete and continuous records of human history, along which the civilization of Atlantis, in a great procession of kings and priests, philosophers and astronomers, artists and artisans, streamed forward to Greece, to Rome, to Europe, to America. As far back in the ages as the eye can penetrate, even where the perspective dwindles almost to a point, we can still see the swarming multitudes, possessed of all the arts of the highest civilization, pressing forward from out that other and greater empire of which even this wonder-working Nile-land is but a faint and imperfect copy.—*Atlantis.*

GOD AND THE EGG.

Science is merely knowledge of the materials of nature. It has never yet solved the enigma of that principle which makes matter move, grow, think and reproduce, which we call life. The philosopher can tell you the constituents of an egg in their due proportions; he might even put them together—so much lime, so much albumen, so much sulphur, so much of the phosphates, etc.; he might cover them with a shell, but he could not, until the end of

time, start within his composition that vital principle which is to convert these dead elements into flesh, blood, bones, feathers, brains, motion, life and capacity for reproduction. Here is a miracle which you can hold in your hand, and which yet transcends all the wonders of man's power.

Is there not to this great globe of matter, the universe, a vital principle, a germ-spot, as there is to the egg? Is there something in the egg which is able to construct that marvel of mechanism, the eye, out of inert matter, by processes which the microscope is too gross to follow, and is there no constructive power, no order-enforcing genius in the great *cosmos*, of which the egg is but an humble, infinitesimal speck?—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE SENTIMENT OF IRISH NATIONALITY.

The history of Europe gives us the record of more than one nationality stamped out of existence by an armed power. Poland's subjugation is as a thing of yesterday, and yet Poland sits to-day silent and passive in her chains. Hungary's last great struggle for independence occurred in our own generation, but to-day Hungary seems contented in her unnatural alliance with Austria. It is to the honor of the Irish people that, from the day when King John and Strongbow and De Courci trod their shores to this hour, they have never failed to resist, in spirit or in arms, the domination of the conqueror. For several centuries the Irishman has been a rebel. And there is no reason to doubt that he will continue to be such until his country is free. This long-continued, persistent, undying devotion to the idea of nationality is one of the marvels of the world. That flag [pointing to the green flag of Ireland] floats to-day over no fortress, over no ship, over no government. And yet it it is honored and treasured by millions, as if it were the recognized emblem of a great, powerful and established nationality. This meeting in honor of Robert Emmett, and the thousands of kindred meetings held to-night all over the world, are simply an expression of that undying sentiment of nationality, that persistent love of the motherland, that eternal purpose that Ireland must one day be a free republic.—*Speech at St. Paul, 1878.*

Fame and Glory. For I kept repeating to myself: How little a thing is glory! It consists simply of thoughts of you in the minds

of others, and in a short time those others will be dust, and their very names have perished. And what is immortality? Who were the great men that lived before Agamemnon? Lost! lost! And the day will come when the earth's generations will have forgotten Alexander and Napoleon. Fame? Fame is nothing. We leave nothing behind us on this earth that is permanent, except our influence for good or ill; that goes on, visible to God, but invisible to men—a force in the affairs of humanity, spreading like a great, undying ripple in the sea of mind. Big or little, eminent or obscure, we each contribute to that intangible net-work of earth-forces, forever renewing themselves with every new brain that is born into the world. Fame! No; let us do our duty. —*Doctor Huguet.*

Love. And what is Love? Love is the drawing together of two beings, in that nature-enforced affinity and commingling, when, out of the very impact and identity of two spirits, life, triumphant life, springs into the universe.— *Cæsar's Column.*

Night.

Out in the hollow sky the darkness sits
Owl-like and lone. The royal night strides on,
Trailing his starred train over the dusky earth. — *1850.*

Fine Minds. It is a curious fact that when nature makes a fine mind she casts it in very much the same mold as all the other fine minds that preceded it — it looks at things and reaches conclusions in much the same way. It would seem, therefore, that intellect is not an accidental development, but a growth upward to a prescribed standard.—*Journal, 1888.*

Evolution. If our thread of life has expanded from Cain to Christ, from the man who murders to him who submits to murder for the love of man, who can doubt that the Cain-like in the race will gradually pass away and the Christ-like dominate the planet? —*Ragnarok.*

A TIMON IN WATTLES.

Yonder is a rooster that has been whipped out in the great battle of life. Man delights not him—nor woman either. He reposes beneath a tree, far from the madding crowd. His air is somber. He seems to have been studying the great problem, "Is life worth living?" and to have decided it in the negative. The conceit—

which usually supports us all — has been pounded out of him. He has no illusions. Life is a mockery — a hollow sham. He is a feathered misanthrope — a Timon in wattles.

But lo! A hen approaches — wandering, meandering — apparently without purpose; her head down, seemingly intent on the sequestered bug. Never did man fall so low that one woman did not sympathize with him.

"O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
When pain and suffering wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

What a change comes over Timon!

With one eye furtively fixed on the distant tyrant, he rises and asserts himself. "He *will* peek as long as he has the spirit of a man left!" He crows. He says in eloquent, inflectional notes, "I, too, am a man! I defy Fate and the Devil!"

And the coy schemer sympathizes with the poor exile; and with many little womanly airs and arts,—as if still intent on the ubiquitous bug,—she leads him, strutting and parading, like a militia colonel on training day, into the high brush. Eve has climbed the fence of Paradise, and Adam is once more happy.—*Journal, 1886.*

THE RATS.

And the thought forever presses on me, Can I do nothing to avert this catastrophe? Is there no hope? For mankind is in itself so noble, so beautiful, so full of all graces and capacities; with aspirations fitted to sing among the angels; with comprehension fitted to embrace the universe! Consider the exquisite, lithe-limbed figures of the first man and woman, as they stood forth against the red light of their first sunset — fresh from the hand of the Mighty One — His graceful, perfected, magnificent thoughts! What love shines out of their great eyes; what goodness, like dawn-awakened flowers, is blooming in their singing hearts! And all to come to this. To this! A hell of injustice, ending in a holocaust of slaughter.

God is not at fault. Nature is not to blame. Civilization, signifying increased human power, is not responsible. But human greed — blind, insatiable human greed — shallow cunning; the basest, stuff-

grabbing, nut-gathering, selfish instincts, these have done this work! The rats know too much to gnaw through the sides of the ship that carries them; but these so-called wise men of the world have eaten away the walls of society in a thousand places, to the thinness of tissue-paper, and the great ocean is about to pour in at every aperture. And still they hoot and laugh their insolent laugh of safety and triumph above the roar of the greedy and boundless waters, just ready to overwhelm them forever. — *Cæsar's Column.*

THE PIONEERS OF THE WEST.

If there is any one subject which the eye of philanthropy can contemplate with more satisfaction than all others, it is the first settlement of a fertile and beautiful country. We there see humanity in its most attractive aspects. The emigrant goes forth with his family, his train of horses and cattle, his household goods, into the new land which lies open before his feet, the richest gift of the Almighty. He passes along by fenced fields and pleasant homes, where but yesterday the wilderness reigned supreme, and he looks forward,

"With all his future in his face,"

to that coming day when he, too, shall sit under his own roof-tree and look abroad over his own land; when he shall escape forever from the hard and grinding hand of poverty and from

"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
Which patient merit of the unworthy takes."

When he strikes his plow into the earth it is the virgin earth, pure and sweet from the hands of its great Maker. The air that sweeps around him comes not freighted with the reeks of crowded and pestilential cities, the dreadful haunts of poverty and vice, but it blows from out the lips of heaven with health and beauty on its wings.

The first settler is the corner-stone of all future development; the entire structure of society and government must rest upon the foundation of his labors. His work shall last till doomsday. He first unites the industry of man to the capabilities of the fertile earth. The tide of which he is the forerunning breaker shall never recede — "ne'er feel returning ebb, but keep due on" — until the wilderness is densely populated; until every foot of land, however

intractable, is subdued; until the factories cluster thickly in great knots upon every falling stream; until cities, towns and villages dot the whole land; until science, art, education, morality and religion bear the world forward to a development far beyond the farthest ken of the imagination, into that unknown future of the human race which we cannot prefigure even in our dreams.

How many beautiful traits gather around these homes snatched from the wilderness? How many fair women and noble men have seen the first light of heaven through the chinks of the log-house? How many heroes worthy to be embalmed in perpetual history have grown up in the sturdy independence of the forest and the prairie? By the side of such men the denizens of your cities are a dwarfed race. It needs pure air, pure sunshine, pure food, and the great stormy winds of heaven to produce the highest types of the human family, and to give to them that inflexible grain which is the first constituent of great character. —*Speech in Congress, May 7, 1868.*

The Power of God. And how much must that ruling, ordering, controlling Power, parent of every form of motion, every capacity of sensation, every manifestation of life, transcend all that we know of the material world! Weigh all the stars, suns, planets, nebulæ and comets, and add up the grand total; then estimate all the forces of heat, gravity and magnetism in the universe, and, if the figures of man's arithmetic can express it, reduce the amount to tons or pounds, and what are they all to the mighty Power that centers and controls them all? Matter itself would seem to be but the outward crystalization of this great Force — its slave, its expression. From the heart of the earth to the center of the sun, and beyond, through all space, there is no spot where force is not perpetually existing and exercised. —*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Life Like the Heavens. But life is like the heavens: we never know what storms and thunderbolts may come out of it; we never know how soon the many-tinted cloud-wreaths which adorn, like picturesque scarfs, the drapery of the dying day, may turn into black and horrible tempests and lay cities low. The Fates that preside over the destinies of men seem to love the very grotesqueries of fortune. Now they lift up the half-fed boy to a throne, and anon they send forth the king a beggar and a wanderer on the face of the earth. At one moment they squeeze the heart of splendid success until it

sheds streams of blood; and anon they make the soul of the unutterably miserable to sing aloud for joy. And there is no science of meteorology that will tell us what is on the way to us out of the overhanging skies of our lives. We can only bow reverently to the unseen forces, and take all that comes with a stout heart.—*Doctor Huguet.*

FRANCIS BACON.

He believed that God not only was, but was all-powerful, and all-merciful, and that He had it in His everlasting purposes to lift up man to a state of perfection and happiness on earth, and that He had created him—even him, Francis Bacon—as an instrument to that end, and to accomplish that end he toiled and labored almost from the cradle to the grave.

He was—in the great senses of the words—a priest and a prophet of God, filled with the divine impulses of good. If he erred in his conceptions of truth, who shall stand between the Maker and His great child, and take either to account?

We breathe an air rendered sweeter by his genius; we live in a world made brighter by his philosophy; his contributions to the mental as well as to the material happiness of mankind are simply incalculable. Let us, then, thank God that He sent him to us on this earth; let us draw tenderly the mantle of charity over his weaknesses, if any such are disclosed by the unpitying hand of history; let us exult that one has been born among the children of men who has removed, on every side for a thousand miles, the posts that experience had set up as the limitations of human capacity.—*The Great Cryptogram.*

The Twentieth Century. Each generation found the condition of things more desperate and hopeless; every year multiplied the calamities of the world. The fools could not see that a great cause must continue to operate until checked by some higher power. And here there was no higher power that desired to check it. As the domination and arrogance of the ruling class increased, the capacity of the lower classes to resist, within the limits of law and constitution, decreased. Every avenue, in fact, was blocked by corruption. Juries, courts, legislatures, congresses, they were as if they were not. The people were walled in by impassable barriers. Nothing was left them but the primal, brute instincts of the animal

man, and upon these they fell back, and the Brotherhood of Destruction arose. But no words can tell the sufferings that have been endured by the good men, here and there, who, during the past century, tried to save mankind.—*Cæsar's Column.*

Plant Trees. There is no more important question for our people to consider than that of tree-planting. What a noble monument a grove of trees will be for you, good reader, long years after you have passed away! Not a little piece of white stone in a graveyard, soon to be trampled, perhaps, under the feet of clowns and cattle; but a great, leafy, arboreal monument; a land-mark for miles around, and a blessing to every living thing that dwells near it. The birds will sing and woo and build and brood in a thousand branches through a hundred generations, among the trees *you* planted. Don't pass away until you have provided such a monument for yourself. It is but a little thing to drop a seed or set a cutting in the earth, and God's infinite goodness does the rest; your work is but a suggestion to the Almighty; a hint to His great forces of sun and wind and rain and fertile earth to do their best.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

A Little Thing. An increased pressure of the hundredth part of an ounce of blood upon a microscopic portion of the brain may pervert the best judgment and change the whole course of a man's life. How easy is it, then, for external spiritual forces to control the destiny of men and mankind.—*Journal, 1883.*

The Age of Peace. What a glorious sight it was here to-day, when, on that platform, we saw the representatives of North and South, under the waving banners of the greatest republic and the greatest government on God's earth, shake hands across the bloody chasm, and renew the memories of Bunker Hill and Yorktown. Never has there been witnessed such a scene of grand enthusiasm as that which then presented itself.

The was is over. The feelings which accompanied it must die with it. This whole land must address itself to the great economic questions; the people must address themselves to the problem, how can we take the plunderer from our throat? How can we lift up the downtrodden and the dejected? How can we strike down these continental evils which oppress us?—*Speech before Cincinnati Convention, May 20th, 1891.*

SUNSET.

Red embers of the daylight! Through thy flush
Gleam the white ashes of the smoldering day.
—*The Mourner's Vision, 1850.*

"BILL KING." There he sits, with his tail over his back, wrapped in the unapproachable atmosphere of his own unparalleled reputation.—*Journal, 1880.*

DANIEL O'CONNELL. Daniel O'Connell is a type of what his countrymen should be—of what they are at their best. With an eloquence unequaled in this century for brilliancy, depth and breadth; with a magnetic fire, a mighty passion, that shook vast audiences as the whirlwind shakes the forest, he combined a perfect balance and equipoise of mind which was never disturbed from its true center even by his own enthusiasm. While he aroused a most passionate people to tempests of excitement, he held them in check with a master hand. Conscious of the disparity in numbers of his race as compared with the nation which ruled them, he saw that an appeal to force was vain, and he threw all his powerful energies into the arena of legislation. He brought all the numbers, the moral influence, the enthusiasm of the Irish people to bear upon the same object; he battered down the solid walls of ancient bigotry and prejudice, until at length England yielded to the fury and persistence of his attacks, and honored herself by granting universal religious toleration.—*Speech, 1875.*

SEMITIZING THE WORLD. The task which Hannibal attempted, so disastrously, to subject the Latin and mixed Gothic races of Europe to the domination of the Semitic blood, as represented in the merchant city of Carthage, has been successfully accomplished in these latter days by the cousins of the Phœnicians, the Israelites. The nomadic children of Abraham have fought and schemed their way, through infinite depths of persecution, from their tents on the plains of Palestine to a power higher than the thrones of Europe. The world is to-day Semitized. The children of Japhet lie prostrate slaves at the feet of the children of Shem; and the sons of Ham bow humbly before their august dominion.—*Cæsar's Column.*

A POLITICAL FOSSIL. "Violate the chastity of the good old Democratic party!" Why, we should as soon think of violating

the Judge's chastity. He is a much more tempting morsel. The Judge in his youth played with the megatherium and gamboled with the ichthyosaurus; and in middle age he read the resolutions of '98 from the poop of the ark, when Ham and Shem were fishing for gudgeons with a spoon hook. He struck out for Meeker County as soon as the flood subsided, and has been running for office in that vicinity ever since.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Sitting Down with the Dead. The old man's death set me to thinking what a strange, temporary world this is. Death is always busy around us, and his darts fly thicker than the sunbeams. Try to recall the faces of those you have known, who have crossed the dark river, and what an innumerable caravan recollection summons up! What a banquet we would have if we sat down with the dead!—*Doctor Huguet.*

THE REPUBLICAN BULL-FIGHT.

They have an entertainment in Spain called the bull-fight. They form a large ring, the people sitting around on the outside, looking down upon it. They lead a bull into the ring, torture and madden him by arts with which they are familiar, and, when he is in a proper state of rage, a horseman enters the ring and begins touching him up with a spear. The bull becomes excited, and charges after the horseman, who retreats and circles around, and so the sport goes on, to the great entertainment of the populace. But occasionally it happens that the bull is too fast or too furious, and he lunges at the horseman so that his life is in danger, and when that crisis is reached there are a lot of light-limbed fellows sitting around on the fence surrounding the inclosure, whose business it is to rush into the ring and shake red rags in the face of the bull, thus diverting him from the object of his pursuit. And when the audience have been sufficiently entertained, the *matador* gives the final stroke, and ends the sport and the bull together.

Now, that is the kind of bull-fighting we have had in America these many years. The American bull, tortured by poverty, weighed down by injustice, and agonized by suffering, makes a fierce lunge at his enemy; but just as he is about to transfix him, the light-limbed politicians, who sit upon the fences of the inclosure, jump into the ring and shake "*the bloody shirt*" before his face. And when the

sport is over, the bull is dead. —*Speech before the Cincinnati Convention, May 20, 1891.*

A Political Truth. It is impossible to make a statesman out of the tool of a corporation. Omnipotence itself couldn't do it. The virtues of a servant are not the virtues of a master. Mediocrity is of no value in a hurricane.—*Journal, 1890.*

Smiles and Steals. There is nothing like calling a spade a spade, and a scoundrel a scoundrel. Our cold-blooded, villainous age has no earnestness in anything. It simply smiles and steals.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

A Ruined Country. America is not an old country. It is a new country, with millions of acres of fertile land awaiting settlement. But it is a shockingly misgoverned country. It is being ruined by bankers, money-lenders, bondholders and bullionists, who will finally involve themselves in the common destruction. On its gravestone will be written these words: "Died of old-world theories applied, in the interest of capital, against the rights of the people." —*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Changing One's Mind. Senator H—— found fault with senators who had changed their minds on the subject [referring to Donnelly], and said that he himself was of an obstinate race and did not believe in changing his mind.

Donnelly arose in his might and proceeded to annihilate "the senator from ——." This was the way he put it:

"The senator is probably striking at me. He is proud of coming of a race noted for its obstinacy; but I do not know that that is anything to be proud of, for I believe the most obstinate animal in the created world is a jackass. The jackass is the only creature that never changes his mind, and if he were given a seat on the floor of this Senate he would probably boast of this quality."

Mr. Donnelly claimed to be open to conviction, and went on to state his position as favoring the present law.—*Newspaper Report of a Debate in the Minnesota Senate, 1890.*

Philadelphia. We found Philadelphia the same beautiful, prosy, hospitable city, with its everlasting uniformity of new brick houses and its narrow streets, which look as if a Western man could readily jump across from curb to curb. The weather is damp and

mucky, sloppy and raining. Every Philadelphian is born with an umbrella in his hand, and his great anxiety in after life is not to lose it.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Mrs. Hog. You may clothe the hog in broadcloth, but he is a hog still. You may put a silk hat on his head and a gold chain about his neck, but he is nothing but a hog, and the bristles protrude through the jewelry. And Mrs. Hog! Clothe her in satin; hang her ears with diamonds; cover her mammary glands with Valenciennes lace, and yet she is nothing but a hog; and when she speaks you can hear between the syllables the guttural grunts that remind you of gorging and guzzling at the royal swill-tubs.—*Speech to the State Alliance, Dec., 1890.*

A Gentleman Three Hundred Years Ago. In this country every well-dressed, well-behaved man is a *gentleman.* But in England in the sixteenth century it meant a great deal more. It signified a man of *gentle blood.* A great and impassable gulf lay between "the quality," "the gentry," the hereditary upper class, and the common herd who toiled for a living. It required all the powers of Christianity to faintly enforce the idea that they were made by the same God and were of one flesh. The distinction, in the England of 1596, between the yeoman and the gentleman, was almost as wide as the difference to-day in America between the white man and the black man; and the mulatto who would try to pass himself off as a white man, and would support his claim by lies and forgeries, will give us some conception of the nature of this attempt made by William Shakspere in 1596.—*The Great Cryptogram.*

The Chemist of the System. We should treat the stomach as our discriminating friend and chemist,—not use it as a slush-cart.—*Journal, 1891.*

Judges. You put a small-minded man on the bench, and he loses sight of justice and right, and proceeds to help enlarge the already vast system of technicalities found in the books. He rambles away into wire-drawn distinctions as practical as those of the old monks when they debated how many devils could dance on the point of a needle.—*Journal, 1886.*

The Chinese Cure for Corpulency. There was a rich man

in San Francisco, who was very corpulent and troubled with a pendulous stomach. He consulted a Chinese doctor. The disciple of Confucius shaved his head, put a plaster on it, stood him in a corner, and told him to stand there until the plaster drew his belly up. I don't know but he is standing there yet. The old political parties in this country have had the people in a corner for twenty years past, drawing up their bellies with the plaster of fair promises. The belly shrinks, but it does not rise. When the victim complains the doctor changes the plaster. He takes off the Republican plaster and puts on a Democratic plaster. And still it draws, and still the victim waits — for both plasters are made out of the same materials, and bought in the same shop — the old shop of Monopoly.— *Speech to State Alliance, Dec., 1890.*

The Pioneer-Press of St. Paul, Minnesota. It contains two hundred lies to the square inch. If a man reads it for an hour, he rises with a strong desire to steal something. In the name of honesty it defends the thieves; in the name of morality it attacks religion: it combines politic bigotry with the opinions of Bob Ingersoll. Its highest ideal of journalism is continuous and systematic misrepresentation. It has never failed to defend a rascality which paid, or to attack a righteous cause which did not pay. The devil might paper the walls of hell with its editorial columns, and in his leisure hours chuckle over the ghastly exhibitions of human weakness and wickedness which they contain.—*Speech, 1880.*

The Judgment Day. I drew a picture of death — not the judgment day of flame, but the momentous act of taking rank in the invisible world, clad in the atmosphere of our deeds on earth. The segregating of the good from the bad; the repulsive crowding together of the evil with the evil; and then the beginning of new careers of work and influence upon the minds of those yet dwelling in the flesh, for blessing or for ban.—*Doctor Huguet.*

On the Threshold. We are but beginning to understand the past: one hundred years ago the world knew nothing of Pompeii or Herculaneum; nothing of the lingual tie that binds together the Indo-European nations; nothing of the significance of the vast volume of inscriptions upon the tombs and temples of Egypt; nothing of the meaning of the arrow-headed inscriptions of Babylon;

nothing of the marvelous civilization revealed in the remains of Yucatan, Mexico and Peru. We are on the threshold. Scientific investigation is advancing with giant strides. Who shall say that one hundred years from now the great museums of the world may not be adorned with gems, statues, arms and implements from Atlantis, while the libraries of the world shall contain translations of its inscriptions, throwing new light upon all the past history of the human race, and all the great problems which now perplex the thinkers of our day?—*Atlantis.*

God Lifting Up the World. And what greater guarantee of the future can we have than Evolution? If God has led life from the rudest beginnings, whose fossils are engraved (blurred and obscured) on the many pages of the vast geological volume, up to this intellectual, charitable, merciful, powerful world of to-day, who can doubt that the same hand will guide our posterity to even higher levels of development?—*Ragnarok.*

The Imagination. The basis of Bacon's mind was the imagination. This is the eye of the soul. By it the spirit sees into the relations of things. This it is gives penetration, for it surveys objects as the eagle does—from above. And this is Bacon's metaphor. He says: "Some writings have more of the *eagle* in them than others."

It was this descending sight, commanding the whole landscape, that enabled him to make all knowledge his province, and out of this vast scope of view grew his philosophy. It was but a higher poetry. Montaigne says: "Philosophy is no other than a falsified poesie. . . . Plato is but a poet unripened. All superhuman sciences make use of the poetic style."—*The Great Cryptogram.*

A Strong Comparison. If you, the producing classes, attempt to defend your interests against the vermin that prey upon you, the vermin declare that you "want to tear down the pillars which sustain civilization," etc., etc. You can scarcely kill a bedbug now-a-days that he does not protest that you are striking a fatal blow at society.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Our Flag.

Fling forth the flag that meets the stars with stars,
Light seeking light, and glory raised toward God.—*1851.*

BILL W——. And there, in the background, stands Bill W——! Faint, dim, uncertain, attenuated; a thing of shreds, patches and saw-dust.

> "They brought one Pinch, a hungry, lean-faced villain,
> A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
> A living dead-man."

Stat nominis umbra,—a suit of clothes and a name. His noblest intellectual capacity, to steal. His highest conception of patriotism, to corrupt.—*Speech, 1880.*

THE "AURA" OF OUR THOUGHTS. And then my thoughts drifted to the people about me, and I could not help but think that each one dwelt in his or her own world of reflections, filled with its own memories and thoughts—of men and women, and deeds and things, each one totally differing from his neighbor. And it occurred to me, if the *aura* of every man's thoughts was made visible, what a sight it would be,—extending far beyond the narrow limits of the railroad car, overlapping each other, and reaching, in some instances, to the end of the earth. Each individual carries his world of thoughts around him like a great atmosphere. In one case it is pure and bright and tenanted by angels; in another it is dark and gloomy, thick with scowling crimes and threatening demons. The raiment of these people touched as they sat together; they exchanged the little civilities of speech; and yet heaven and hell were not farther apart than the realms in which their souls dwelt.—*Doctor Huguet.*

JOB.

Now, when we take this description, with all that has preceded it, it seems to me beyond question that this was one of the crooked serpents with which God adorned the heavens; this was the monster, with blazing head, casting out jets of light, breathing volumes of smoke, molten, shining, brilliant, irresistible, against whom men hurl their weapons in vain; for destruction goes before him: he casts down stones and pointed things upon the mire, the clay; the sea boils with his excessive heat; he threatens heaven itself; the angels tremble, and he beholds all high places This is he whose rain of fire killed Job's sheep and shepherds; whose chaotic winds killed Job's children; whose wrath fell upon and consumed the rich men at their tables; who made the habitations of kings

"desolate places;" who spared only in part "the island of the innocent," where the remnant of humanity, descending by ropes, hid themselves in deep, narrow-mouthed caves in the mountains. This is he who dried up the rivers and absorbed or evaporated a great part of the water of the ocean, to subsequently cast it down in great floods of snow and rain, to cover the north with ice; while the darkened world rolled on for a long night of blackness underneath its dense canopy of clouds.

If this be not the true interpretation of Job, who, let me ask, can explain all these allusions so as to harmonize with the established order of nature? And if this interpretation be the true one, then have we indeed penetrated back through all the ages, through mighty lapses of time, until, on the plain of some most ancient civilized land, we listen, perchance at some temple-door, to this grand justification of the ways of God to man; this religious drama, this poetical sermon, wrought out of the traditions of the people and priests, touching the greatest calamity which ever tried the hearts and tested the faith of man.

And if this interpretation be true, with how much reverential care should we consider these ancient records embraced in the Bible!—*Ragnarok.*

MINNEAPOLIS. A city of churches, dominated by Bill King and Bill Washburne. God help us!—*Speech, 1880.*

TO A PICTURE.

There lie a thousand pleasures
Within those deep blue eyes,
And on those lips the treasures
Of a thousand kind replies.—*1855.*

THE SCALP OF A BALD-HEADED MAN. An Eastern paper says we took S—— S——'s scalp last fall. We modestly demur. We abstained from taking it, because, as a trophy, it would have been of no value. The world could not have told from what part of his person it had been removed.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

AGES THAT MAKE NO HISTORY. It is the pitiable spectacle of the soul of man drowned in the glories of the flesh; of a nation perishing of too much prosperity; of the dead, flat waste of ages that make no history. Genius lights, with its crooked talons, upon the

mountain peaks of world-shaking convulsions. It finds no resting-place upon the desolate plains of a money-worshiping, characterless, materialistic age.—*Doctor Huguet.*

THE IOWA HOTEL. Cheap transportation doesn't mean robbing or ruining the railroads, but that intelligent policy, born of broad minds, which looks to a decrease of rates and an increase of trade; not to a decrease of trade and an increase of rates, like that Iowa landlord who kept hotel a year without a single customer, and then insisted, revolver in hand, on collecting his whole expenses for the year off the first poor devil who stayed over night with him.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE EFFECTS OF MISGOVERNMENT.

Misgovernment has gone on in this land, supplementing the oppression which exists in the old world, through kings, emperors and aristocracies, until great numbers of our people are already reduced to misery, discontent and turbulence. To break down the price of labor at home, the enemies of mankind have filled the country with importations of hordes of foreign laborers from the most oppressed portions of Europe; and these men, taught all their lives to regard government of any kind as tyranny, and all property as robbery, have broken out in bloody insurrections, which have shocked and alarmed the whole country. For the first time in free America, a considerable part of our population is, to-day, held in subjection only by the rifle and cannon. The men who have, by their insatiable rapacity, brought about this state of things, are now clamoring for a "strong government;" that is to say, a despotism. The farmer should never forget that in all despotisms the tiller of the soil is a serf, in fact, if not in name. Our agricultural class has, therefore, the highest interest in preserving the liberties of the whole country. Our foreign-born farmers cannot desire to see this land go back to the conditions of Europe; and he is indeed blind who does not perceive that the whole drift of the current is in that direction.—*Address of State Farmers' Alliance, 1886.*

THE POWER OF THE PRESS. There is a mystery and a miracle to this day about that art of printing. The editor might stand and utter his opinions upon the street corners and no man would regard him; they would answer him with taunts and laughter; but let the

same opinions be set up in cold type and printed on paper, and some occult power of civilization seems to attach to them; the coward cringes before them; the sneerer takes off his hat to them; and even the wise man scratches his head and says: "There must be something in that."—*Speech to the Editors of Wisconsin, 1889.*

The Wrath of a Little Man with a Big Hat. Irving Todd, in reply to some mild statement of ours, dangles his legs down out of his hat, kicks them about wildly in the air, like the antennæ of a June bug, and fiercely shrieks, "It's a lie!" If Irving's size held any proportion to his viciousness the seat of Goliah's pants would not make him a night-cap.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Hypnotism. We have reached the limit of physical explorations. The Colons and Cabots are no longer needed. Our future voyages must be made by the soul of man, not his body. Out of this "Hypnotism" will be developed, in the future, the power to send the entranced and subjugated spirit on voyages of discovery to the planets,—yes, to the uttermost limits of the universe; and all that is shall be known to man.—*Journal, 1890.*

Great Cities. They are, indeed, what Tom Jefferson called them, "great sores." They are the mouths of graveyards. Last year 29,211 deaths occurred in New York City, an average of eighty each day. The number of births reported during the same time was 23,744, which is greatly at variance with the generally accepted theories regarding the relative proportions of births and deaths. Morally and physically great cities degenerate the people. If it were not for the fresh blood from the rural districts annually poured into their insatiate maws they would destroy themselves. Let us thank God for country homes and country breeding. They are the safety of our race and the salvation of our Republic.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

A Distinction. If a man attempts to serve the people he is a demagogue! If he serves their masters he is a "gentleman, a scholar, and a patriot."—*Speech to Grangers, 1873.*

Fate.

Unequal fortune, misproportioned fate,
On acts and thoughts and circumstances wait.—*1852.*

THE INDIGENOUS CIVILIZATION OF AMERICA.

It may be safely said the Spaniards encountered in Mexico and Peru an indigenous civilization in many respects higher than their own.

The conquerors of Peru found that country covering a narrow tract of land along the sea coast, four thousand miles in length and three hundred miles in width, and containing a population of thirty millions, — nearly equal to the entire population of the United States.

The civilization of the Peruvians was not of sudden growth. It had extended through many centuries. The people were agriculturists, and the pursuit had been carried to a degree of refinement unknown at that time in Europe. To this day the curious traveler finds upon the tops of the mountain ranges, in some cases thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and amid the haunts of the eagle, the crumbling walls and vast monuments which bespeak the civilization of the ancient people.

Nor was this civilization rude and immature. Of its kind it was perfect. Almost every foot of their vast territory was brought under subjugation to the labor of man. So dense was the population and so energetic the efforts of industry, that the soil of the valleys was carried up on the backs of the peasants to the elevated sides of the mountains, and crops raised as high as the limits of vegetation.

Of this unfortunate people nine-tenths have wasted away before the white man. The valley of Santa, for instance, which once maintained seven hundred thousand inhabitants, does not now contain twelve thousand. The city of Cuzco, which at the time of the conquest was larger than Chicago, does not now number twenty thousand souls.

When we turn to the Mexicans we find still more striking evidences of the indigenous development of the Indian mind.

That interesting people possessed at the time of their conquest a perfectly organized form of government. The monarch was elected from the royal family by the votes of the nobles. A regular administration of justice prevailed. For each great city there was a supreme court, with a single judge; and below these, in each province, an inferior court of three members; and below these again the local magistracy elected by the people. A right of appeal

lay from one court to another, but the decision of the supreme court was final, and the judges were independent of the crown. The laws were registered and exhibited to the people in their hieroglyphical character. "The rites of marriage," says Prescott, "were celebrated with as much formality as in any Christian country, and the institution was held in such reverence that a tribunal was instituted for the sole purpose of determining questions relating to it." Tax-gatherers were distributed throughout the empire. The tributes consisted of "cotton dresses; mantles of feather-work; ornamented armor; vases and plates of gold; gold dust, bands and bracelets; crystal, gilt and varnished jars and goblets; bells, arms, and utensils of copper; reams of paper; grain, fruit, copal, amber, cochineal, cocoa, timber and lime." Hospitals were established in the principal cities, for the cure of the sick and the permanent refuge of the disabled soldiers, and surgeons placed over them, "who were so far better than those in Europe," says an old chronicler, "that they did not protract the cure in order to increase the pay."—*Speech in Congress, Feb. 7, 1865.*

Pleasing Every One. A Western paper says: "Wanted, at this office, an editor who can please every one." The editor of the *Anti-Monopolist* will fill the bill exactly. Democrats take our paper to see us rap the Republicans, and Republicans take it to see us give it to the Democrats, while the Independents are delighted because we denounce them both, and we are happy because our subscription list is growing.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Intolerant Religious Controversy. That Serbonian bog, whose dense waters "skylark never warbled o'er," whose borders have never been reached by mortal man, over whose quicksands no compass or chronometer has ever established latitude or longitude, whose Mara-like depths plummet has never sounded, whose rotting bosom exhales only decay and death.—*Journal, 1880.*

WAS IT A COMET?

What, now, are the elements of the problem to be solved?

First, we are to find something that instantaneously increased to a vast extent the heat of our planet, vaporized the seas, and furnished material for deluges of rain, and great storms of snow, and

accumulations of ice north and south of the equator and in high mountains.

Secondly, we are to find something that, *coming from above*, smashed, pounded and crushed "as with a maul," and rooted up as with a plow, the gigantic rocks of the surface, and scattered them for hundreds of miles from their original position.

Thirdly we are to find something which brought to the planet vast, incalculable masses of clay and gravel, which did not contain any of the earth's fossils; which, like the witches of Macbeth,

> "Look not like th' inhabitants of earth,
> And yet are on it;"

which are marked after a fashion which can not be found anywhere else on earth; produced in a laboratory which has not yet been discovered on the planet.

Fourthly, we are to find something that would produce cyclonic convulsion upon a scale for which the ordinary operations of nature furnish us no parallel.

Fifthly, we are to find some external force so mighty that it would crack the crust of the globe like an eggshell, lining its surface with great rents and seams, through which the molten interior boiled up to the light.

Would a comet meet all these prerequisites?

I think it would.—*Ragnarok.*

A Personal Devil. It is not to be wondered at that a large part of mankind believe in a personal devil, since there is so much malignity and hatred of all goodness in a considerable part of the population of the world. The doctrine of demoniacal possession, despite the doctors, would seem to have some ground and foundation of experience and reason to stand upon. We so often see evil done which neither profits the doer nor any one else, that one is constrained to look for its source in extra-mundane influences, and to see in the unreasonable and unprofitable wickedness of man the impish instincts of some grinning demon behind the scenes.—*Doctor Huguet.*

The Greenbacks. "The Treasury has just burned $152,000 in greenbacks under the action of the resumption act."—*Exchange.*

What offense had those $152,000 of greenbacks committed? Did

the people ask for their destruction? Did the people ever have a better or more satisfactory currency than those very greenbacks?

The people had the use of those $152,000 of currency free of cost. Now they have, in lieu of them, $121,600 of national bank notes, on which they will pay, in taxes, for interest on bonds, over $6,000 per annum, forever, *in gold*. And this is the result of *one day's work!—The Anti-Monopolist.*

The Beginning of the Newspaper in England. Here we have the very beginning of the system which has culminated in the London *Times* and New York *World*. How strangely do Cymball's two rooms, his few clerks, his manuscript letters, filled with the gossip of barbers, tailors, porters and watermen, compare with the gigantic system of Reuter in Europe and the Associated Press Company in America, with telegraph lines under all the oceans, and to all the towns and cities of the continents and islands, and with a vast army of news-gatherers and correspondents over all the world. And think of those few clerks making written copies of Cymball's weekly letters, to be sent out to a score or so of subscribers throughout the kingdom, and compare them with one of Hoe's gigantic lightning presses, which from a web of paper four miles long can print 25,000 copies of an eight-page newspaper in an hour. When we consider Cymball's two rooms and then look around upon the world we live in, one feels like sending up a shout of praise to God that He cast our lot in such a perfected and tremendous era. We can not help a feeling of pity for all who lived in those little, mean, dwarfed, helpless ages of the world's history. If Brown-Sequard's discovery is a reality, and he can, to paraphrase Burns, "mak auld men maist as good as new," we will stay here and enjoy this magnificent world, where all things are conjoining for man's happiness, until the over-crowded younger generation get up a rebellion against the old folks and drive them into the sea.—*Speech before the Editors of Wisconsin, 1889.*

True Statesmanship. "The Senate bill extending the time for redemption of land sold for taxes in the counties of Dakota and Sibley passed the House on the 12th. Another specimen of Donnelly's statesmanship."—*Hastings Gazette.*

Yes; the statesmanship which takes more account of one poor

man, struggling against adverse circumstances, than of a hundred tax-sharks, in shiny hats, with their pockets full of greenbacks.—*Anti-Monopolist.*

THE EAGLE. Flat-headed, grim, far-peering into space—with cold, cruel, carnal, unsympathetic eyes.—*Journal, 1889.*

A VOICE comes rolling like an ocean wave
Up the cold shores of silence.—*1850.*

THE PRODUCT OF THE "BUSINESS ERA." "Gentlemen," said he, "I am ashamed of this creature; I am ashamed of him as a Northern man. The North is a land of heroes—the war proved that. I want you to understand that it produces very few such scoundrels as this. They are the latest fruit of our 'commercial age;' of the 'business era,' proudly so called, which now dominates politics, religion and everything else; in which, if a man steals enough and keeps out of the penitentiary, he becomes an aristocrat. God help the country where such Dead Sea apples grow on the tree of knowledge."—*Doctor Huguet.*

THE STOMACH. A man's whole career in life may depend on whether his stomach is acid or alkaline. And yet there are fools who think they are the architects of their own fortunes.—*Journal, 1891.*

MONARCHIAL OPPOSITION TO REPUBLICS.

Some such measure as this, Mr. Speaker, is necessary, not alone to define the rights of American citizens abroad, native-born and naturalized, but to arrest and resist the arrogant pretensions of the monarchial governments of Europe upon this question. There is no doubt that it has always been the disposition of those nations to treat republican governments, and especially our own country, with contempt. And in this connection I desire to quote from the London *Times* of the date of the 20th of May, 1814, an extract which is significant as demonstrating the real ulterior purposes for which the war of 1812–14 was waged against this country. This was published within three days after the conclusion of peace between France and England:

"The British negotiators will not, we hope, discuss the impudent nonsense called an American doctrine about impressment and native allegiance, but will demand the safe and undivided possession of the great lakes, the abandonment of the Newfoundland fisheries,

and the restoration of Louisiana and the usurped Territory of Florida."

The British Government sent out its armies and navy to enforce the doctrines and purposes of which we have here the key-note, and but for the disasters which overtook the British fleet on Lake Champlain from the guns of Commodore McDonough; but for the defeat of the British forces at New Orleans shortly afterward by the heroic Jackson; but for the power which this nation then developed, that doctrine in all its atrocity would have been enforced by the British nation. And, sir, to-day every right we possess and exercise as a republican people is exercised in the face of the contempt of these monarchial governments; is possessed and exercised only by virtue of our power as the greatest nation on the earth.—*Speech in Congress, Jan. 30th, 1868.*

A TERRIBLE QUESTION.

I hope the question will never come in this shape: Is it better that the rich should be made poor, or that the poor should starve? And mankind will make answer: We are not, any of us, entitled to wealth; but we are, all of us, entitled to life. Better that the palaces of the great should be dismantled than that the living temples of God should lose their tenants.

But only the vast, cruel, unreasonable stupidity of the upper classes will ever permit the dreadful question to reach that shape.—*Journal, 1886.*

THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION ON THE EARTH.

Let us reason together:

The ice, say the glacialists, caused the Drift. What caused the ice? Great rains and snows, they say, falling on the face of the land. Granted. What is rain in the first instance? Vapor, clouds. Whence are the clouds derived? From the waters of the earth, principally from the oceans. How is the water transferred to the clouds from the oceans? By evaporation. What is necessary to evaporation? *Heat.*

Here, then, is the sequence:

If there is no heat, there is no evaporation; no evaporation, no clouds; no clouds, no rain; no rain, no ice; no ice, no Drift.

But, as the Glacial age meant, they tell us, ice on a stupendous

scale, then it must have been preceded by heat on a stupendous scale.—*Ragnarok.*

A COMPARISON. On the same ground Judas Iscariot might have passed resolutions denouncing his own little Credit Mobilier business, his little increase of salary to the amount of thirty pieces of silver, and thenceforth have claimed the right as a purified Christian to elbow Peter and Paul aside and lead the new dispensation.—*Speech to Grangers, 1873.*

THE RAFT OF LIFE. Indeed, it has sometimes seemed to me that we are all voyaging together over a rough sea, on a loosely constructed raft, full of holes. You turn to speak with a friend, and, lo! he is gone, in the twinkling of an eye—not a bubble left of him. You turn to another, and, as you converse with him, he drops out of sight, into the great deep, before your very eyes. You begin to realize that this wonderful structure, called Life, is made, not to carry its passengers, but to drown them; and that, but for the new souls which constantly clamber painfully up its rickety sides, it would soon be sailing tenantless over the dark waves. And you commence to study the loose, shifting planks beneath your feet, half submerged in the water, and to watch, with intense interest, every tremor in the fabric. The wonder is, you think, that the precarious structure does not altogether dissolve and sink in the billows of time, leaving only lifeless fragments in the midst of a dead universe.—*Doctor Huguet.*

SOCIETY DIVIDED. There are but two classes in the world: those who create wealth, and those who appropriate it.—*Journal, 1888.*

ONE OF OUR DANGERS. We boast, in this country, that physical labor is honorable, and yet the children of the land are taught to avoid it as a curse. We have left the labor of the country to be performed by foreigners, until the character of American youth, especially in our Eastern cities, has degenerated into a shiftlessness, idleness and incapacity for honest work that must in the long run have the worst effects upon the national character.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

GOD'S INTENTION. God never set the abundant table of this world with intent that the gluttons should gorge to sickness, while

thousands starved in the ante-room.—*Speech to State Alliance, Dec., 1890.*

ENGLISHMEN AND AMERICANS. The Englishman celebrates every important event with a feast, the American with a speech; which shows the superiority of our race, for, while our brethren across the sea appeal to the stomach, we appeal to the mind, and hence it has come to pass that the English upper class are recognized as the best-fed people in the world, while the whole American population are the most intellectual on the face of the earth. We are willing to concede this much to the Englishmen — and to ourselves! —*Address to the Editors of Wisconsin, 1889.*

THE flap of the great eagle's wing,
Sun-wakened on the mountain.—*1850.*

THE EXALTATIONS OF GENIUS. Neither can we judge what great things genius can do in the blessed moments of its highest exaltation by the beggarly dregs of daily life. Lord Byron said, in a letter to Tom Moore:

"A man's poetry has no more to do with the everyday individual than had inspiration with the Pythoness when removed from the tripod."—*The Great Cryptogram.*

THE SETTLEMENT OF EUROPE AND AMERICA. In fact, kindred races, with the same arts, and speaking the same tongue in an early age of the world, separated in Atlantis and went east and west — the one to repeat the civilization of the mother-country along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, which, like a great river, may be said to flow out from the Black Sea, with the Nile as one of its tributaries, and along the shores of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf; while the other emigration advanced up the Amazon, and created mighty nations upon its head-waters in the valleys of the Andes and on the shores of the Pacific.—*Atlantis.*

MEMORY IN THE NEXT WORLD. One old man, who had been a faithful scholar at seventy years of age, had died during my absence, but his widow and his children were all there. I had observed the old man's eagerness for knowledge, tottering as he was on the very brink of the grave, and I asked myself whether our mental acquisitions in this world are carried away with us into the next. Why not? It must be the thinking-principle that is immortal, and memory is surely part of the thought apparatus. In fact,

without memory there cannot be self-consciousness. We either retain our knowledge, or we live not.—*Doctor Huguet.*

A Wise Decision. While Mr. Donnelly, as Lieutenant Governor of Minnesota, was President of the State Senate, a dispute arose between the fireman and the messenger boys as to whose duty it was to bring the drinking-water for the use of the Senators. Both sides appealed to the President to settle the dispute, and he did so with Solomonic wisdom. He said: "It is the duty of the fireman to bring all the water used by him in kindling his fires; the rest the messenger-boys will bring."

THE IRON BAND OF A METALLIC CURRENCY.

"Take a child a few years old; let a blacksmith weld around his waist an iron band. At first it causes him little inconvenience. He plays. As he grows older it becomes tighter; it causes him pain; he scarcely knows what ails him. He still grows. All his internal organs are cramped and displaced. He grows still larger; he has the head, shoulders and limbs of a man and the waist of a child. He is a monstrosity. He dies. This is a picture of the world of to-day, bound in the silly superstition of some prehistoric nation. But this is not all. Every decrease in the quantity, actual or relative, of gold and silver increases the purchasing-power of the dollars made out of them; and the dollar becomes the equivalent for a larger amount of the labor of man and his productions. This makes the rich man richer and the poor man poorer. The iron band is displacing the organs of life. As the dollar rises in value, man sinks. Hence the decrease of wages; the increase in the power of wealth; the luxury of the few; the misery of the many."

"How would you help it?" he asked.

"I would call the civilized nations together in council, and devise an international paper money, to be issued by the different nations, but to be receivable as legal tender for all debts in all countries. It should hold a fixed ratio to population, never to be exceeded; and it should be secured on all the property of the civilized world, and acceptable in payment of all taxes, national, state and municipal, everywhere. I should declare gold and silver legal tender only for debts of five dollars or less. An international greenback that was good in New York, London, Berlin, Melbourne,

Paris and Amsterdam, would be good anywhere. The world, released from its iron band, would leap forward to marvelous prosperity; there would be no financial panics, for there could be no contraction; there would be no more torpid middle ages, dead for lack of currency, for the money of the nation would expand, *pari passu*, side by side with the growth of its population."—*Cæsar's Column.*

A Voice.

Let not thy life — e'en as thy voice is not —
Be marred by one false note or pauseful spot.
A voice more sweet floats not, on wildering wing,
Where by the great white throne the angels sing;
A voice more sweet, e'en among Eden's bowers,
Ne'er tranced the senses of the listening flowers,
Nor ever hung o'er the despairing ear
A tone so heaven-touched, so low, so clear.— *1855.*

A Conundrum. What is the use of shutting out the goods made by the pauper labor of Europe, if you admit free the pauper labor that made the goods?— *Speech at Glencoe, 1884.*

USURY.

Money in itself is valueless. It becomes valuable only by use — by exchange for things needful for life or comfort. If money could not be loaned, it would have to be put out by the owner of it in business enterprises, which would employ labor; and as the enterprise would not then have to support a double burden, to-wit, the man engaged in it and the usurer who sits securely upon his back, but would have to maintain only the former usurer, that is, the present employer, its success would be more certain; the general prosperity of the community would be increased thereby, and there would be, therefore, more enterprises, more demand for labor, and consequently higher wages. Usury kills off the enterprising members of a community by bankrupting them, and leaves only the very rich and the very poor, for every dollar the employers of labor pay to the lenders of money has to come eventually out of the pockets of the laborers. Usury is, therefore, the cause of the first aristocracy, and out of this grow all the other aristocracies. Inquire where the money came from that now oppresses mankind, in the shape of

great corporations, combinations, etc., and in nine cases out of ten you will trace it back to the fountain of interest on money loaned. The coral island is built out of the bodies of dead coral insects; large fortunes are usually the accumulations of wreckage, and every dollar represents disaster.—*Cæsar's Column.*

PEARLS. Great thoughts are like pearls. One must dive deep into the great sea of suffering to bring them up.—*Journal, 1886.*

THE ANGLOMANIACS. I would advise that the Anglomaniacs be put in petticoats, if it were not for the injustice it would do the women.—*Journal, 1890.*

THE UNLOVED. O Love! thou art the medicine of the soul! Life without love is half-death. Woe unto him whom nothing loves! Better were it for him that he were in his grave.—*Doctor Huguet.*

THE PROSPERITY OF THE UNITED STATES NOT DUE TO ITS TARIFF LAWS. What has the tariff got to do with it? Imagine a man who would say "Forty years ago I was worth but $10,000, and my yearly income was but $600; now I am worth $100,000, and my income is $6,000; then I wore a blue coat, now I wear a black coat, *ergo*, my increased income is due to my black coat." This is generalizing with a vengeance.

It reminds me of the doctor who had an Englishman for a patient, sick with typhoid fever. The Englishman had an unnatural craving for pickled oysters. "Well," says the doctor to his friends, "he is going to die anyhow, so you might as well gratify him by giving him the oysters." The Englishman ate the oysters and recovered. The doctor forthwith made the following entry in his note book: "Mem. Pickled oysters are a sure cure for typhoid fever." The next day he had another patient afflicted with the same disease, a Frenchman. "Give him pickled oysters," said the confident doctor. They did so, and the Frenchman died. Then the doctor went home and made this further entry in his note book: "Mem. Pickled oysters are a sure cure for typhoid fever in an Englishman, but are certain death to a Frenchman."—*Speech at Glencoe, Minnesota, 1884.*

EDITORS. Editors have no business in this world if they do not strive to make men better and wiser.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

AN ILLINOIS POMPEII. There is a Pompeii, a Herculaneum, somewhere underneath Central and Northwestern Illinois or Tennessee, of the most marvelous character; not of Egypt, Assyria, or the Roman Empire, things of yesterday, but belonging to an inconceivable antiquity; to pre-glacial times; to a period ages before the flood of Noah—a civilization which was drowned and deluged out of sight under the immeasurable clay-flood of the comet.—*Ragnarok.*

AN APHORISM. Every political party has its helpless infancy, its gallant and chivalrous youth, and its corrupt and selfish old age.—*Speech to Grangers, 1873.*

A GREAT MAN. A great man is like a pair of boots. He concentrates our attention twice: First, when he is new and we admire him; and, secondly, when he is old and we lament the holes which time has made in him.—*Journal, 1879.*

THE CAT.

I leaned down and petted a great cat, slumbering in a chair, and I said to it:

"My poor brother, you are wrapped up in your environment of limitations as I am in mine. You cannot fathom my thoughts, nor I yours. But we are both pieces of the same fabric, cut from the same roll of cloth; we are both children of the same great Designer, who cares for us and yet cares for us not."

And the cat turned over on its back, as if to say:

"I would rather have my belly scratched than listen to your philosophy."

And the cat illustrated the difference between physics and metaphysics.—*Journal, 1890.*

A GOOD WORD FOR THE JEWS.

We are reminded of these generalizations by a dispute which took place in Hastings the other day between two merchants, wherein one denounced the other in the newspapers as "a Jew."

It never occurred to the worthy man who flung out that ferocious epithet that the Jews were a civilized race, worshiping the One

Living God, when his ancestors were savages, bowing down to stocks and stones. It never occurred to him that Christianity was simply an amplified Judaism: that Christ himself was a Jew, and that for a long time it was a grave question in the early church whether any one could be a Christian who was not a Jew.

This worthy merchant probably did not know that the Semitic race, of which the Jews are a branch, originated the three great religions of the world: Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism; and that alone of all the races of antiquity they proclaimed, in the midst of polytheism, the great truth: "There is but one God." Our white race of Western Europe never originated either a religion or a civilization; it borrowed the first from the Jews and copied the last from the Romans.

The Jewish race has been for a thousand years a race of outcasts and outlaws; hunted, proscribed, persecuted, plundered; fenced in in the corners of towns like a pestilence; ostracised from society and despised of all men. Yet to-day England, majestic Protestant England, is ruled by a Jew — the Prime Minister D'Israeli. In art, in literature, in music, the Jewish race has been illustrated by majestic names, such as Mendelssohn, Niebuhr, Auerbach, etc. In finance what name will compare with that of Rothschild?

Give the Jews a chance. This is their country as well as ours, and they have a right to make all out of themselves that they are capable of without having "Jew, Jew," shouted after them.

A great nation, like a magnificent piece of mosaic work, has room in it for all the race elements of the world. There is room here for Goth and Celt and Basque and African and Jew — yes, even for the Indians, if they can survive civilization.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

IMITATING THE CREATOR. We should work as the Divine Creator works: in non-essentials diversity; in essentials identity. In the *vertebrata* there is endless variety, but there is only one scheme of back-bone.—*Journal, 1890.*

THE EAST. Oysters, heat, moisture and dense population *sensualize* the race. Their literature runs to murders, their art to legs, their politics to place-hunting, and their statesmanship to sectional plunder. If the nation is to be saved, it must be by the dwellers on the great elevated, inter-continental plains.—*Journal, 1880.*

THE WORLD'S GREAT MEN. The Creator's greatest gift to man is the world's moral heroes. Great cities sink into dust-heaps: the mines of Golconda are exhausted; the plains of the ancient empires are desert places; but the work of the great men who strove to benefit humanity remains a perpetual force in nature, bearing new fruits century after century. Empires have passed away, dynasties have perished, nations and languages have become extinct, since the barefooted Socrates preached on the street corners of Athens, but his work and his thoughts remain a potent force to-day, even, in our modern civilization.—*Speech on Daniel O'Connell, 1875.*

AN ARGUMENT FOR THE BIRDS. The grasshopper infliction is simply a disarrangement of the great balance of nature. They come from a region where there are no trees, consequently no insectivorous birds. In the great battle of life the withdrawal of a single element of destruction gives an undue advantage which is manifested at once. It is believed that a single plant, if its enemies and competitors were withdrawn, would in a few years cover the whole world. Look at it! The progeny of a single female grasshopper, increasing fifteenfold, would in eight years produce *five billion grasshoppers!*

That beats a frontier money-lender's rates of interest! And nothing else can.

If, then, a prairie chicken gobbles a grasshopper, he gobbles the great-grandmother of five billion little red-legged possibilities. And when said prairie chicken lives off grasshoppers for a month or two, he nips in the bud more grasshoppers than the office-holders have stolen dollars.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

"DARWINISM PLUS GOD." I explained to them, as well as I could, the doctrine of Evolution: how, under a divine impulse, the higher rose out of the lower; the great out of the less; the complex out of the simple; the noble out of the ignoble; the pure out of the impure; the civilized man out of the savage; the Christian out of the brute. I showed them that Darwinism *plus* God was the true philosophy of the new age.—*Doctor Huguet.*

THE BALLOT-BOX. What is a despotism? It is a country where reforms can only be achieved by the bayonet. What is a republic? It is a country where the people are absolute masters, with the right

and power to effect all needed reforms peaceably at the ballot-box. In a free country nothing counts but ballots. Parties, resolutions, platforms, public opinion, are only steps to the ballot-box; and if they do not reach there they end in empty air.—*Speech to Grangers, 1873.*

Burns. Burns' drunkenness was simply the protest of his spirit against the cruelty of his environment.—*Journal, 1890.*

A Philosophical Reflection. How little thinks the reticent and unsocial oyster, while it is quietly adding layer after layer of lime to its shell from the briny waters, that it is simply toiling to furnish some poor man the means of plastering the walls of his humble home.—*Journal, 1879.*

THE WONDERS OF EGYPT.

Look at the record of Egyptian greatness as preserved in her works: The pyramids still, in their ruins, are the marvel of mankind. The river Nile was diverted from its course by monstrous embankments to make a place for the city of Memphis. The artificial lake of Mœris was created as a reservoir for the waters of the Nile; it was *four hundred and fifty miles in circumference* and three hundred and fifty feet deep, with subterranean channels, floodgates, locks and dams, by which the wilderness was redeemed from sterility. Look at the magnificent masonwork of this ancient people! Mr. Kenrick, speaking of the casing of the Great Pyramid, says: "The joints are scarcely perceptible, and *not wider than the thickness of silver-paper*, and the cement so tenacious that fragments of the casing-stones still remain in their original position, notwithstanding the lapse of so many centuries, and the violence by which they were detached." Look at the ruins of the Labyrinth, which aroused the astonishment of Herodotus; it had three thousand chambers, half of them above ground and half below—a combination of courts, chambers, colonnades, statues and pyramids. Look at the Temple of Karnac, covering a square each side of which is eighteen hundred feet. Says a recent writer: "Travelers, one and all, appear to have been unable to find words to express the feelings with which these sublime remains inspired them. They have been astounded and overcome by the magnificence and the prodigality of workmanship to be admired. Courts, halls, gateways, pillars,

obelisks, monolithic figures, sculptures, rows of sphinxes, are massed in such profusion that the sight is too much for modern comprehension." Denon says: "It is hardly possible to believe, after having seen it, in the reality of the existence of so many buildings collected on a single point — in their dimensions, in the resolute perseverance which their construction required, and in the incalculable expense of so much magnificence." And again: "It is necessary that the reader should fancy what is before him to be a dream, as he who views the objects themselves occasionally yields to the doubt whether he be perfectly awake." There were lakes and mountains within the periphery of the sanctuary. "*The cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris could be set inside one of the halls of Karnac, and not touch the walls!* . . . The whole valley and delta of the Nile, from the Catacombs to the sea, was covered with temples, palaces, tombs, pyramids and pillars." Every stone was covered with inscriptions. —*Atlantis.*

Why? If the powers of government have been used to enrich the few, why should they not be used to enrich the many? Have the many less rights than the few? If so, why?—*Journal, 1890.*

Reconstruction. Now, then, comes the question to each of us, by what rule shall we reconstruct the prostrated and well-nigh desolated States? Shall it be by the august rule of the Declaration of Independence, or shall we bend our energies to perpetuate injustice, cruelty and oppression, and make of this fair government a monstrosity, with golden words of promise upon its banners, a fair seeming upon its surface, but a hideous and inhuman despotism within it; the Christianity and civilization of the nineteenth century crystalized into a nation, with Dahomey and Timbuctoo in its bowels? A living lie, a rotten pretense, a mockery and a sham, with death in its heart!—*Speech in Congress, Jan. 18, 1867.*

The Bovine Procession. And I could not help but think how kindly we should feel toward these good, serviceable ministers to man; for I remembered how many millions of our race had been nurtured through childhood and maturity upon their generous largess. I could see, in my imagination, the great bovine procession, lowing and moving, with their bleating calves trotting by their sides, stretching away backward, farther and farther, through all

the historic period: through all the conquests and bloody, earth-staining battles, and all the sin and suffering of the race; and far beyond, even into the dim, pre-historic age, when the Aryan ancestors of all the European nations dwelt together under the same tents, and the blond-haired maidens took their name of "daughters" (the very word we now use) from their function of milk-maidens. And it seemed to me that we should love a creature so intimately blended with the history of our race, and which had done so much, indirectly, to give us the foundation on which to build civilization.—*Cæsar's Column.*

Washburne in Heaven. Why, Mr. Speaker, if all this be true, I tremble for my country. What if God, in a moment of enthusiasm at one of the gentleman's speeches, were to pluck him to his bosom and leave this wretched nation staggering on in darkness to ruin! I do not wonder that the gentleman's family manifest such an intense desire to get into Congress. I fancy the gentleman—for what would be our loss would be heaven's gain—I fancy the gentleman haranguing the assembled hosts of heaven—the cherubim and the seraphim—the angels and the archangels! How he would sail into them! How he would rout them—horse, foot and dragoons! How he would attack their motives and fling insinuations at their honesty! And how he would declare for economy, and urge that the wheels of the universe be stopped because they consumed too much axle-grease.—*Speech in Congress, 1868.*

What Might Have Been. But let us be merciful and philosophical in our judgments. Man is the creature of circumstances. If the leaders of the North had dwelt in the South they would have been secessionists; if the leaders of the South had dwelt in the North they would have been abolitionists. Stonewall Jackson, if born in Vermont, might have been rotten-egged in Boston as an abolitionist, and Lloyd Garrison, born in Georgia, have aided Toombs to "fire the Southern heart." If Abraham Lincoln's parents had moved southward into the Carolinas instead of northward into Illinois, who can tell what part he might have played in the great struggle; and if Ben Butler had been born in Mississippi instead of Massachusetts, he might to-day be sitting alongside Jeff. Davis, looking out over the blue waters of the Gulf, and, like the Danbury man's goat,

scratching his beard and trying to recall how it all happened.—*Memorial Address, 1884.*

Knowledge. Knowledge is the accumulation of interesting facts. That which does not interest humanity is not worth remembering. You must widen the brows of men by forcing new ideas into their brains. Thought is the food of the mind, and it grows with what it feeds on. It longs for learning as the eye longs for light—it is the sustenance of the soul.—*Doctor Huguet.*

Bosh. Let us be conservative. Let us not ignore the sacred claims and prescriptive rights of —— *Bosh!*—*Journal, 1890.*

Dr. Johnson and Ossian. We are reminded of that intellectual old brute, Dr. Samuel Johnson, trampling poor Macpherson under foot, like an enraged elephant, for daring to say that he had collected from the mountaineers of wild Scotland the poems of Ossian, and that they had been transmitted, from mouth to mouth, through ages. But the great epic of the son of Fingal will survive, part of the widening heritage of humanity, while Johnson is remembered only as a coarse-souled, ill-mannered incident in the development of the great English people.—*Ragnarok.*

The Lightning.

Thou hast swept out the darkness at a dash;
Amid thy blaze the startled heavens grow white;
And the dark face of storm, lit with thy flash,
Lies with its horrid features wrought in light.—*1853.*

The Barren Fig Tree. Talk is necessary; but talk that does not fructify into deeds is like the barren fig tree, fit only to be cut down and cast into the fire.—*Speech to State Alliance, Dec., 1890.*

The Tree of Knowledge. The editorial function is the highest known to civilization. Its business is to acquire facts and disseminate information. Facts are the bricks, the stones, the masonry out of which the temple of knowledge is constructed. The newspaper is based on the great primal instinct of man—the desire to know. The business commenced when Eve ate of the tree of knowledge. If she could have subscribed, at that time, for a first-class newspaper, she would have learned all about good and evil; and the apple might have rotted on the tree for all she would have cared for it. And

think of the consequences! think of a Wisconsin or Minnesota legislature that knew no guile, wandering around Madison or St. Paul next winter, with the thermometer at forty degrees below zero, clad in a bland smile and a fig-leaf.— *Speech to Editorial Convention of Wisconsin, 1889.*

FRANCIS BACON'S AIMS. No man ever lived upon earth who possessed nobler aims than Francis Bacon. He stands at the portal of the opening civilization of modern times, a sublime figure; his heart full of love for man, his busy brain teeming with devices for the benefit of man, with uplifted hands praying God to bless his work, the most far-extending human work ever set afoot on the planet.—*The Great Cryptogram.*

AN APHORISM. There can be no birth without a groaning.— *Journal, 1890.*

READY-MADE-CLOTHING STYLE OF MEN.

In the age of Queen Elizabeth there were but five million people who spoke the English language; now there are, in all the world, one hundred and twenty millions; but what one name, of this generation, have we to set up against the immortal galaxy that adorned that wonderful era. Not one! We erect great fortunes; but we do not build great men.

> "Ye have the Pyrrhic dance as yet—
> Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
> Of two such lessons, why forget
> The nobler and the manlier one?"

The individual lessens as the race greatens; independent thought becomes an offense, and strength of character a crime. Society is a great shop, where the millions are turned out after the same pattern — like ready-made clothing. As Pope says, in the *Dunciad:*

> "With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
> We bring to one dead level every mind;
> Then take him to develop, if you can.
> And hew the block off and get out the man."

It is the age of pointless uniformity and immensely prosperous dullness. And all this prosperity is but dust blown in the eyes of Apollo.—*Doctor Huguet.*

SHAKSPERE AND STRATFORD. It would, indeed, be a miracle if out of this vulgar, dirty, illiterate family came the greatest genius,

the profoundest thinker, the broadest scholar that has adorned the annals of the human race. It is possible. It is scarcely probable. . . . And it is to this social state, to this squalid village, that the great thinker of the human race, after association, as we are told, with courts and wits and scholars and princes, returned in middle life. He left intellectual London, which was then the center of mental activity, and the seat of whatever learning and refinement were to be found in England, not to seek the peace of rural landscapes and breathe the sweet perfumes of gardens and hedge-rows, but to sit down contentedly in the midst of pig-sties, and to inhale the malarial odors from reeking streets and stinking ditches.—*The Great Cryptogram.*

Our New Civilization. It is the new creed that whatever is lawful is honorable. In the old time many things were lawful that were most dishonorable.—*Journal, 1890.*

The Rights of a Wrong. A wrong has no rights except the right to die—and die at once. Its existence is a reproach to the intelligence of mankind. Away with it! Plow it up and sow the ground with salt. You cannot compound with the devil.—*Speech to State Alliance, Dec., 1890.*

Mixed by His Early Training. One day last week, when the income-tax bill was under consideration, Donnelly got up and spoke in favor of it, saying that it was part of the great revolution which was inaugurated last fall, and which rolled up 60,000 dollars for Owen. Of course, he meant votes, and some of the Republicans, who are ever ready to laugh at the Sage, enjoyed themselves at his expense. But Donnelly caught on, and in that peculiar way of his said: "I mean votes; my early training as a Republican caused me to forget the votes and remember only the dollars." Then the laugh was on the other side, and it was a good, long and loud one, too.—*From the Henderson (Minn.) Independent.*

The Soil that Grows No Poisons. "You are right," I replied; "there is nothing that will insure permanent peace but universal justice: that is the only soil that grows no poisons. Universal justice means equal opportunities for all men, and a repression by law of those gigantic abnormal selfishnesses which ruin millions for the benefit of thousands."—*Cæsar's Column.*

GRANT AND WASHBURNE DELINEATED.

What is the meaning of this attack, Mr. Speaker?—because there must be some meaning to it. There was nothing in my letter to Mr. Folsom to provoke such a terrible outpouring of bile. What is the meaning of it? Why, it means this: As you know, Mr. Speaker, the gentleman has for a long time cracked his whip over the shoulders of the members of this House. He has been the natural successor here of those old slave-lords who used to crack their whips here.

But his vaulting ambition has at last overleaped itself. Not satisfied to assail us here, to vituperate us here, he is going to mold the next Congress; and he is going out into our districts to tell the people of the United States whom they shall select and whom they shall not select. Why, my friend from Iowa [Mr. Price], as he tells me, meets in the newspapers of his district the assaults of the gentleman here.

He is ranging the whole vast amphitheater. Why does he do this? Why does he do it, Mr. Speaker? There is a very simple explanation which has come out in my district, and which is one of the great arguments why they should send to this House the brother of the distinguished gentleman. It is that he owns General Grant; that he carries Ulysses Grant in his breeches pocket.

Why, sir, the gentleman already feels upon his shoulders the cares of empire. He is already forecasting cabinets, dispensing foreign missions, setting men up and putting men down. We can apply to him the language that Cleopatra used of Mark Antony:

> "In his livery
> Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
> As plates dropp'd from his pocket."

Why, Mr. Speaker, has he not lived in the same town with General Grant? And should he not, therefore, perforce, be the Warwick, the king-maker, the power behind the throne? I never could account, Mr. Speaker, for the singular fact that the gentleman did live in the same town with General Grant except by reference to that great doctrine of compensation which runs throughout the created world. The town of Galena having for so many years endured the gentleman, God Almighty felt that nothing less than Ulysses S. Grant could balance the account. Josh Billings beauti-

fully illustrates this doctrine of compensation when he says that it is a question whether the satisfaction of scratching will not pay a man for the pain of having the itch. I leave the gentleman's constituents to apply the parable.

Mr. Speaker, I bow humbly before the genius of Ulysses S. Grant. I recognize him as the greatest, broadest, wisest intellect of this generation. I cannot believe that he will degenerate into a puppet to be pulled by wires held in the hands of the gentleman from Illinois; that he will degenerate into a kind of hand-organ to be tooted around on the back of the gentleman from Illinois, while his whole family sit on the top of the machine grinning and catching pennies like a troop of monkeys.—*Speech in Congress, 1868.*

The Soul and Body. As we feel, in perfect health, a total unconsciousness of the body, its wants and its limitations, so we can realize how pure, lofty, powerful, serene, the mind must be, divested of the body.—*Journal, 1886.*

The Fool Needs a Strong Constitution. The fool needs a strong constitution — for all the burdens of life are piled on him, and he grins and is tickled. He feels that God intended him to husk the corn for another, and live on the husks. He is happy. He is a conservative. He is opposed to all radicals. He don't believe in the Farmers' Alliance. To him the rich man is a visible god in breeches. Nothing else ever was so completely happy as a fool. Omnipotence, that made the universe, can do nothing with a fool — except kill him. And God so pities him that He lets him live for the amusement of the angels; and all heaven holds its sides and roars with laughter over the antics of the fool.—*Speech to State Alliance, Dec., 1890.*

Happiness. As happy as a dog in the house of a childless woman.—*Journal, 1890.*

A Materialistic Age. It is hard to tell, I thought, how far a man is fortunate or unfortunate in his generation. In many respects this is the greatest age the world has ever known. Never before did humanity possess such vast powers over nature; never before did such huge populations dwell in such a golden atmosphere of peace and enlightenment. And yet all these things may be accompanied by such a denial of spiritual life; by such

shallow, dust-grubbing materialism; by such a dead-rot of servility and heartlessness and wealth-grabbing and Mammon-worship, in society, that the fair form of Progress becomes rotten and worm-eaten: and that which we mistake for the pulsations of breathing life may be but the convulsive struggles of the filthy, swarming vermin beneath the infected skin.—*Doctor Huguet.*

THE PRIDE OF THE NORTH IN THE COURAGE OF THE SOUTH. And that demand is just and right; and why should it be refused? Why should it be denied us by invoking the memories of the war? I am an old Republican, a Northern man, from the extreme Northern tier of States; but I say this, my friends: while we think the South was wrong in invoking the goddess of civil war in this land, yet we see clearly that it was no merely criminal outbreak that made this rebellion. It was made by men who believed, from the standpoint of their education, that they were right; and they brought to the defense of their principles a courage, a heroism, a chivalry, such as the world has hardly ever seen before. For all those noble qualities the people of this North can be proud. It would be *a disgrace to us if one-half the territory of this country had been inhabited by a caitiff race.* Their courage and heroism is part of the heritage of American glory; and the heart of America — I say it as a Northerner and as an old Republican — the heart of America is big enough and generous enough to enshrine in the recesses of its tenderest memories, not only the names of Grant and Lincoln, but the names of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. And as we pass away from that dark and terrible time, clearer and clearer will the American people perceive that we must give up the recriminations of the past, and become in fact, as we are in name, one people.—*Speech at the Cincinnati Convention, May 20, 1891.*

THE MEN TO BLAME. *Pomeroy's Democrat* remarks:

"Three men in Waterford, Pa., were indicted at Erie for tarring and feathering a woman of doubtful character, and after trial were found guilty and sentenced from one to ten years each in the penitentiary."

It would have been much better to have tarred and feathered the men who visited the woman. But the world has not yet outgrown the sentiment of the middle ages, that woman is the enemy and temptress of man, a sort of she-Satan. When Adam put the blame of the apple upon Eve, he would probably have tarred and

feathered her also, if he had had the materials handy.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

LIFE.

I stand like him who, in the days gone by,
From Darien's rocks looked o'er an unknown sea;
Below the rising waves are mounting high,
And passion's gales sigh out in prophecy.
I feel within what may make good or ill,
(Man's heart the heaven whence clouds or sunshine come);
But shall the strong tides of the flooding will
My lone bark bear, or bury it in foam?
Dark ocean,—life,—the night is on thy breast,
And fortune urges where I may not rest.—*1849.*

POPULAR MYTHS.

In primitive races mind repeats mind for thousands of years. If a tale is told at a million hearth-fires, the probabilities are small, indeed, that any innovation at one hearth-fire, however ingenious, will work its way into and modify the narration at all the rest. There is no printing-press to make the thoughts of one man the thoughts of thousands. While the innovator is modifying the tale, to his own satisfaction, to his immediate circle of hearers, the narrative is being repeated in its unchanged form at all the rest. The doctrine of chances is against innovation. The majority rules.

When, however, a marvelous tale is told to the new generation —to the little ones sitting around with open eyes and gaping mouths—they naturally ask, "*Where* did all this occur?" The narrator must satisfy this curiosity, and so he replies, "On yonder mountain-top," or "In yonder cave."

The story has come down without its geography, and a new geography is given it.

Again, an ancient word or name may have a signification in the language in which the story is told different from that which it possessed in the original dialect, and, in the effort to make the old fact and the new language harmonize, the story-teller is forced, gradually, to modify the narrative; and, as this lingual difficulty occurs at every fireside, at every telling, an ingenious explanation comes at last to be generally accepted, and the ancient myth remains dressed in a new suit of linguistic clothes.—*Ragnarok.*

Religion. With many, religion is simply a big scare. *Journal, 1886.*

Sowing Greatness to Posterity. And was not Bacon, in these appeals to national heroism, "*sowing greatness to posterity,*" and helping to create or maintain that warlike "breed" which has since carried the banners of conquest over a great part of the earth's surface? One can imagine how the eyes of those swarming audiences at the Fortune and the Curtain must have snapped with delight, at the pictures of English valor on the field of Agincourt, as depicted in *Henry V.*, or at the representation of that tremendous soldier Talbot, in *Henry VI.*, dying like a lion at bay, with his noble boy by his side. How the prentices must have roared! How the mob must have raved! How even the gentlemen must have drawn deep breaths of patriotic inspiration from such scenes! Imagine the London of to-day going wild over the work of some great genius depicting, in the midst of splendid poetry, Wellington and Nelson! —*The Great Cryptogram.*

A Declaration of Principle. Every effort of the laboring classes to increase the sum of their comforts and enjoyments should meet with the approval of all good men.— *The Anti-Monopolist.*

Law. A thing they call law, which is five-tenths trick, four-tenths precedent, and one-tenth justice.— *Journal, 1886.*

Collecting Debts in the Next World. What a pity there is no way to take a transcript of a judgment and enter it up in the next world! The spiritual medium who will devise that will earn a monument at the hands of Wall Street. Wouldn't it be jolly to see a spiritual sheriff hunting around in heaven for the maker of one of those old Minnesota five per cent. per month notes, and threatening to sell the wings off his back if he didn't pay up! —*The Anti-Monopolist.*

History. History is simply *his*-story, and depends on who tells it.— *Journal, 1890.*

Liberty. Wherever man is oppressed the laws are at fault. Either they have omitted to strike down some subtle form of injustice or they have maintained it. Civilization and liberty will yet turn the blizzard-swept plains of the Saskatchewan into gardens of plenty and beauty. Oppression and injustice have for centuries cov-

ered the fairest regions of the old world with wretchedness and misery, more appalling and destructive than the snow-thickened tornadoes of the north. Educate the mind of man and unshackle his hands, and there is little in nature which he cannot subdue. The earth is made for man and his handmaid — liberty.—*Memorial Address, 1884.*

God and the Human Mind. And I said to them that so vast, so wonderful, so adorable was this Being that He alone was worthy of study and contemplation by the thoughtful mind; and that nature, man and all things that are within the universe are entitled to consideration simply because they are part of the outflow of this divine power. I said to them that God was invisible, even as our own minds are invisible; that He had no shape, even as our own minds are without shape; that He was recognized by His works, even as our own minds are known to one another by their influence on matter. That he who helped to make free the mind of man released a part of God from the trammels and thraldom of matter, and gave thought spiritual wings upon which it could traverse the universe.—*Doctor Huguet.*

What the Declaration of Independence Means. There was a time when emperors rode in ox-carts with solid log wheels and fed like wild beasts. If any one had told Charlemagne that in a few centuries the yeomanry, the traders, the leeches, the lawyers, would enjoy a hundred-fold more of the comforts and luxuries of life than he did, the great king would have chopped his head off as a false prophet or have chained him as a lunatic. The Declaration of Independence means that, eventually, every toiler in the world shall enjoy all the education, all the comforts and luxuries, now possessed by the middle classes. That is the direction in which God is moving. It was for that He reserved this continent. And who will be hurt by it? Is the king any worse off because the bourgeoisie are intelligent, happy and cultivated? Is the security of society decreased? Will the republic be less powerful and permanent when every industrious man in it has a comfortable home, a plentiful larder, and an educated mind; when every peasant, as Henry IV. said, "has a chicken in the pot"? Can a republic endure if the majority are wretched, ignorant and discontented?—*Memorial Address, 1884.*

THE DOMINANT CASTE. And I cried out aloud: "O my white brethren! Little do you appreciate what a glory it is to belong to the dominant caste: what a hell it is to fall into the subject caste! Little do you appreciate your race-advantages, to be 'the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals,' the perfection of your species. Little do you think what a boundless debt of gratitude you owe to the good God, for his mercies, to be expressed in boundless tenderness and generosity to your unfortunate brethren."—*Doctor Huguet.*

AMBITION.

The mind that takes an eagle's aim
Will find an eagle's wings;
And sun-like soul shall set its claim
Above earth's little things.—*1853.*

CIVILIZATION AND BARBARISM.

Civilization is not communicable to all; many savage tribes are incapable of it. There are two great divisions of mankind, the civilized and the savage; and, as we shall show, every civilized race in the world has had something of civilization from the earliest ages; and as "all roads lead to Rome," so all the converging lines of civilization lead to Atlantis. The abyss between the civilized man and the savage is simply incalculable; it represents not alone a difference in arts and methods of life, but in the mental constitution, the instincts, and the predisposition of the soul. The child of the civilized races, in his sports, manufactures water-wheels, wagons, and houses of cobs; the savage boy amuses himself with bows and arrows. The one belongs to a building and creating race; the other to a wild, hunting stock. This abyss between savagery and civilization has never been passed by any nation, through its own original force, and without external influences, during the Historic Period: those who were savages at the dawn of history are savages still. Barbarian slaves may have been taught something of the arts of their masters, and conquered races have shared some of the advantages possessed by their conquerors; but we will seek in vain for any example of a savage people developing civilization of and among themselves. I may be reminded of the Gauls, Goths and Britons; but these were not savages; they possessed written languages, poetry, oratory and history; they were controlled by relig-

ious ideas; they believed in God and the immortality of the soul, and in a state of rewards and punishments after death. Wherever the Romans came in contact with Gauls, or Britons. or German tribes, they found them armed with weapons of iron. The Scots, according to Tacitus, used chariots and iron swords in the battle of the Grampians—"enormes gladii sine mucrone." The Celts of Gaul are stated by Diodorus Siculus to have used iron-headed spears and coats-of-mail, and the Gauls who encountered the Roman arms, in B.C. 222, were armed with soft iron swords, as well as at the time when Cæsar conquered their country. Among the Gauls men would lend money to be repaid in the next world, and we need not add that no Christian people has yet reached that sublime height of faith; they cultivated the ground, built houses and walled towns, wove cloth, and employed wheeled vehicles; they possessed nearly all the cereals and domestic animals we have, and they wrought in iron, bronze and steel. The Gauls had even invented a machine on wheels to cut their grain, thus anticipating our reapers and mowers by two thousand years. The difference between the civilization of the Romans under Julius Cæsar and the Gauls under Vercingetorix was a difference in degree and not in kind. The Roman civilization was simply a development and perfection of the civilization possessed by all the European populations; it was drawn from the common fountain of Atlantis.—*Atlantis.*

THE SEA-BOY.

As the sad sea-boy, o'er the evening main,
Sends the long sorrow of some home-taught strain;
Now on the wild-gushed sea-wind softly sighing;
Now with the waves' fall lingeringly dying;
While rocks the mast above the swaying sea,
And white the wave the scattered foam is flinging,
And from the upfurled shrouds, all mournfully,
That sad, sweet voice is singing.—*1856.*

FALSTAFF'S HALF-PENNYWORTH OF BREAD. There is a misapprehension about the convention. It was started ostensibly as a conference of producers. I see here a galaxy of notable business men and lawyers. I stand almost alone here as the representative of the great producing class. When Falstaff fell asleep behind the arras, Prince Hal searched his pockets, and found nothing in them

but a tavern bill, for a large quantity of liquor and a very small amount of bread. "O monstrous!" said Prince Hal; "but one-half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack." Gentlemen, in this convention I represent the bread. [Great laughter and applause.]—*Speech in Northwestern Waterways Convention, 1885.*

God's Care of His World. If I am right, despite these incalculable tons of matter piled on the earth, despite heat and cyclones and darkness and ice and floods, not even a tender tropical plant fit to adorn or sustain man's life was blotted out; not an animal valuable for domestication was exterminated; and not even the great inventions to which man had attained during the Tertiary Age were lost. Nothing died but that which stood in the pathway of man's development, the monstrous animals, the Neanderthal races, the half-human creatures intermediate between man and the brute. The great centers of human activity to-day in Europe and America are upon the Drift-deposits: the richest soils are compounded of the so-called glacial clays. Doubtless, too, the human brain was forced during the Drift Age to higher reaches of development under the terrible ordeals of the hour.—*Ragnarok.*

The Only Politics Worth Studying. The only politics worth studying is the amelioration of the condition of the great masses of mankind. —*Memorial Address, 1884.*

The Details of Human Destiny Part of the Mechanism of the Universe. Is it possible that the great and perfect mechanism of the universe, which has endured for so many billions of years, does not extend to the details of men's lives? Is not God building up His splendid civilization, on this planet, with our life-works, even as He fattens the productive soil with the death of plants and animals? Who can ask the purpose of his own being, unless he can comprehend the whole scheme of Divinity, broad enough to inclose the fathomless depths of the stars, and enduring enough to reach throughout eternity? Can the plant-root, as it reaches down into the earth and eliminates organic matter for its sustenance, ask what living thing died, centuries ago, to furnish it with that storehouse of food? Can the artist tell at what point, in the long line of his peasant ancestors, there was imported into their blood that touch of genius which has flowered out, in himself, in beauty and

glory, for the pleasure of man and the up-building of society? —*Doctor Huguet.*

INTEREST ON MONEY. "But what would you do, my good Gabriel," said Maximilian, smiling, "if the reformation of the world were placed in your hands? Every man has an Utopia in his head. Give me some idea of yours."

"First," I said, "I should do away with all interest on money. Interest on money is the root and ground of the world's troubles. It puts one man in a position of safety, while another is in a condition of insecurity, and thereby it at once creates a radical distinction in human society."—*Cæsar's Column.*

NO NECESSITY FOR APPARITIONS.

The mind within the skull is as vast as all nature outside of it; for the universe can float in the conception of a great mind, like a boat in the ocean.

Why should God paint pictures of ghosts on the external panorama of nature, when He has the mind of man as an universal theater, on whose stage He can present His infinite phantasmagoria?

Do you suppose that He who made this brain, with its gorges and valleys of gray matter, and its network of interlacing threads, cannot mold it to any shape and direct it to any purpose He sees fit? And, if this is true of one man, why not of one million? And he is indeed shallow who does not feel in the operations of the mind the fingers of the Deity. God's especial temple is, not on the mountain tops or in the groves, but in the soul of man.—*Journal, 1886.*

THEE.

All sense, all fear, all grief, all earth, all sin,
Forgot shall be;
Knit unto each,—to each kith, kind and kin,—
Life, like these rhyming verses, shall begin
And end in—*thee.*—*Cæsar's Column.*

THE UNIVERSAL MIND.

Ralph Waldo Emerson grasped the whole answer to this question when he said: "The true poet and the true philosopher are one." The complete mind (and we are reminded of Ulysses' application of

the word to Achilles, "thou great and *complete* man") enfolds in its orb all the realm of thought; it perceives not alone the nature of things, but the subtle light of beauty which irradiates them; it is able not only to trace the roots of facts into the dead, dull, material earth, but to follow the plant as it rises in the air and find in the flower thoughts too deep for tears. The purpose of things, the wherefore of things and the glory of things are all one to the God who made them, and to the great broad brain to which He has given power enough to comprehend them. But such minds are rare. Science tells us that the capacity of memory underlies those portions of the brain that perceive, but only a small share of each, and that if you excise a part of the brain, but not all of any particular department, the surrounding territory, which theretofore lay dormant, will now develop the faculty which was formerly exercised by the part removed. So it would seem that in all brains there is the capacity for universal intelligence, but there is lacking some power which forces it into action. The intellect lies like a mass of coals, heated, alive, but dormant; it needs the blow-pipe of genius to oxygenate and bring it to white heat; and it rarely happens, in the history of mankind, that the whole brain is equally active, and the whole broad temple of the soul lighted up in every part. The world is full of men whose minds glow in spots. The hereditary blood-force, or power of nutrition, or purpose of God, or whatever it may be, is directed to a section of the intelligence, and it blazes forth in music, or poetry, or painting, or philosophy, or action, or oratory. And the world, as it cannot always behold the full orb of the sun, is delighted to look upon these stars, points of intense brilliancy, glorious with a fraction of the universal fire.—*The Great Cryptogram.*

The Graves of the Dead Soldiers. In this sweet spring-time, this revival of nature, this resurrection of the year, this emblem of God's perennial goodness and the immortality of his works; even now, when into the cold and silent corpse of winter he breathes life and warmth and motion, dissolving the snow-wreaths into blossoms, and the white shroud into a garment of glorious verdure, even now let us meet and cast the choicest children of the spring upon the graves of those to whom we owe so much.—*Memorial Address, 1884.*

GOVERNMENT LOANS TO THE PEOPLE.

"But, as you had abolished interest on money, there could be no mortgages, and the poor men would starve to death before they could raise a crop."

"Then," I replied, "I should invoke the power of the nation, as was done in that great civil war of 1861, and issue paper money, receivable for all taxes and secured by the guarantee of the faith and power of five hundred million people; and make advances to carry these ruined peasants beyond the first years of distress—that money to be a loan to them, without interest, and to be repaid as a tax on their land. Government is only a machine to insure justice and help the people, and we have not yet developed half its powers. And we are under no more necessity to limit ourselves to the governmental precedents of our ancestors than we are to confine ourselves to the narrow boundaries of their knowledge, or their inventive skill, or their theological beliefs. The trouble is that so many seem to regard government as a divine something which has fallen down upon us out of heaven, and, therefore, not to be improved upon or even criticised; while the truth is, it is simply a human device to secure human happiness, and, in itself, has no more sacredness than a wheelbarrow or a cooking-pot. The end of everything earthly is the good of man; and there is nothing sacred on earth but man, because he alone shares the Divine conscience."—*Cæsar's Column.*

PROVIDENCE. Surely, then, we can afford to leave God's planets in God's hands. Not a particle of dust is whirled in the funnel of the cyclone but God identifies it, and has marked its path.—*Ragnarok.*

PARTY SLAVERY. Party slavery is one of the most threatening of the dangers which now surround free institutions. What we want is an outcrop of individual judgment.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE WORLD LOOKED AT FROM BELOW. The world is a wretched-looking object viewed from below, but grand and gaudy as stage scenery to him who can contemplate it from above. The highest test of a true gentleman is gentleness to servants and courtesy to the unfortunate. The man who can address a beggar with the same tones of voice which he will use toward a prince is

one of nature's noblemen—yea, a species of demi-god, and fit to be worshiped by common humanity.—*Doctor Huguet.*

THE FAMOUS BRAND. But he says I am "an office-beggar!" "An office-beggar!" And that from a gentleman bearing the name [Washburn] which he does! *Et tu, Brute!* "An office-beggar!" Why, Mr. Speaker, when I entered the State of Minnesota it was Democratic. When I entered the county in which I reside it was two to one Democratic. I asked no office; I expected none. But, Mr. Speaker, the charge comes from such a quarter I cannot fail to notice it. Why, sir, the gentleman's family are chronic "office-beggars." They are nothing if not in office. Out of office they are miserable, wretched, God-forsaken—as uncomfortable as that famous stump-tailed bull in fly time. [Laughter.] This whole trouble arises from the persistent determination of one of the gentleman's family to sit in this body. Why, Mr. Speaker, every young male of the gentleman's family is born into this world with "M. C." franked across his broadest part. [Great laughter and applause.]—*Speech in Congress, 1868.*

RESOLUTION. I should be a very weak creature if I could be turned back from asserting what I believe to be true, through fear of the laughter of a whole generation of fools.—*Journal, 1891.*

MODERN CIVILIZATION. To-morrow we will go out together, and I shall show you the fruits of our modern civilization. I shall take you, not upon the upper deck of society, where the flags are flying, the breeze blowing, and the music playing, but down into the dark and stuffy depths of the hold of the great vessel, where the sweating gnomes, in the glare of the furnace heat, furnish the power which drives the mighty ship resplendent through the seas of time. We will visit the Under-World.—*Cæsar's Column.*

ATLANTIS THE LAND OF NOAH.

Let us briefly consider this record.

It shows, taken in connection with the opening chapters of Genesis:

1. That the land destroyed by water was the country in which the civilization of the human race originated. Adam was at first naked (Gen., chap. iii., 7); then he clothed himself in leaves; then in the skins of animals (chap. iii., 21); he was the first that tilled

the earth, having emerged from a more primitive condition in which he lived upon the fruits of the forest (chap. ii., 16); his son Abel was the first of those that kept flocks of sheep (chap. iv., 2); his son Cain was the builder of the first city (chap. iv., 17); his descendant, Tubal-cain, was the first metallurgist (chap. iv., 22); Jabal was the first that erected tents and kept cattle (chap. iv., 20); Jubal was the first that made musical instruments. We have here the successive steps by which a savage race advances to civilization. We will see hereafter that the Atlanteans passed through precisely similar stages of development.

2. The Bible agrees with Plato in the statement that these Antediluvians had reached great populousness and wickedness, and that it was on account of their wickedness God resolved to destroy them.

3. In both cases the inhabitants of the doomed land were destroyed in a great catastrophe by the agency of water: they were drowned.

4. The Bible tells us that in an earlier age, before their destruction, mankind had dwelt in a happy, peaceful, sinless condition in a Garden of Eden. Plato tells us the same thing of the earlier ages of the Atlanteans.

5. In both the Bible history and Plato's story the destruction of the people was largely caused by the intermarriage of the superior or divine race, "the sons of God," with an inferior stock, "the children of men," whereby they were degraded and rendered wicked. . . .

It is now conceded by scholars that the genealogical table given in the Bible (Gen., chap. x.) is not intended to include the true negro races, or the Chinese, the Japanese, the Finns or Lapps, the Australians, or the American red men. It refers altogether to the Mediterranean races, the Aryans, the Cushites, the Phœnicians, the Hebrews and the Egyptians. "The sons of Ham" were not true negroes, but the dark-brown races. (See Winchell's *Preadamites*, chap. vii.)

If these races (the Chinese, Australians, Americans, etc.) are not descended from Noah, they could not have been included in the Deluge. If neither China, Japan, America, Africa, Northern Europe nor Australia were depopulated by the Deluge, the Deluge could not

have been universal. But as it is alleged that it did destroy a country, and drowned all the people thereof except Noah and his family, the country so destroyed could not have been Europe, Asia, Africa, America, or Australia, for there has been no universal destruction of the people of those regions; or, if there had been, how can we account for the existence to-day of people, on all of those continents, whose descent Genesis does not trace back to Noah, and, in fact, about whom the writer of Genesis seems to have known nothing?

We are thus driven to one of two alternative conclusions: either the Deluge record of the Bible is altogether fabulous, or it relates to some land other than Europe, Asia, Africa or Australia, some land that *was* destroyed by water. It is not fabulous; and the land it refers to is not Europe, Asia, Africa or Australia — but Atlantis. No other land is known to history or tradition that was overthrown in a great catastrophe by the agency of water; that was civilized, populous, powerful, and given over to wickedness.— *Atlantis.*

Hope. And joy sat in my heart; and Hope stood, with a fair face and bright torch, the eternal angel of human life, pointing forward to sweet and flowery paths of peace and love; and my poor bruised and battered soul, scarred with wounds and trampled under the feet of Fate, glowed and expanded and shone like a great star — a world of happiness.— *Doctor Huguet.*

Love. A piece of cheese browned for the rat-trap. An egregious trick of nature, to make fools breed more fools.— *Essay, 1851.*

The Care of the Mind. As the train moved on I indulged in many sad and some amusing reflections. Life is a wonderful panorama, and far surpasses in interest, to the appreciative spirit, anything that can be shown on the mimic stage. As we grow older, the brain, when not poisoned by the use of intrusive and destructive stimulants and narcotics, acquires all the sensitiveness of a photographic plate, and receives impressions of character of marvelous distinctness and variety of color. Youth is the period of ferment, heat and passion, and the intellectual apparatus does not reach its perfect work until middle life. The receptivity and fecundity of the brain are then at their best. There is no higher material study than the perfection of the conditions of the mind. It is such a subtle potency that it is a grave crime to

injuriously affect it by putting into the mouth anything that will lessen its harmonious and exquisite action. The mind responds, like a delicately constructed instrument, to every influence acting upon the body; and the body must be neither underfed nor clogged with indulgence, if we would have the god-like harp respond to the finest touches of the angels of the soul.—*Doctor Huguet.*

The Survival of the Fightest. We should supplement Darwin's "Survival of the Fittest" with the survival of *the fightest.* It is pluck that tells. The man that is eaten is the moral and mental superior of the tiger that eats him — but the tiger survives. The great races are the conquering races. Who ever depicted the virtues and the glories of the subjugated? The first thought that should be impressed on a child is to stand up for his rights. No nation would dare to trespass on a race so trained.—*Journal, 1886.*

Saint Judas. Oh, Judas, Judas! Why did you hang yourself? Why did you not boldly charge the betrayal on Peter? You would have divided public opinion, and been to-day St. Judas to half the Christian world. Nothing is so bad as a confession.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

A TERRIBLE THOUGHT.

What conclusion is forced upon us?

That, written in the rocky pages of the great volume of the planet, are the records of *repeated visitations from the comets* which then rushed through the heavens.

No trace is left of their destructive powers, save the huge, unstratified, unfossiliferous deposits of clay and stones and bowlders, locked away between great layers of the sedimentary rocks.

Can it be that there wanders through immeasurable space, upon an orbit of such size that millions of years are required to complete it, some monstrous luminary, so vast that when it returns to us it fills a large part of the orbit which the earth describes around the sun, and showers down upon us deluges of *debris,* while it fills the world with flame? And are these recurring strata of stones and clay and bowlders, written upon these widely-separated pages of the geologic volume, the record of its oft and regularly recurring visitations?—*Ragnarok.*

THE IRISH AND SLAVERY.

No men should love liberty more than the Irish, since none have suffered more from oppression. For centuries their religion was proscribed, their literature trampled under foot, their language almost exterminated, their soil confiscated, and millions of their best and bravest driven into exile. Let these things be remembered, not in bitterness and wrath, for many of them were the natural outcome of a rude, barbarous age; but let them be to Irishmen everywhere an incentive to love liberty and sympathize with the oppressed. For the sake of O'Connell, let the Irishman treat with kindness everywhere the poor black men of America. Theirs is indeed a hard lot to bear. When the Irishman shakes the dust of Ireland from his feet, he steps at once into a land of equal opportunity. For him and his children every path of preferment, every avenue of social distinction, stands open. But the black man carries in the color of his skin a perpetual appeal to prejudice. Let not the countrymen of O'Connell add a single pang to his sufferings, or a single obstruction to his progress. Over the grave of the great Liberator let all bigotries be buried. As no race in the world believes more profoundly than the Irish that Christ died for all men, black and white, let no race excel them in generosity, liberality and toleration.

It was in Ireland that slavery was first abolished. Far back in the past, in the twelfth century, when England's serfs yet wore their iron collars, when the peasant of Gaul was esteemed of less value and had fewer rights than a red deer, the synod of Armagh proclaimed the freedom of every slave in Ireland, and since then slavery has never polluted the soil of the green island with its presence.— *Speech on O'Connell, 1875.*

MORNING.

Lonely the towering light goes up the hills,
Up 'mid the silent mountains; while afar
The sheeted glow the opening orient fills,
O'erflooding star by star.—*1851.*

BACON'S DOUBLE CHARACTER. These descriptions fit Bacon's case precisely. His ambition drags him into the midst of the activities of the court; his natural predisposition carries him away to St. Albans or Twickenham Park, to indulge in his secret "contempla-

tions," and to compose the "works of his recreation" and "the works of the alphabet." He was, as it were, two men bound in one. He aspired to rule England and to give a new philosophy to mankind. He would rival Cecil and Aristotle at the same time.—*The Great Cryptogram.*

NATURE. "Nature," he continued, "is as merciless as she is prolific. Let us consider the humblest little creature that lives — we will say the field-mouse. Think what an exquisite compendium it is of bones, muscles, nerves, veins, arteries — all sheathed in such a delicate, flexible and glossy covering of skin. Observe the innumerable and beautiful adjustments in the little animal; the bright, pumping, bounding blood; the brilliant eyes, with their marvelous powers."—*Cæsar's Column.*

THE CIVIL WAR.

Only God can weigh the hearts of men; He alone can add up the great account of praise and blame, and cast the true balance. And doubtless the lessons of history as recorded in His books would shock and stun mankind if revealed to them; even as it may be true that oftentimes, as Eliza Sproat Turner says,

> "Satan laughs to greet the trooping souls
> Of those who had *denied* him on the earth,
> And thought themselves secure of seats in heaven."

The great civil war was a contest between rival modes of education, rival traditions, rival systems of law and labor, rival beliefs, intensified by climatic differences. It was a battle between the forty-second degree of north latitude and the thirty-second; between the lands of snow and the lands of sun. The roots of the conflict reached back to the time when the savage first made a slave of his prisoner, giving him his life in exchange for his service. Liberty and slavery were the twins of one mother, antiquity; and they grew side by side until a continent was not great enough to hold them, and one or the other had to perish. And who grieves for slavery to-day? No living soul in all the world. The nation has shaken it off; it has girded up its loins; it goes forward to new conquests and new glories.—*Memorial Address, 1884.*

LET EACH MAN DO HIS DUTY. It is the duty of every one to do his utmost in the sphere of action assigned to him. The bricks in the foundation-wall are necessary to the glorious statue which

they uphold. They are not the statue, but the statue cannot stand without them. If William Burness, the poor gardener of Ayr, had not done his whole duty, in the midst of grinding poverty and wretchedness, we should have lost the sweetest lyrics in the language, written by his immortal son. It is the black mud that feeds the lily. It is from the refuse that the sweetest odors, freighting the zephyrs, are distilled.—*Doctor Huguet.*

A Distinction. Success makes more men great than greatness makes successful.—*1857.*

Proofs of God. The tropical bird needs feathers no more than the elephant and the Chinese dog need hair. Why is it not a naked, ghastly, bat-like thing? Whose sense of beauty required it to be covered with this gorgeous but hot plumage? There must be a cultured intelligence that contemplates these things even in the manless wilderness.—*Journal, 1883.*

Song of the Summer Wind.

Off to the mountains at thought with the sun,
Whisper them kindly and kiss them — and on!
On, where the silence is haughty and high,
With a smile to the sea and a glance to the sky.
Wheel thee, and turn thee, and twine thee in play;
From the earth with thy wings flap the silence away;
Plague the dull shade in the leaf-sheltered bowers,
And splash the red sunshine adown on the flowers.
Summer-gale,—Summer-gale,—soft as the sigh
That heaves when the foot of the lover is nigh;
Summer-gale,—Summer-gale,—wild as the tone
That the sea-eagle shrieks to the silence alone.
Summer-gale,—Summer-gale,—light be thy way,
Over earth, as a leaf on a streamlet astray,
That trembles in ripple, in shadow is gone,
Now lit by the streamlet, now lit by the sun.
Summer-gale,—Summer-gale,—witching and wild,
With the clasp of a true-love, the laugh of a child;
Silkenly sweeping,—ah! Beauty unfurled
Thee to play like a smile on the face of the world.

— *The Mourner's Vision, 1850.*

THE TRUE ORDER OF PROGRESS. Progress must commence with education; thence it proceeds to the ballot-box; thence to the statute-book; and thence it flowers forth in abundance, contentment, fair-play and virtue. The political reformer who seeks to improve the legislation of a people strikes at the roots of vice, while the parson simply prunes the limbs of that vine whose sap flows from the fat, rich soil of misgovernment.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

UNDERFEEDING. For the vices of man are like his diseases. While it is true that there are a few physical diseases which can be traced to high-living, the great multitude of them spring from debility consequent upon under-feeding. So with moral diseases. Dirt and want generate sins as naturally as they breed vermin.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE CIVILIZABILITY OF THE NEGRO. There are three things which testify to the inherent civilizability of the negro race: First, their desire for learning; second, their strong religious instincts; and third, their desire to be respectable and to imitate the best examples given them by the whites. It does not seem to me that the red men manifest any of these traits; hence I argue that the negro will rise upon the breast of civilization, while the Indian is very apt to disappear before it.—*Doctor Huguet.*

MORNING.

There on the mountain's crest the morning stands,
Her rosy palms turned peace-wise to the west;
The timid morn, mirth-lipped and beautiful.
Mark how the night, like an uncoiling snake,
Steals slow and silent off.—*The Mourner's Vision, 1850.*

THE PHŒNICIANS. The extent of country covered by the commerce of the Phœnicians represents, to some degree, the area of the old Atlantean Empire. Their colonies and trading-posts extended east and west from the shores of the Black Sea, through the Mediterranean to the west coast of Africa and of Spain, and around to Ireland and England; while from north to south they ranged from the Baltic to the Persian Gulf. They touched every point where civilization in later ages made its appearance. Strabo estimated that they had three hundred cities along the west coast of Africa. When Columbus sailed to discover a new world, or re-discover an old one, he

took his departure from a Phœnician seaport, founded by that great race two thousand five hundred years previously. This Atlantean sailor, with his Phœnician features, sailing from an Atlantean port, simply re-opened the path of commerce and colonization which had been closed when Plato's island sank in the sea. And it is a curious fact that Columbus had the antediluvian world in his mind's eye even then, for when he reached the mouth of the Orinoco he thought it was the river Gihon that flowed out of Paradise, and he wrote home to Spain, "There are here great indications suggesting the proximity of the earthly Paradise, for not only does it correspond in mathematical position with the opinions of the holy and learned theologians, but all other signs concur to make it probable."—*Atlantis.*

Millionaires. The most utterly useless, destructive and damnable crop a country can grow is — millionaires. If a community were to send to India and import a lot of man-eating tigers, and turn them loose on the streets, to prey on men, women and children, they would not inflict a tithe of the misery that is caused by a like number of millionaires. And there would be this further disadvantage: the inhabitants of the city could turn out and kill the tigers, but the human destroyers are protected by the benevolent laws of the very people they are immolating on the altars of wretchedness and vice.—*Cæsar's Column.*

The Lark.

There rings the waked lark's song,
Wavering in echoes, as a quivering sword
Shakes off the long bright flashes.—*1850.*

ELIHU WASHBURNE ARRAIGNED.

One word in conclusion. The gentleman has assailed me, and it is but right that I should put his own character in the balance. What great measure, in his sixteen years of legislation, has the gentleman ever originated? What liberal measure has ever met with his support? What original sentiment has he ever uttered? What thought of his has ever risen above the dead level of the dreariest platitudes? If he lay dead to-morrow in this chamber, what heart in this body would experience one sincere pang of sorrow?

Who is there in this House he has not assailed?

He told the gentleman from Vermont [Mr. Woodbridge], the other day, that every corrupt and profligate measure that was pressed in this body met his support; and when the gentleman from Vermont rose upon him he cringed out of it like a whipped spaniel! Did he not say to my friend from Philadelphia [Mr. O'Neill] the other day, that he would *not* say — for that is the gentleman's way of making an insinuation — that he would *not* say that the gentleman was one of a ring to swindle this country? Has he not attacked my friend from Iowa [Mr. Price] and aspersed his motives in his legislation in this body? He has sought to build himself up upon our dishonor, to glorify himself in our disgrace, to pollute and befoul and traduce the very body of which he is a member. Why, sir, his harangues are the staple of the newspapers of the Opposition. We meet his charges on the stump. By his wholesale reckless assaults upon the honor and integrity of members he has lowered the standard of this body. He has furnished argument for the wit of Dan Rice. He has furnished substance for the slanderers of the pot-house.

Mr. Speaker, I need enter into no defense of the Fortieth Congress. In point of intellect, of devotion to the public welfare, of integrity, of personal character, it will compare favorably with any Congress that ever sat since the foundation of our Government. It is illustrated by names that would do honor to any nation in any age of the world.— *Speech in Congress.*

Hercules. In fact civilization itself is, in one sense, simply the power of human intelligence to overcome the antagonistic forces of nature. Hence the myth of Hercules overcoming dragons and lions, and navigating oceans, is simply the dim remembrance of the aggregate triumphs of an ancient race, typified as a man, just as we call the United States "Uncle Sam;" and afterwards deified as a God, just as the Romans worshiped the dead Cæsars.— *The Anti-Monopolist.*

Temper. It is well to keep your wrath behind your thought,— not in front of it; let it infuse itself into what you to say,— not fill your mouth to spluttering.— *Journal, 1886.*

The Ignorant Always Slaves. Then I told them that without education they could not be a free people; for freedom and ignorance were an incongruous pair, who bred two twin monsters,

anarchy and despotism, and one of these was sure to devour the other. An ignorant people were only fit to be slaves, and sooner or later they were sure to become slaves — slaves to superstition, slaves to the crafty, slaves to the powerful. They were the prey of every man who knew more than they did. They must either learn to think or remain beasts of burden through all generations. And they could not think wisely without knowledge; and they could not acquire knowledge unless through the alphabet; by this means the treasures of the learning of all time were open for their use. Those queer, crooked little marks lay at the base of civilization. They were the keys of gold that would unlock the store-houses of the world's accumulated wealth.—*Doctor Huguet.*

True Greatness. And remember, we have gotten into a way of thinking as if numbers and wealth were everything. It is better for a nation to contain thirty million people, prosperous, happy and patriotic, than one hundred millions, ignorant, wretched and longing for an opportunity to overthrow all government.—*Cæsar's Column.*

The "Amplitude" of St. Paul and Minneapolis. The newspapers say I was "sat down upon," as the phrase goes, in this convention. That is true. I tried to get in a good word for the producing classes, and the representatives of St. Paul and Minneapolis (united in nothing else) combined to "sit down" upon me. In an intellectual contest I should not fear any of them; but when it comes to the "sitting down" process I grant you they have an amplitude that covers everything. [Great laughter and applause.] —*Speech in the Northwestern Waterways Convention, 1885.*

OUR SOLDIERS.

The great poet tells us that there are:

> "Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything,"

and the graves of our dead soldiers preach to us many lessons.

The first is *gratitude.*

We look abroad to-day in this noble and beautiful land: no hostile flag blots our sunshine; no boom of an enemy's cannon disturbs the placid scene; no marching troops are hurrying forward to battle and to death. From the Atlantic's waters to the Pacific coast, from the lakes to the gulf, we are one united, contented and happy

people; our flag honored, feared, respected and beloved in all lands; the pride of our own people, the harbinger of hope for the world.

All this we owe to the men, living and dead, who, in the hour of terror and agony, were ready to give their lives that we to-day might enjoy the countless blessings of nationality, liberty and peace. Their bodies were the sea-wall which then encircled us, when the flood of insurrection rose lip-high, turbid and dark, ragged with wrecks, and lashed, torn and frenzied by the tempests of gigantic passions.—*Memorial Address, 1884.*

"Othello." Turn to *Othello.* What is the text here? The evils of jealousy and the power for wrong of one altogether iniquitous; the overthrow of a noble nature by falsehood; the destruction of a pure and gentle woman to satisfy the motiveless hate of a villain. And there is a lesser moral. The play is a grand plea for temperance, with jewels of thought set in arabesques of speech.—*The Great Cryptogram.*

Advice to the Irish in America. But while we rejoice that God has cast our lives in these pleasant places, let us remember that injustice and despotism lie in waiting in the texture of human government, as disease lies lurking in the physical system, ever ready to break forth and turn this fair and charming prospect, this garden of God, into a pest-house of oppression, such as that from which you fled. Watch, then, afar off, the first coming of danger, although the cloud be no bigger than a man's hand. Infuse into the minds of your children the traditions of the republic, and the teachings of O'Connell. Do this, and centuries from now, when the muse of history comes to write the mighty record of America, she will record that the blood of Grattan and Flood, of Curran and O'Connell, of Charles Carroll and Andrew Jackson, everywhere, on the battle-field, in the council chamber, in public and in private life, proved itself true to the great cause of human justice, and honored itself by advancing the welfare and the greatness of mankind.—*Speech on O'Connell, 1875.*

Sinbad's Old Man of the Mountain. In his speech at Glencoe, Minnesota, on August 19th, 1884, Mr. Donnelly thus good-naturedly referred to his competitor, Major Strait:

"One is reminded of the old man whom Sinbad the sailor, in the

Arabian tale, met on the desert island on which he was shipwrecked. He asked Sinbad to carry him across a brook; the obliging Arabian took him on his shoulders; he wound his legs around Sinbad's neck and utterly refused, ever after, to leave his perch, forcing the poor fellow, by whippings and kickings, to carry him whither he would, and feed him on the best fruits of his industry. The story goes that Sinbad got clear of him at last by brewing some wine of wild grapes, making him drunk, and then mashing his head with a rock.

"Little did the Republicans of the Third Congressional District think, in 1872, when they first shouldered the Major to carry him across one nomination, that his legs would be dangling around their necks in 1884. The boys and girls who were children at school then are fathers and mothers now, but the Major is still on deck; and if he can have his way, he will ride the necks of their great grandchildren — grizzled and gaunt, it may be, but as hungry as ever — kicking his heels in their reluctant ribs, and whooped on by a troop of office-holders, the grandsons, probably, of the present incumbents.

"The afflicted people can not even have recourse to Sinbad's expedient, for the Major is too well seasoned for anything of that kind."

State Rights. The nearer we can bring the government to the people the better for liberty. In our fierce devotion to the idea of nationality, assailed by domestic insurrection, we were ready to forget the rights of the States; but we begin to perceive that the enemies of mankind may take possession of the central government, and that the States may become the last intrenchments of human rights.—*Speech in Senate of Minnesota, 1891.*

A Creature Seventy Inches Long. Consider, Job, the littleness of man, the greatness of the universe; and what right have you to ask Him who made all this the reasons for His actions? And this is a sufficient answer: A creature seventy inches long prying into the purposes of an Awful Something, whose power ranges so far that blazing suns are seen only as mist-specks! — *Ragnarok.*

Man. Man: a something dependent upon everything. Holding position, intelligence, life, happiness upon the uncertain tenure of a thousand contingencies. An idiot, dragged through the streets by a swarming rabble of passions, necessities and circumstances, baling

him hither and thither, while, with hair on end and his coat torn, he makes a stump-speech about "free-will."—*Essay, 1853.*

THE SERMON IN "MACBETH."

All this is revealed in *Macbeth*. We see the seed of ambition taking root; we see it "disclose itself;" we see self-love and the sense of right warring with each other. We see his fiendish wife driving him forward to crime, against the promptings of his better nature. It depicts with unexampled dramatic power a cruel and treacherous murder. Then it shows us how crime begets the necessity for crime.

"To be thus is nothing,
But to be *safely* thus."

It shows one horror treading fast upon another's heels; the usurper troubled with the horrible dreams "that shake him nightly;" the mind of the ambitious woman giving way under the strain her terrible will had put upon it, until we see her at last seeking peace in suicide; while Macbeth falls overthrown and slaughtered.

Have all the pulpits of all the preachers given out a more terrible exposition and arraignment of evil ambition? Think of the uncountable millions who, in the past three hundred years, have witnessed this play! Think of the illimitable numbers who will behold it during the next thousand years!

What an awful picture of the workings of a guilty conscience is that exhibited when Macbeth sees, at the festal board, the blood-boltered Banquo rising up and regarding him with glaring and soulless eyes.

Call the roll of all your pulpit orators! Where is there one that has ever preached such a sermon as that? Where is there one that ever had such an audience — such an unending succession of million-large audiences — as this man who "in a despised weed sought the good of all men"?

And remember that it was not the virtuous alone, the church-goers, the elect, who came to hear this marvelous sermon, but the high, the low, the educated, the ignorant, the young, the old, the good, the vicious, the titled lord, the poor prentice, the high-born dame, the wretched waste and wreck of womankind.—*The Great Cryptogram.*

The West and South. In this great contest the brains and muscles of the South and West must unite, for self-defense, against the profound cunning and the insolent aggression of the Northeastern part of the Union.—*Speech, 1874.*

A Good Woman. When she prays the angels gather around her lips like humming-birds around honeysuckles.—*Journal, 1880.*

The Power of Corporations. Look at it now. These corporations, with unlimited credit abroad and complete control of all business at home, are able to bribe the newspapers, corrupt the legislature and even control the courts. They can crush out their enemies and build up their friends. The highest powers of the human mind become their servitors; genius, talent, eloquence, cunning, are their tools. The bewildered people will eventually be driven to resist them by force, even as the starved artisans and peasants of France rose up against the devilish arts of that aristocracy which had combined all Europe against their liberties. The ignorant Frenchman found that the *guillotine* was the only match for the superb cunning of his enemies. Every man must deplore such a result; yet it seems to be advancing with the certainty of doom.—*The Anti-Monopolist, 1874.*

LOGICAL DEDUCTIONS AS TO THE DRIFT.

But there is still another reason which ought to satisfy us, once for all, that the drift-deposits were not due to the pressure of a great continental ice-sheet. It is this:

If the presence of the Drift proves that the country in which it is found was once covered with a body of ice thick and heavy enough, by its pressure and weight, to grind up the surface-rocks into clay, sand, gravel and bowlders, then the tropical regions of the world must have been covered with such a great ice-sheet upon the very equator; for Agassiz found in Brazil a vast sheet of "ferruginous clay with pebbles," which covers the whole country, "a sheet of drift," says Agassiz, "consisting of the same homogeneous, unstratified paste, and containing loose materials of all sorts and sizes," deep red in color, and distributed, as in the north, in uneven hills, while sometimes it is reduced to a thin deposit. It is recent in time, although overlying rocks ancient geologically. Agassiz had no doubt whatever that it was of glacial origin.

Professor Hartt, who accompanied Professor Agassiz in his South American travels, and published a valuable work called *The Geology of Brazil*, describes drift-deposits as covering the province of Pará, Brazil, upon the equator itself. . . .

If there are no drift-deposits except where the great ice-sheet ground them out of the rocks, then a shroud of death once wrapped the entire globe, and *all life ceased.*

But we know that all life — vegetable, animal and human — is derived from pre-glacial sources; therefore, animal, vegetable and human life did not perish in the Drift age; therefore an ice-sheet did not wrap the world in its death-pall; therefore the drift-deposits of the tropics were not due to an ice-sheet; therefore the drift-deposits of the rest of the world were not due to ice-sheets; therefore we must look elsewhere for their origin.

There is no escaping these conclusions. Agassiz himself says, describing the Glacial age:

"All the springs were dried up; the rivers ceased to flow. To the movements of a numerous and animated creation *succeeded the silence of death.*"

If the verdure was covered with ice a mile in thickness, all animals that lived on vegetation of any kind must have perished; consequently, all carnivores which lived on these must have ceased to exist; and man himself, without animal or vegetable food, must have disappeared forever.—*Ragnarok.*

A GOOD WORD FOR WOMAN.

"As father Adam first was fooled,
(A case that's still too common),
Here lies a man a woman ruled;
The devil ruled the woman."

The same old story. Always the blame thrown on the woman. There have been a thousand women ruined by men where one man has been ruined by a woman. Woman is man's angel. Whatever is good in human nature is best in woman. There is no woman, not insane, who is incapable of goodness. Whatever is beastly in woman is man's work. That great master of human nature, Shakespeare, when he painted the worst woman, Lady Macbeth, did not fail to show her eventually crazed by the stings of conscience, and dying of remorse. Her partner in guilt, Macbeth, fought it out to the last, bold and defiant.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

What the People Need. I would simply mislead the people by confirming them in their prejudices; and, while they praised me now, they would curse me hereafter. The people need prophets, not panders — bold-hearted men, ready to fight the surging torrents of popular error, rather than mealy-mouthed, empty-hearted demagogues, who will float, like rotten drift-wood, along the ill-smelling, turbid current of the world's popular delusions.—*Doctor Huguet.*

Servility to Wealth. And then the inexpressible servility of those below them! The fools would not recognize Socrates if they fell over him in the street; but they can perceive Crœsus a mile off; they can smell him a block away; and they will dislocate their vertebræ abasing themselves before him. It reminds one of the time of Louis XIV. in France, when millions of people were in the extremest misery,—even unto starvation,— while great grandees thought it the acme of earthly bliss and honor to help put the king to bed, or take off his dirty socks. And if a common man, by any chance, caught a glimpse of royalty changing its shirt, he felt as if he had looked into heaven and beheld Divinity creating worlds. Oh, it is enough to make a man loathe his species.—*Cæsar's Column.*

Conscience and the Angels. There are threads that connect the conscience of the humblest with the great White Throne of Heaven, and when any man murders his sense of right all the legions of angels are disturbed in their serenity.—*Doctor Huguet.*

THE ANTEDILUVIANS.

Science has but commenced its work of reconstructing the past and rehabilitating the ancient peoples, and surely there is no study which appeals more strongly to the imagination than that of this drowned nation, the true Antediluvians. They were the founders of nearly all our arts and sciences; they were the parents of our fundamental beliefs; they were the first civilizers, the first navigators, the first merchants, the first colonizers of the earth; their civilization was old when Egypt was young, and they had passed away thousands of years before Babylon, Rome and London were dreamed of. This lost people were our ancestors; their blood flows in our veins; the words we use every day were heard, in their prim-

itive form, in their cities, courts and temples. Every line of race and thought, of blood and belief, leads back to them.

Nor is it impossible that the nations of the earth may yet employ their idle navies in bringing to the light of day some of the relics of this buried people. Portions of the island lie but a few hundred fathoms beneath the sea; and if expeditions have been sent out from time to time, in the past, to resurrect from the depths of the ocean sunken treasure-ships, with a few thousand doubloons hidden in their cabins, why should not an attempt be made to reach the buried wonders of Atlantis? A single engraved tablet dredged up from Plato's island would be worth more to science, would more strike the imagination of mankind than all the gold of Peru, all the monuments of Egypt, and all the terra-cotta fragments gathered from the great libraries of Chaldea.—*Atlantis.*

The Power of Truth. One man, Mahommed said, with God on his side, is a majority; and one man, with truth on his side, must become a majority.—*Ragnarok.*

Ignorance. Ignorance in the individual is dreadful, suicidal. But when it overspreads a nation in a black, fierce tempest of folly, bigotry and passion, it is worse than the doom of destruction foretold in the Apocalypse.—*Journal, 1890.*

Perseverance.

Go slowly on with patient brow:
The gradual is God's law;
And struggling rose the names that now
Hold rivalry in awe.—*1853.*

The Value of Foreign Immigration. If our age, Mr. Chairman, possesses any peculiar and distinctive significance, any distinguishing trait which marks it as a new era in the development of the human race, it is to be found in its breaking-down of old prejudices and illiberalities; in its opening to all men, of all races and colors, equal opportunities for advancement; in its scattering over new and virgin lands the pent-up and oppressed populations of the elder nations; and, in a word, in its softening the asperities and broadening the generosities of mankind. Permit me to remark, Mr. Chairman, that that party which shall aspire to continuously rule the destinies of our nation must take this lesson deeply to

heart, or it will find itself unworthy its high mission. The focal point of the age, "the half-brother of the world," as an English poet has called our country, those who would lead us must rise to the sublime height of justice to the entire human family; not only to that portion, whatever may be their color, born on our own soil, but to those vast populations of the Old World, joint heritors with ourselves of the billion acres of land still unclaimed and uninhabited.—*Speech in Congress, Feb. 27, 1864.*

How News Travels. There is a sort of freemasonry among the negroes, whereby the servants of one house communicate the occurrences which happen in it to the servants of all the other houses; and thus the news will spread, with almost telegraphic rapidity, throughout a whole neighborhood. It is said that the Indians have the same system. We are told, for instance, that the massacre of General Custer and his troops was known to the red men, five hundred miles from the scene of the disaster, long before the whites had heard of it by the electric wires. I suppose that our own race, before the days of newspapers, used the same means of disseminating information, and any startling news passed from mouth to mouth with wonderful rapidity.—*Doctor Huguet.*

"Not Proven." The shallower the mind, the more positive it is usually upon every subject. The deepest thinkers adopt the Scotch verdict, "Not proven," as to many of the great problems of life.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

A Smile. That bland, mechanical, New England smile, which does not in the slightest degree interfere with the shrewdness, cunning and observation working away beneath it. A piece of hereditary facial carving, derived from generations of worldly-minded ancestors, who found that a smiling expression was a great help in business, and cost them nothing—an important consideration to an economical race.—*Journal, 1886.*

The Age of Trusts. "The undertakers met in St. Paul, Sept. 9th, 1890, and formed a trust. Every large town in Minnesota and the two Dakotas was represented."

What are we coming to? When the morning of the Resurrection dawns and the poor fools are turning over and asking, half-awake, "Where's Gabriel?" some newspaper reporter will tell them that

a Trust has bought his trumpet, and that there won't be a single "toot" without spot cash.—*Journal, 1890.*

THE MISSION OF ISRAEL.

The vital conviction which, during thousands of years, at all times pressed home upon the Israelites, was that they were a "chosen people," selected out of the multitudes of the earth, to perpetuate the great truth that there was but one God—an illimitable, omnipotent, paternal spirit, who rewarded the good and punished the wicked—in contradistinction from the multifarious, subordinate, animal and bestial demi-gods of the other nations of the earth. This sublime monotheism could only have been the outgrowth of a high civilization, for man's first religion is necessarily a worship of "stocks and stones," and history teaches us that the gods decrease in number as man increases in intelligence. It was probably in Atlantis that monotheism was first preached. The proverbs of "Ptah-hotep," the oldest book of the Egyptians, show that this most ancient colony from Atlantis received the pure faith from the mother-land at the very dawn of history; this book preached the doctrine of *one* God, "the rewarder of the good and the punisher of the wicked." "In the early days the Egyptians worshiped one only God, the maker of all things, without beginning and without end. To the last the priests preserved this doctrine, and taught it privately to a select few." The Jews took up this great truth where the Egyptians dropped it, and over the heads and over the ruins of Egypt, Chaldea, Phœnicia, Greece, Rome and India this handful of poor shepherds—ignorant, debased and despised—have carried down to our own times a conception which could only have originated in the highest possible state of human society.

And even skepticism must pause before the miracle of the continued existence of this strange people, wading through the ages, bearing on their shoulders the burden of their great trust, and pressing forward, under the force of a perpetual and irresistible impulse. The speech that may be heard to-day in the synagogues of Chicago and Melbourne resounded two thousand years ago in the streets of Rome; and, at a still earlier period, it could be heard in the palaces of Babylon and the shops of Thebes—in Tyre, in Sidon, in Gades, in Palmyra, in Nineveh. How many nations have perished, how many languages have ceased to exist, how many splendid civil-

izations have crumbled into ruin, how many temples and towers and towns have gone down to dust since the sublime frenzy of monotheism first seized this extraordinary people! All their kindred nomadic tribes are gone; their land of promise is in the hands of strangers: but Judaism, with its offspring, Christianity, is taking possession of the habitable world; and the continuous life of one people — one poor, obscure and wretched people — spans the tremendous gulf between "Ptah-hotep" and this nineteenth century.

If the Spirit of which the universe is but an expression — of whose frame the stars are the infinite molecules — can be supposed ever to interfere with the laws of matter and reach down into the doings of men, would it not be to save from the wreck and waste of time the most sublime fruit of the civilization of the drowned Atlantis — a belief in the one, only, just God, the father of all life, the imposer of all moral obligations? —*Atlantis.*

The Hell of the Proscribed. This is my punishment. This is my living death. I sit in the midst of my sorrows as in a tomb. I cannot die. I cannot fly into the unknown world out of which have come such visions. I know nothing, I can surmise nothing of the much that must be there. This is what terrifies me — the unknown, the immeasurable! I have no fear of hell. *This* is hell. The proud mind that dwells in a proscribed body lives in hell. Coals and flames are nothing to the anguish of a tortured spirit. It is the soul that feels the burning, not the dead matter of the body. —*Doctor Huguet.*

Bob Ingersoll and Francis Bacon. I should as soon attempt to sound the depths of the Atlantic Ocean with a champagne-cork, as to measure the intellect of the philosopher of Verulam by the mind of this rhapsodist.—*Speech, 1891.*

Desire. There is no logician so subtle as Desire. It has a thousand arguments. It can recall ten thousand facts. It casts its glittering and deceptive light over unprepossessing reality. It warms us with a fire before which the cold figure of Judgment is seen to dissolve and melt away in silence, like the wax image of the king under the spell of the witches.— *1853.*

The Eastern Newspaper Critics. Shallow creatures, who measure a man's intellect by his distance from tide-water.—*Journal, 1890.*

Bacon and the Present Age. And why should he acknowledge them? He left his fame and good name to his "own countrymen after some time be past;" he believed the cipher, which he had so laboriously inserted in the Plays, would be found out. He would obtain all the glory for his name in that distant future when he would not hear the reproaches of caste; when as a pure spirit he might look down from space, and see the winged goodness he had created, passing, on pinions of persistent purpose, through all the world, through all the ages, from generation to generation. In that age, when his body was dust; when cousins and kin were ashes: when Shakspere had moldered into nothingness beneath the protection of his own barbaric curse; when not a trace could be found of the bones of Elizabeth or James, or even the stones of the Curtain or the Blackfriars: then, in a new world, a brighter world, a greater world, a better world — to which his own age would be but a faint and perturbed remembrance — he would be married anew to his immortal works. He would live again, triumphant, over Burleigh and Cecil, over Coke and Buckingham, over parasites and courtiers, over tricksters and panders — the magnificent victory of genius over power, of mind over time; — and, so living, he would live forever. — *The Great Cryptogram.*

Injustice the Mother of Revolutions. Injustice is the mother of revolutions. In no case has rebellion raised its head in the midst of equal laws; for what more can a man ask than equality? But I challenge the historian to point to a single community where unjust laws have not sooner or later given birth to revolutions; to the efforts of one class to perpetuate and of the other to resist injustice. — *Speech in Congress, February 1, 1866.*

The Automatic Nature of the Mind. "What is the mind of man? Who is it that thinks because he intends to think? Who is it can anticipate his own thoughts? Where do they come from? The mind is like a great, shoreless pool, and thoughts arise to its surface as mermaids project their shining shoulders above the quiet sea. But from what unsoundable depths do they arise? How far down toward the central everlasting purposes do those waters reach? Do they not rest upon the Will of the universe? And are not these apparently self-acting intellects of ours part of the great automatic mechanism we call Nature? Is there not a rhythm

in the music of the spheres? Are not all things weighed, measured and counted? Can there be an accident in a world that contains a God? And if this be so, are not my sufferings fore-doomed and necessary? Are they not part of the universal scheme? And, if this be so, are not my very miseries dignities?"—*Doctor Huguet.*

In all Things Gentleness. I do not think it is necessary, for the triumph of truth, that it should lacerate the feelings even of the humblest. It should come, like Quetzalcoatl, with shining, smiling face, its hands full of fruits and flowers, bringing only blessings and kindliness to the multitude.—*Ragnarok.*

The Mountains Turned into Bread. The time may come when the slow processes of agriculture will be largely discarded, and the food of man be created out of the chemical elements of which it is composed, transfused by electricity and magnetism. We have already done something in that direction in the way of synthetic chemistry. Our mountain ranges may, in after ages, be leveled down and turned into bread for the support of the most enlightened, cultured, and, in its highest sense, religious people that ever dwelt on the globe. All this is possible if civilization is preserved from the destructive power of the ignorant and brutal Plutocracy, who now threaten the safety of mankind. They are like the slave-owners of 1860: they blindly and imperiously insist on their own destruction; they strike at the very hands that would save them.—*Cæsar's Column.*

Mental Philosophy. There are men without any capacity for original thought, who, like a phonograph, simply repeat what is talked into them.—*Letter to the Dramatic Mirror.*

AMERICA'S SUPERIORITY.

Irishmen, you are right to love the beautiful land of your birth; that western island, nearest to America, and green with the showers borne by the gulf-stream from the shores of America. You do right to reverence your native land, to cherish its memory, to pity its sorrows, to preserve its distinctive literature, to be proud of the virtue and the genius to which it has given birth. But what is Ireland yes, I may say, what is all Europe—compared with this great theater of human activity of which we are inheritors; this continental nation; this free republic? Rejoice and be exceeding glad

that God has cast your lot in this goodly land. All that O'Connell labored, struggled and fought for we have here, completed and perfected. No king sits on his throne to dictate to us; no aristocracy grinds us into the earth; no established church wrings tribute from unwilling consciences; no dominant caste flaunts insults in your faces. The earth beneath our feet holds in its bosom incalculable fertility; the air that blows upon us is free as our own thoughts; the government that rules us is ourselves. Here every temple points its spire to God undisturbed by man; here each religion strives with its fellows to establish the greatest claims upon the respect and confidence of mankind; while over all universal education, broad and generous as God's blessed sunlight, brightens and warms the nation with its beams.—*Speech on Daniel O'Connell, 1875.*

LIFE.

Why this great flight, this shadowy flight of time?
Passing and hurried flit the phantoms by.
Have they no aim, no end, no mark sublime,
In all this labor, but to be and die?
Is this their sum and total, and for this
Do they discard, dishonor or deprave
All that is given them, and all that is,
Perverting life and darkening the grave?—*1851.*

DEATH AND THE HEREAFTER. But that doom was, to one of my training, worse than death and the grave. For in death all are equal; and the grave turns us at last into flowers, — bright flowers, — things of beauty, that fill the air with perfume. In the dust of the grave there are no stirrings of ambition; no unsatisfied longings; no jealousies; no pride; no wounded sensibilities; no great passionate bursts of the hearts that are trampled under the feet of men; nothing but peace and sleep. Ay, profound and dreamless sleep — sleep that takes no note of night or day, or time or season; of the wind's wild scream or the song-bird's melody; of the growing grass or the falling leaves; of sunshine or rain; sleep that merges the individual into the universal nature, as a drop of water is lost in the interminable ocean. And if from this dissolving clod the extricated spirit is carried by the great Purpose into other realms of being, will not God be there too? Will not that region be part of God's world, wherever it may be? Can not the soul

trust itself with safety to Him who made it? Will the Creator, Saturn-like, devour His children? It cannot be. — *Doctor Huguet.*

A NEW IDEA. Why should twenty thousand people in a county be taxed to pay the expense of allowing a few fools to squabble over petty law-suits? If A has a claim against B, why should C, D, E, F and all the rest of the alphabet have to pay A the expense of collecting that claim? What have they to do with it? If A found that he had to pay the piper himself he would hesitate about rushing into law; he would compromise with B, or he would agree to arbitrate his dispute; and thus the taxpayers of the county would save thousands of dollars annually. — *The Anti-Monopolist.*

OUR OLD SOLDIERS. But gratitude does not end with the dead. They may not hear or see us. The delighted spirit, with a universe in which to wander, may take small heed of the things of this little earth. But we have many of the living soldiers of the war still among us; their courage, their toils, their trials, were little less than those of the fallen. They have reached middle life, some of them old age: and some to age have added poverty; and though none of them, I trust,

"Beg bitter bread through realms their valor won,"

still there are many who will be glad to feel that the communities in which they dwell remember gratefully the part they took in the preservation of the great republic, and are ready to hold out to them, not the cold hand of charity, but the warm grasp of friendship. While, then, you adorn the graves of the dead, try to brighten the homes of the living. Kindness, gentleness, brotherly love are fairer flowers than any that bloom on the fields of earth; they are divine blossoms showered by the hand of God upon the heart of man. — *Memorial Address, 1884.*

THAT'S CERTAIN. If we find the devil on one side of a controversy we know that God must be on the other.—*Journal, 1889.*

A PRE-GLACIAL COIN.

This is indeed an extraordinary revelation. Here we have a copper medal, very much like a coin, inscribed with alphabetical or hieroglyphical signs, which, when placed under the microscope, in the hands of a skeptical investigator, satisfies him that it is not re-

cent. and that it *passed through a rolling-mill and was cut by a machine.*

If it is not recent, if the tooth of time is plainly seen on it, it is not a modern fraud; if it is not a modern fraud, then it is really the coin of some pre-Columbian people. The Indians possessed no currency or alphabet, so that it dates back of the red men. Nothing similar has been found in the hundreds of American mounds that have been opened, so that it dates back of the Mound-builders.

It comes from a depth of *not less than eighty feet in glacial clay;* therefore it is profoundly ancient.

It is engraved after a method *utterly unknown to any civilized nation on earth, within the range of recorded history.* IT IS ENGRAVED WITH ACID!

It belongs, therefore, to a civilization unlike any we know of. If it had been derived from any other human civilization, the makers, at the same time they borrowed the round, metallic form of the coin, would have borrowed also the mold or the stamp. But they did not; and yet they possessed a rolling-mill and a machine to cut out the coin.

What do we infer? That there is a relationship between our civilization and this, but it is a relationship in which this represents the parent; and the round metallic coins of historical antiquity were derived from it, but without the art of engraving by the use of acid.

It does not stand alone, but at great depths in the same clay *implements of copper and of* IRON *are found.*

What does all this indicate?

That far below the present level of the State of Illinois, in the depths of the glacial clays, about one hundred or one hundred and twenty feet below the present surface of the land, there are found the evidences of a high civilization. For a coin with an inscription upon it implies a high civilization:—it implies an alphabet, a literature, a government, commercial relations, organized society, regulated agriculture, which could alone sustain all these; and some implement like a plow, without which extensive agriculture is not possible; and this in turn implies domesticated animals to draw the plow. The presence of the coin, and of implements of copper and iron, proves that mankind had passed far beyond the Stone Age.

And these views are confirmed by the pavements and cisterns of brick found seventy feet below the surface in the lower Mississippi Valley.—*Ragnarok.*

MAN. That bag of fluids and divine and demoniacal influences called — man.—*Journal, 1889.*

THE GLORY OF WEALTH. "And thus, under the stimulus of shallow vanity," I continued, "a rivalry of barouches and bonnets — an emulation of waste and extravagance — all the powers of the minds of men are turned — not to lift up the world, but to degrade it. A crowd of little creatures — men and women — are displayed upon a high platform, in the face of mankind, parading and strutting about, with their noses in the air, as tickled as a monkey with a string of beads, and covered with a glory which is not their own, but which they have been able to purchase; crying aloud: 'Behold what I *have got!*' not, 'Behold what I *am!*'"—*Cæsar's Column.*

THE CONSCIENCE. And something, away within me, sneered at me and reviled me — yea, spat at me. And in my heart of hearts I stood at the altar of my soul, with downcast head and shamed face, sore and sorry, humiliated and wretched. It seemed to me that I was an outcast from myself — that my conscience spurned me out of its doors into the wilderness.—*Doctor Huguet.*

NATURALNESS. Nothing can be great that is not natural. Greatness is but nature elevated. Man cannot invent anything that will accord better with nature than herself. There is no grimace can exceed in beauty the ordinary and reposeful face of woman. And if one were to assemble all the sounds of nature and mingle them at will, from the bellow of the bison to the lamentation of the nightingale, he could form no scale for the expression of emotion superior to the transitions of the human voice.—*Essay, 1852.*

MAN. A creature that thinks — imported into a material world incapable of thought. An exotic — a foreigner.—*Journal, 1889.*

WHAT THE FARMER IS AND SHOULD BE. As Ralph Waldo Emerson beautifully puts it in one of his essays: "The glory of the farmer is that, in the division of labor, it is his part to create. All the trades rest at last on his primitive authority. He stands close to nature; he obtains from earth the bread; and the food which

was not, he causes to be. The first farmer was the first gentleman, and all historic nobility rests on the possession and use of land."

That's the way it should be; but in this country the owner of the land is simply a bondman whose duty it is to support usurers and officeholders. He goes clothed in rags, and half-fed on the coarsest fare, while those who live off him "wear purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day." The ownership of the land in other countries makes a man a gentleman; here it simply enables him to sweat and pay taxes.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE VISION.

As I gazed intently upon this spot, to my extreme astonishment I perceived that the light was slowly taking upon itself the outlines of a human head and face; vaguely at first, but gradually growing more and more plain, until at last the lines of the countenance glowed with great distinctness. It was a face painted in light—I might almost say in fire. A marvelous face! A face never to be forgotten. A face I had never seen before. I had often thought how much of diverse character and meaning could be implanted on the few square inches of the human countenance; but here was a face that transcended my highest dream of all such possibilities.

It was a massive head. The forehead was broad—very broad—high and serene. Beneath it glowed wonderful orbs that looked as if they had sounded all depths of thought and feeling—even to the dreadful verge of despair. There was in them infinite power, sorrow, kindliness and compassion; and yet it was a strong face; the mouth mobile, but the chin square. The face was very fair; the hair bright golden, falling in masses to the shoulders, and from it radiated luminous beams, pulsating and ever moving. It seemed to be the source of the light that illuminated the whole room.

I had never beheld, anywhere, any picture of this countenance, and yet something within me whispered:

"This is THE CHRIST!"—*Doctor Huguet.*

TRUTH FITS INTO TRUTH. We sometimes call, in law, an instrument between two parties an *indenture.* Why? Because it was once the custom to write a deed or contract in duplicate, on a long sheet of paper or parchment, and then cut them apart upon an irregular or indented line. If, thereafter, any dispute arose as to whether one was the equivalent of the other, the edges, where they

were divided, were put together to see if they precisely matched. If they did not, it followed that some fraud had somewhere been practiced. Truth, in like manner, is serrated, and its indentations fit into all other truth. If two alleged truths do not thus dovetail into each other, along the line where they approximate, then one of them is not the truth, but an error or a fraud.—*The Great Cryptogram.*

The Word's Rulers. There was about Prince Cabano that air of confidence and command which usually accompanies great wealth or success of any kind. Extraordinary power produces always the same type of countenance. You see it in the high-nosed mummied kings of ancient Egypt. There is about them an aristocratic *hauteur* which even the shrinking of the dry skin for four thousand years has not been able to quite subdue. We feel like taking off our hats even to the parched hides. You see it in the cross-legged monuments of the old crusaders, in the venerable churches of Europe; a splendid breed of ferocious barbarians they were, who struck ten blows for conquest and plunder where they struck one for Christ. And you can see the same type of countenance in the present rulers of the world—the great bankers, the railroad presidents, the gigantic speculators, the uncrowned monarchs of commerce, whose golden chariots drive recklessly over the prostrate bodies of the people.—*Cæsar's Column.*

The Mountains.

Where the soft vales lie lulled like dimpled smiles;
Where rocks stand thick, like high, thought-darkened brows;
Where wandering rivers linger 'round lone isles,
Kissing the wet leaves of their trailing boughs.

But most thy dark woods love I to behold,
Piled thick on steeps, and massy with close leaves,
Where 'mid the topmost branches, brownly old,
The troublous wind continually grieves.—*1851.*

History. Man crawled timidly backward into the history of the past over his little limit of six thousand years; and at the farther end of his tether he found the perfect civilization of early Egypt. He rises to his feet and looks still backward, and the vista of history spreads and spreads to antediluvian times. Here at last he has reached the beginning of things: here man first domesticated

the animals; here he first worked in copper and iron; here he possessed for the first time an alphabet, a government, commerce, and coinage. And, lo! from the bottom of well-holes in Illinois, one hundred and fourteen feet deep, the buckets of the artesian-well augur bring up copper rings and iron hatchets and engraved coins—engraved by a means unknown to historical mankind—and we stand face to face with a civilization so old that man will not willingly dare to put it into figures.

Here we are in the presence of that great, but possibly brutal and sensual development of man's powers, "the sword-ages, the ax-ages, the murder-ages of the Goths," of which God cleared the earth when he buried the mastodon under the Drift forever.—*Ragnarok.*

SUNSET.

The gold-shod evening through the dark'ning west
Slips like a fugitive.—*1851.*

IRELAND AND THE SOUTH. Love and loyalty are flowers that spring unbidden at the touch of the gentle hand of justice; they can never be coerced out of the hearts of men by cruelty and oppression.—*Speech at banquet to the Earl of Aberdeen, St. Paul, 1887.*

THE SEA.

And sink at last, when my song is past,
Like silence on the sea;
Beautiful, solemn sea,
Thou art the world to me,
The whole wide world to me.
Never a strand or shore,
Never the wave of trees,
But ever the same stern roar,
The same continuous breeze.
Ever the same wide waste,
With its sullen fall and rise,
The shadowy billows faced
With the everlasting skies.—*1851.*

CONSIDER THE WRETCHED.

Speak to Dives of lifting up the plane of all the under-fed, underpaid, benighted millions of the earth—his fellow-men—to higher

levels of comfort, and joy, and intelligence — not tearing down any, but building up all — and Dives can not understand you.

Ah, Dives! consider, if there is no other life than this, the fate of these uncounted millions of your race! What does existence give to them? What do they get out of all this abundant and beautiful world?

To look down the vista of such a life as theirs is like gazing into one of the corridors of the Catacombs: an alley filled with reeking bones of dead men; while from the cross-arches, waiting for the poor man's coming on, ghastly shapes look out:—sickness and want and sin and grim despair and red-eyed suicide.

Put yourself in his place, Dives, locked up in such a cavern as that, and the key thrown away!—*Ragnarok.*

THE UNIVERSE IS THOUGHT. A something within me seemed to cry out: "Fool! fool! thinkest thou that thy capacity for thought is but an orphan accident in the midst of a barren universe? No, no; *the universe is thought.* Thy mind is but a fragment chipped off and dropped to earth from the illimitable soul of things, bearing upon it the stamp of its divinity in its sense of right, its imperial conscience. Death is but the opening of the door. The room is empty, but the tenant has wandered elsewhere.— *Doctor Huguet.*

RED PAINT. The finishing touches of the portrait of Reform are too often given with red paint.—*Journal, 1889.*

A CHARACTER.

A countenance that looks as if it had been cut out of *lignum-vitæ*, by some humorous demon, with a broad-axe; an evil face, where God hath set the bar-sinister of his unqualified disapproval.

A mixture of fool and knave in most exact and judicious proportions. He would be a fool absolute if his cunning did not restrain him; he would be a scoundrel unmitigated if the cup of his folly did not overflow the saucer of his judgment.

A monstrosity; an absurdity; an awful mixture of wickedness and weakness. It is as if a Bengal tiger had begotten a foal on the body of an unadulterated ass; and the product was an abnormal and incongruous combination of claws, hoofs, stripes and ears; the appalling roar trailing out into a ridiculous bray; the belly fitted neither for blood nor thistles.

When he goes to hell — as he will — for he naturally belongs there — the devils will alternately shrink back and leave a vacuum around him, and then gather to roar with laughter over his antics and absurdities.—*Speech, 1884.*

DINNER BELLS.

(AFTER POE — A LONG DISTANCE.)

Hear the glorious dinner bells;
Sympathetic dinner bells;
Tinkling, tingling, silver bells;
What a world of satisfaction
Their melody foretells!
With the pudding from the pot,
(The dark, ambrosial pot);
And the turkey smoking hot,
Filled with filling till it swells;
And it smells!
Oh, it smells!
As if an angel dwells
In the circumambient air;
And, from iridescent wings,
O'er the group assembled flings
Paradisial odors rare;
Rich and rare;
Filling, thrilling all the air!
While it smells! — *Oh*, it smells! —
Smells! — smells! — smells! —
Smells! — smells! — smells!
As if the saints forgiven,
Through the open gates of heaven,
Flung the beaming, gleaming, streaming
Breath of Eden rare,
Rich and rare;
Through the circumambient air,
Everywhere! — *Christmas, 1870.*

THE COMET. Do not count too much, Dives, on your lands and houses and parchments; your guns and cannon and laws; your insurance companies and your governments. There may be even now

one coming from beyond Arcturus, or Aldebaran, or Coma Berenices, with glowing countenance and horrid hair, and millions of tons of *debris*, to overwhelm you and your possessions, and your corporations, and all the ant-like devices of man in one common ruin.—*Ragnarok.*

A Knave. A dishonest knave who would turn around on one-tenth of his own diameter.—*Journal, 1889.*

The Poor of the Old World. And how pitiful, Mr. Speaker, is the condition of those populations? They lie at the base of a column of injustices heaped high above them. How desolate is the cry which their wretchedness, their misery, their very sinfulness, sends up to heaven? How pale, how bloodless are their poor faces as they gather in the fetid alleys of the great cities of the Old World, or sit down patiently to their insufficient food in miserable cabins? The whole past of the human family seems to rest crushingly upon them. Conquests a thousand years old yet press upon their shoulders. The distinctions of race and caste and religion, and all the million forms of injustice growing out of these, yet hold them under their feet. They look to the laws, and they are against them; they look to the land, and it is occupied; they can only hope by the most cruel and unceasing toil to snatch a living more scant, more precarious than that which the gaunt wolf gathers in the depths of the forest.—*Speech in Congress, May 7, 1868.*

The Mind God-like. But what a sense of exaltation came over me! Out of the very wells and caverns of humiliation I had climbed to the light. I had risen upon the wings of my own soul. I had found that there is that in the mind of man that can survive "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds." Only the cowardly fall. The brave man dares all the bolts of fate. Death simply releases him from unfortunate conditions. The mind is god-like—it is God. I would make this black hide as glorious as the crippled figure of the slave Æsop, or the satyr-like features of the persecuted Socrates.—*Doctor Huguet.*

Cæsar Lomellini. I turned to the president. Such a man I had never seen before. He was, I should think, not less than six feet six inches high, and broad in proportion. His great arms hung down until the monstrous hands almost touched the knees. His

skin was quite dark, almost negroid, and a thick, close mat of curly black hair covered his huge head like a thatch. His face was muscular, ligamentous; with great bars, ridges and whelks of flesh, especially about the jaws and on the forehead. But the eyes fascinated me. They were the eyes of a wild beast, deep-set, sullen and glaring; they seemed to shine like those of the cat-tribe, with a luminosity of their own. This, then — I said to myself — must be Cæsar, the commander of the dreaded Brotherhood.— *Cæsar's Column.*

National Progress. The progress of a people is like the progress of a ship at sea. The air is agitated for a thousand miles around the vessel; there is a great bluster in the rigging: a great rattling of cordage; and out of the whole tumult the sails have caught a few caps full of wind, and the ship is advanced a mile or two upon its course. God has to blow hard down the centuries and over the universe to move a nation forward a foot's space.— *1855.*

THE ABSURDITY OF THE ICE THEORY.

Again, where did the clay, which is deposited in such gigantic masses, hundreds of feet thick, over the continent, come from? We have seen that, according to Mr. Dawkins, "no such clay has been proved to have been formed, *either in the Arctic regions, whence the ice-sheet has retreated*, or in the districts forsaken by the glaciers."

If the Arctic ice-sheet does not create such a clay now, why did it create it centuries ago on the plains of England or Illinois?

The other day I traveled from Minnesota to Cape May, on the shore of the Atlantic, a distance of about fifteen hundred miles. At scarcely any point was I out of sight of the red clay and gravel of the Drift; it loomed up amid the beach-sands of New Jersey; it was laid bare by railroad-cuts in the plains of New York and Pennsylvania; it covered the highest tops of the Alleghanies at Altoona; the farmers of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin were raising crops upon it; it was everywhere. If one had laid down a handful of the Wisconsin drift alongside of a handful of the New Jersey deposit, he could scarcely have perceived any difference between them.

Here, then, is a geological formation, almost identical in character, fifteen hundred miles long from east to west, and reaching through

the whole length of North and South America, from the Arctic Circle to Patagonia.

Did ice grind this out of the granite?

Where did it get the granite? The granite reaches the surface only in limited areas: as a rule it is buried many miles in depth under the sedimentary rocks.

How did the ice pick out its materials so as to *grind nothing but granite?*

This deposit overlies limestone and sandstone. The ice sheet rested upon them. Why were *they* not ground up with the granite? Did the ice intelligently pick out a particular kind of rock, and that the hardest of them all?

But here is another marvel — this clay is red. The red is due to the grinding up of mica and hornblende. Granite is composed of quartz, feldspar and mica. In syenitic granite the materials are quartz, feldspar and hornblende. Mica and hornblende contain considerable oxide of iron, while feldspar has none. When mica and hornblende are ground up, the result is blue or red clays, as the oxidation of the iron turns the clay red; while the clay made of feldspar is light yellow or white.

Now, then, not only did the ice sheet select for grinding the granite rock, and refuse to touch the others, but it put the granite itself through some mysterious process by which it separated the feldspar from the mica and hornblende, and manufactured a white or yellow clay out of the one, which it deposited in great sheets by itself, as west of the Mississippi; while it ground up the mica and hornblende and made blue or red clays, which it laid down elsewhere, as the red clays are spread over that great stretch of fifteen hundred miles to which I have referred.— *Ragnarok.*

The Waters of Humiliation. Talk about drinking the waters of humiliation. I have drained them to the very dregs; I have swallowed them by the quart, the gallon, the bucket-full, the barrel-full; I have been plunged into an ocean of them; I have been soaked in them, for years at a time, until every fiber of my being has shrieked out its protest against injustice and degradation.— *Journal, 1888.*

A Marriage for Money. Can high walls, rich lawns, wide fields and splendid trappings compensate the spirit, which, return-

ing from its wanderings, finds no rest, no comfort, no repose; but circles ever in restless flutterings around the empty image of a home? — *Essay, 1853.*

Meaner than the Monkeys. It is an axiom that "no man can be safely left in the unrestrained power of any other man." It was on this principle that we abolished slavery. To say that a dozen men in Minneapolis, by the ticking of a telegraph, shall fix every year and every day the value of the productions of a hundred thousand farmers, and the resulting prosperity of all the merchants, professional men, mechanics and working people dependent on them, is to say that a gigantic wrong *must* be inflicted on the people. There never yet existed the power to oppress that oppression did not follow. Mankind is meaner than the monkeys and crueler than the wild beasts. We have only to look back a few hundred years to see the horrible outrages which unrestrained man inflicted on his fellows. In fact, we need only cross the ocean and visit the wretched cabins of Ireland, or the mines of Siberia, to learn that tigers and sharks are kinder to their kin than that "paragon of animals," that "quintessence of dust," the human creature. — *Speech at Glencoe, 1884.*

Education and the Newspaper. Neither did it follow that because a man was educated he was intelligent. There was a vast population of the middle class, who had received good educations, but who did not have any opinion upon any subject, except as they derived it from their daily newspapers. The rich men owned the newspapers and the newspapers owned their readers; so that, practically, the rich men cast all those hundreds of thousands of votes. If these men had not been able to read and write they would have talked with one another upon public affairs, and have formed some correct ideas; their education simply facilitated their mental subjugation; they were chained to the chariots of the Oligarchy; and they would never know the truth until they woke up some bright morning and found it was the Day of Judgment.—*Cæsar's Column.*

A Dozen Lives. I regret that I cannot live a dozen lives at once, with ten times the industry, for each one, that I am now capable of.—*Journal, 1886.*

The Fires of Atlantis Still Burning. These facts would seem to show that the great fires which destroyed Atlantis are still

smoldering in the depths of the ocean; that the vast oscillations which carried Plato's continent beneath the sea may again bring it, with all its buried treasures, to the light; and that even the wild imagination of Jules Verne, when he described Captain Nemo, in his diving-armor, looking down upon the temples and towers of the lost island, lit by the fires of the submarine volcanoes, had some groundwork of possibility to build upon. — *Atlantis.*

A Strange Compound. He is not even an honest fanatic; for all his viperishness and vituperativeness are at the service of the man who owns, for the time being, the collar upon his neck. He is that strangest of all compounds, a fanatic plugged with a post-office; and hence he combines the docility of the water-spaniel with the ferocity of the rat-terrier.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

The Illumination of Intellect.

As when the Chinese shade's raised figures stand,
Wrought almost perfect by the artist's hand,
And yet uneven, callous, cold and dull,
Till the lit taper fills them, clear and full;
So woman's face, molded by skill divine,
Graced with angelic beauty in each line,
But meaningless and soulless meets the sight
Till intellect comes freshening it with light;
And then, ah! then, each feature teems with grace,
Mind, softened mind, looks saint-like from the face;
In each sweet, dimpled smile the light lies caught,
And in the deep eyes dwell whole worlds of thought.—*1855.*

The White Manhood. "Smite me with sudden death, O Lord God!" I cried aloud; "cover me with leprosy; rot me with consumption; infect me with all the racking pains that flesh inherits; plunge me in poverty to the very lips; overwhelm me with shame and dishonor; but give me back my body, my *race*, my white skin — that loftiest symbol of dignity and greatness throughout all the habitable world. Let me stand, if you will, O God! at some street corner, lame and blind, and sick and sore, with outstretched hand, living upon the pitiful and contemptuous bounty of my kind; but give me back my white manhood! Spare me this awful, this incomprehensible, this unprecedented affliction. And, O Christ! have

your pitying eyes no glance of mercy for me? You died on the cross, but you died a white man? This is a living cross, a life-long crucifixion, compared with which the nails and the spear were merciful.—*Doctor Huguet.*

INDIVIDUAL OWNERSHIP OF LAND.

Now, what is the root of all this? It is the pioneer driving his plow for the first time into the surface of the wilderness. The whole structure rests upon the occupancy and ownership of the land by the individual. Hence follow independence, self-respect, and all the incentives to labor; hence industry, intelligence, schools, society, development — not the hot-house development of the towns, but sturdy, healthy development, which has its roots in the earth, which expands in the family circle, and which brings strength and power to the best traits of human nature.

We cannot overrate the importance of the subdivision of the land among the people. Being the original parent of all wealth, its blessing should be wide-spread and should reach as many as possible; otherwise it will concentrate in a few hands, and then will follow plethora for the few and pauperism for the many, until at last we realize the pitiful and lamentable condition of Europe, where the blood and tears and sweat of the afflicted cry from the earth like the blood of Abel.

Now, Mr. Speaker, we owe to every man who desires to possess it a reasonable portion of the unoccupied land of the nation. The right inheres in him and it inheres in the great mass of his fellow-men, because he and they are alike to be benefited — he directly, they indirectly. That right the homestead law recognizes and protects.—*Speech in Congress, May 7, 1868.*

AN ESSAY ON A DOG.

What curious sympathy is this that binds Jack's intelligence to mine?

I start out to take a walk. I may have lounged around, and in and out of the garden for hours, and wise old Jack never stirs; but now he sees the purpose in my walk or bearing, and he is up and away, gamboling with delight.

He has been at liberty at any time to stroll off into the woods by himself; but the woods are nothing without companionship — nay,

they are nothing without human companionship, for even a fellow-dog, who speaks his own language, does not appear to afford him the society which his master does. And yet what a vast interval of development separates Jack and me! He comes of a wild, remote, barbarian stock that would originally have eaten me; and I of a wild, remote, barbarian stock that would, with equal delight, have eaten Jack. And yet Jack is happy only in my approval. He will not stray far away from me; and if a nimble rabbit or impertinent squirrel tempts him aside he soon returns; and if he takes the wrong path, how quickly he seeks me out, and is happy only in my presence. He is enjoying the walk and my society; that is most evident.

Observe the expression of Jack's eyes under different circumstances. Now he rolls and tumbles with another dog in play. See how his eyes sparkle. See how tenderly they grasp each other's limbs with their sharp teeth, conscious that they must not hurt one another in their mimic strife. Observe how the bigger dog tumbles Jack on his back and then rolls him backward and forward, as I have myself rolled and tumbled a romping youngster. Who says there is not in all this joviality, "fun," kindness, fellowship and the sense of humor; all Christian virtues, as we understand them?

I have seen Jack apologize with his eyes, as plainly as if he said in words: "I am exceedingly sorry for my misdemeanor; I humble myself before you as I would before my God."

And, in fact, as some one has well observed, we stand to dogs in the relation of gods. We hold in our hands, for them, the issues of life and death; we are, to them, the dispensers of perpetual bounty; our houses, our implements, our arms, must strike them with an awe similar to that with which the Indian regards the manifestations of the Thunder-God.

The ancients were not without some show of probability when they supposed that the souls of the dead revisited the earth in the bodies of animals. If there is a spiritual life outside of this material life, as we are taught to believe, who shall say what forms and modes of being it assumes? May not that conscious entity, the soul, pass during countless ages, from planet to planet, through all those multitudinous systems which unroll themselves, night after night, in magnificent pageantry before our gaze?

Jack here, with his apologetic eyes, and his strong love of human companionship, may have been a philosopher on one of the planets of Aldebaran. Or he may have been an editor on one of those remote dots of light which go to make up that creamy, curdy streak which we call "the Milky Way." Or, perchance, coming nearer home, he was a money-lender under Rameses, and exacted his shent per shent and ground the greasy faces of the garlic-eating Egyptian poor. Or he may have been a Roman soldier and carried his eagle before Cæsar. If so, I do not wonder he is ashamed of his present degenerate state, tail and all, and apologizes for it out of his brown eyes.

But whatever Jack is, wherever he came from, or wherever he is going, Jack loves me; that is self-evident. He experiences spasms of exquisite pain whenever I scold him; he goes into paroxysms of delight if I deign to notice him. There are lines of sympathy which link the contents of his poor little imperfect brain-pan with my educated intelligence. He can neither read nor write nor vote; and yet he has, to a large degree, the same emotions and affections that I have; he loves and he hates; he enjoys and he suffers; he hungers and he thirsts; he has his friends and his enemies; he is fond of his home and even of his companion of the kennel; he is capable of rage, terror, gratitude, shame, modesty, reverence, merriment, humor and sorrow. He is even superstitious, and has a savage's horror of anything white shining out at him from the dark. And as superstition is simply a barbarous religion, he may even have some rudimentary dog-creed of his own, holding the same relation to a properly organized theology that his few rude tones of voice, wherewith he expresses his emotions, hold to a cultivated language. Who knows what thoughts are in that hair-covered little cranium; or what conceptions of his Creator are granted to him, vouchsafed out of the illimitable charity of God, but incommunicable to man?

How little we know of that Mighty Power of which both Jack and I are simply expressions! This, at least, we can learn, that these humble creatures were built up out of the same dust, by the same great Architect; and that our first duty is to be kind to them. In some broad, pleasant, planet-embracing sense, we are their brethren; and we should make their poor, brief lives pleasant and comfortable. As we are gods in their eyes because of our power, we

should be gods to them in our mercy and beneficence.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE SPIRIT OF ROMANCE.

O orient charm, that o'er dull commonplace
Throws all our life can know of light or grace,
Bring thou from out the mossèd cells of age
Remembrance fair of learning's storied page;
Give antique thought new life in beauty's brain,
And bid young hearts make old love young again.—*1854.*

THE USE OF TOBACCO. We are sometimes inclined to think that the injurious consequences resulting from the use of tobacco are as great as those from alcohol. To be sure, tobacco does not drive men to murder and suicide and thus shock society, but it gradually undermines the system, and prepares it for the use of whisky, by creating a demand for the use of a more powerful stimulant.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

SUMMER.

Shade is gemmed and worked in light,
Rills of crystal flash to sight,
And the song-bird's dappled breast
Quivers o'er its sun-touched nest.—*1854.*

KINGS. The world has got no further use for that breed of beasts they call kings. When I think of the billions of human beings they have sent to death on the gallows, the block, the battle-field, and at the stake, I feel like wringing the neck of every last one of them.—*Journal, 1890.*

THE INTELLECT ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE HEAD. My intellect, my modes of thought, my acquired knowledge, my disposition, my feelings, my affections, everything, belonged to Doctor Huguet. It seemed to me that all these should shine through the apparel of the flesh, like a light through a porcelain shade. But no; the world saw no further than the skin; men judged their fellows by their appearance. The convolutions of the brain are covered by the osseous plate of the impervious skull. And then I thought, why did not God place the character and mold of the mind on the *outside* of the head, so that men could recognize the intellects of their fellows, when they passed them in the street, as they now recognize the shape of their noses or chins? How many lovely forms inclose a mental

vacuum! How many grand souls look out through distorted, Socratic features! But the human spirit dwells, unhappily for itself, behind a mask — an impenetrable mask.— *Doctor Huguet.*

THE COMET STRIKING THE EARTH.

Let us try to conceive the effects of the fall of the material of the comet upon the earth.

We have seen terrible rain-storms, hail-storms, snow-storms; but fancy a storm of stones and gravel and clay-dust! Not a mere shower either, but falling in black masses, darkening the heavens, vast enough to cover the world, in many places, hundreds of feet in thickness; leveling valleys, tearing away and grinding down hills, changing the whole aspect of the habitable globe. Without and above it roars the earthquaking voice of the terrible explosions; through the drifts of *debris* glimpses are caught of the glaring and burning monster; while through all and over all is an unearthly heat, under which rivers, ponds, lakes, springs, disappear as if by magic.

Now, reader, try to grasp the meaning of all this description. Do not merely read the words. To read aright, upon any subject, you must read below the words, above the words, and take in all the relations that surround the words. So read this record.

Look out at the scene around you. Here are trees fifty feet high. Imagine an instantaneous descent of granite-sand and gravel sufficient to smash and crush these trees to the ground, to bury their trunks, and to cover the earth one hundred to five hundred feet higher than the elevation to which their tops now reach! And this is not alone here in your garden, or over your farm, or over your township, or over your county, or over your State; but over the whole continent in which you dwell — in short, over the greater part of the habitable world!

Are there any words that can draw, even faintly, such a picture, its terror, its immensity, its horrors, its destructiveness, its surpassal of all earthly experience and imagination? And this human ant-hill, the world, how insignificant would it be in the grasp of such a catastrophe! Its laws, its temples, its libraries, its religions, its armies, its mighty nations, would be but as the veriest stubble — dried grass, leaves, rubbish — crushed, smashed, buried, under this heaven-rain of horrors.

But, lo! through the darkness, the wretches not beaten down and whelmed in the *debris*, but scurrying to mountain-caves for refuge, have a new terror: the cry passes from lip to lip, "The world is on fire!"

The head of the comet sheds down fire. Its gases have fallen in great volumes on the earth; they ignite; amid the whirling and rushing of the *debris*, caught in cyclones, rises the glare of a Titanic conflagration. The winds beat the rocks against the rocks; they pick up sand heaps, peat beds and bowlders, and whirl them madly in the air. The heat increases. The rivers, the lakes, the ocean itself, evaporate.

And poor humanity! Burned, bruised, wild, crazed, stumbling, blown about like feathers in the hurricanes, smitten by mighty rocks, they perish by the million; a few only reach the shelter of the caverns, and thence, glaring backward, look out over the ruins of a destroyed world.

And not humanity alone has fled to these hiding-places; the terrified denizens of the forest, the domesticated animals of the fields, with the instinct which in great tempests has driven them into the houses of men, follow the refugees into the caverns. We shall see all this depicted in the legends.

The first effect of the great heat is vaporization of the waters of the earth; but this is arrested long before it has completed its work.

Still the heat is intense — how long it lasts, who shall tell? An Arabian legend indicates years.

The stones having ceased to fall, the few who have escaped — and they are few indeed, for many are shut up forever by the clay-dust and gravel in their hiding-places, and on many others the convulsions of the earth have shaken down the rocky roofs of the caves — the few survivors come out, or dig their way out, to look upon a changed and blasted world. No cloud is in the sky, no rivers or lakes are on the earth; only the deep springs of the caverns are left; the sun, a ball of fire, glares in the bronze heavens.— *Ragnarok*.

CITIES. No great intellectual work was ever accomplished in a city. Time is consumed in frivolities. A thousand petty temptations beckon away every moment of leisure.— *Journal, 1886*.

One of the Nation's Running Sores. We clip from the *Pioneer-Press* the following standing advertisement:

"Divorces legally obtained for incompatibility, etc.; residence unnecessary; fee after decree. Address P. O. Box 1037, Chicago, Ill."

That "etc." covers everything. "Residence unnecessary." That is to say, a citizen of St. Paul or Crow Wing who has tired of his wife, or fancies a younger or more buxom lass, can, without leaving home, for an "etc." obtain a divorce, without notice to his wife, and turn the partner of his bosom out of doors, perhaps onto the town, to make a living by adding to the maelstrom of vice which threatens to swallow society. Surely any belief as to the next world which preserves virtue and morality in this world, is better than this worship of the god Priapus which is now taking possession of the world, and turning society into a prolonged Roman saturnalia. And any friend of his country and his kind would cry God-speed to all the churches of the land, that are working together for good, and seek to unite them in a livelier sense of Christian brotherhood, as Moody and Sankey and other members of the "Broad Church" are doing to-day, instead of reviving the passions, hatreds and bigotries of a by-gone age.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

To the Sky-lark, Singing in the Dawn.

Go, — voice of earth!
Go to the listening and ethereal forms
That, in the dim light, bend above the world,
Waiting sweet message from the waking earth,
And tell delightful stories of the flowers;
The dew-besprinkled grass; the shadowy woods;
The long, sweet paths, hedge-bordered; and the homes
Brimming with hope and love.
And, 'mid the faint wreaths of the fading mist,
Through the last tracings of the dying night,
Let them bear heavenward the golden tale,—
That earth, anew, takes up the tasks of God,
And bears them on in joy.—*1858.*

Fair Play for the South. If the nation is to live it must not be with one section fastened like a wolf on the vitals of the rest. Nothing endures in this world but justice.—*Speech to Grangers, 1873.*

A Sub-Kingdom by Himself. The *Pioneer-Press* thus divides up the Senate:—

Republicans	27
Democrats	13
Donnelly	1
Republican majority	13

Good. We are not ranked in any department of the animals in the political menagerie but are a variety, species, order and sub-kingdom, by ourself. As Shakespeare says,

"Take him for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

—*The Anti-Monopolist, 1874.*

The Sea-Bird.

Like the sea-bird's pinions gray,
Beating up, in skyward flight,
'Mid the sunset's golden light.

—*The Mourner's Vision, 1850.*

The Brotherhood of Justice. "Universal education is right; it is necessary," I said, "but it is not all-sufficient. Education will not stop corruption or misgovernment. No man is fit to be free unless he possesses a reasonable share of education; but every man who possesses that reasonable share of education is not fit to be free. A man may be able to read and write and yet be a fool or a knave. What is needed is a society which shall bring to Labor the aid of the same keenness, penetration, foresight, and even cunning, by which wealth has won its triumphs. Intellect should have its rewards, but it should not have everything. But this defense of Labor can only spring from *the inspiration of God*, for the natural instinct of man, in these latter days, seems to be to prey on his fellow. We are sharks that devour the wounded of our own kind.—*Cæsar's Column.*

The People's Party. Our politics to-day is in a chaotic state; but it is the chaos that precedes creation; out of it the voice of God will yet be heard crying, "Let there be light;" and we shall see, clearly arrayed against each other, two well-defined parties, facing each other like warring lions. The one party representing wealth as against manhood, the old ideas against the new, the old world

against the new; representing sordid greed, grasping injustice, accumulation and concentration, illiberality and indifference to the rights of the humble. On the other hand, we shall have a party laying its foundation deep and wide on the popular heart, filled with the divine spirit of Him who preached from the Mount charity, justice and brotherhood; solicitous to preserve liberty because liberty makes possible all things of good to man; solicitous to hold together the nation, because even a continent is too small for the working out of God's benevolonce to man; solicitous, by example and sympathy, to lift up all the oppressed of the earth, and strike down cruelty and wrong wherever they may show their hideous heads.—*Speech at Glencoe, 1884.*

Bacon's Magnanimity. And, still speaking of himself, he continues with this noble thought:

"It may be you will do posterity good, if out of the carcass of dead and rotten greatness, as out of Samson's lion, there may be honey gathered for the use of future times."

What a noble, what a splendid image is this! How the metaphor is interwoven, Shakespeare-wise, not as a distinct comparison, but into the entire body of the thought. He is appealing for mercy, for time to finish his great works; he is himself already "dead and rotten greatness," but withal majestic greatness; he is Samson's lion, but in the carcass the bees have made their hive and hoarded honey for posterity. And what a soul! That in the hour of ruin and humiliation, sacrificed, as I believe, to save a dishonest king and a degraded favorite, could still love humanity and look forward to its welfare.—*The Great Cryptogram.*

The Forest Spring.

A darkling hollow, by the rocks o'ershaded,
Into whose pooly cup the waters purl;
Where, when the long-lived summer day hath faded,
Drink the small forest bird and woodland squirrel.—*1851.*

"The Distinguished Educators." These "distinguished educators" are generally afraid to say "beans," unless some other "distinguished educator" puts their lips in shape, and starts them on the b.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

AN OLD LIBRARY.

But an old library is, indeed, a sad object to contemplate. It represents so much of abandoned errors and disappointed ambitions, that to examine its shelves is very much like walking through an old church-yard. And what can be sadder than to look upon the graves of the dead and consider that houses, lands, furniture, goods, gold, silver, horses, cattle, books, grief, merriment, love, hate, are all taken away from the departed, and they are all brought down to a little, ghastly, erect stone, and a memory that grows fainter and fainter every day, and at last disappears utterly in the awful abyss of universal oblivion.

Thus an old library is a sort of intellectual graveyard; we find in it hundreds of forgotten books by forgotten men, who sought thus to drag a fragment of remembrance out of the black waters of Lethe, and fondly hoped that their works would live and occupy the minds of mankind for many generations. How marvelously the living creature shrinks from annihilation! And yet Time will obliterate the memory even of Homer. That universal maw spares nothing that is or was.

> "Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
> Wherein he puts alms for oblivion;
> A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
> Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured
> As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
> As done."
>
> — *Doctor Huguet.*

"EVERY BAD LAW BUILDS TAVERNS."

"In the Public Health Congress convened by the King of Belgium, one delegate caught a glimpse of an important truth when he observed that, if the general condition of the people were improved, they would drink less."—*Harper's Weekly.*

That's it. The root and ground of all moral reform is just laws. An oppressed people are always a poor people, and a poor people are very apt to be a degraded people. Sin is a kind of moral sweat, whose fountains are dirt and wretchedness.

To the drunkard intoxication is often a substitute for a thick coat, a warm fire, a full stomach and a bright home. Give him all these, and rum has lost its charms. But without these he seeks oblivion in the lethean waters of strong drink.

If you would reform a people give them prosperity; and this comes only by taking from their throats the vampires that suck away the fruits of their industry.

Every bad law builds taverns.—*Anti-Monopolist.*

The Non-Education of Voters. What a lovely time there would be in one of those great Northern cities if the wealthier classes turned out on election day and murdered a few workingmen for trying to vote! How much of that town would be up in the air in the form of smoke before nightfall? How many of those intelligent bankers and brokers, and lawyers, and railroad presidents, would be ready to adorn a graveyard before supper-time? But let us go a step further. Let us suppose that the ruling class not only tried to keep the workingmen from voting by murdering them, but went so far as to shut up the school-houses and deny them education, and employ the whole power of the civilized state to make them brutes and savages? What a hell-upon-earth would they prepare for themselves! What a cheerful place that would be for a cultured gentleman of quiet and refined tastes to reside in, where the vast majority of the people around him, male and female, were uncivilized monsters, as enlightened as gorillas, and as bloodthirsty as thugs.—*Doctor Huguet.*

The Immortality of the Soul. Who can doubt that there is another life? Who, that knows the immortality of matter, its absolute indestructibility, can believe that mind, intelligence, soul,—which must be, at the lowest estimate — if they are not something higher — a form of matter, — are to perish into nothingness? If it be true, as we know it is, that the substance of the poor flesh that robes your spirits — nay, of the very garments you wear — shall exist, undiminished by the friction of eternity, æons after our planet is blotted out of space and our sun forgotten, can you believe that this intelligence, whereby I command your souls into thought, and communicate with the unsounded depths of your natures, can be clipped off into annihilation? Nay, out of the very bounty and largess of God I speak unto you; and that in me which speaks, and that in you which listens, are alike part and parcel of the eternal Maker of all things, without whom is nothing made.—*Cæsar's Column.*

The Green Altars of God. Let us take no steps backward. Our forefathers gave us a republic; let us preserve and perfect it.

Let us, upon the graves of our dead soldiers, as upon the green altars of God, register our vows that the shadow upon the dial of time shall not be turned back. Let our children learn, by the ceremonies of to-day, the priceless value of their heritage; let them be taught how the republic honors those who die for it. So shall they stand ready, in their day and generation, to spring to the defense of the national life whenever threatened by internal or external foes; and so, from age to age, the flower-covered graves of patriots shall be the stepping-stones along which humanity shall advance, with giant strides, to the perfection of its development and the fulfillment of its destiny.—*Memorial Address, 1884.*

THE MOONLIGHT.

Oh! mourner o'er a blind yet beauteous world,
Gray shadow of the daylight.—*1850.*

THE NEGROES IN THE CIVIL WAR. "The negroes are the most patient and forbearing and gentle people in the world. Imagine a body of white slaves, during our late civil war, in charge of the plantations, with the women and children at their mercy, while their masters were at the front fighting to decide whether their slavery should end or continue forever! If they had been Englishmen, or Irishmen, or Germans — or even Scotchmen, Major — the heavens would have been lurid with midnight flames, and the Southern soldiers would have had to rush home, to find the calcined bones of their best beloved shining white in the ashes of their habitations. Nor was this from lack of native courage on the part of the blacks; for, when armed by the Northern generals and placed in the field of battle, they fought like demons. No; it was natural goodness, and it should make every Southern father and husband feel more kindly to these poor black creatures, who had everything at their mercy and refused to shed a drop of white blood, or bring shame and despair to the face of a single white woman. The history of the human family does not afford another illustration of like forbearance under like circumstances."— *Doctor Huguet.*

THE COURSE OF HUMAN PROGRESS. The savage man is a pitiable creature; as Menaboshu says, in the Chippeway legends, he is pursued by a "perpetual hunger;" he is exposed unprotected to the blasts of winter and the heats of summer. A great terror sits upon his soul; for every manifestation of nature — the storm, the

wind, the thunder, the lightning, the cold, the heat — all are threatening and dangerous demons. The seasons bring him neither seed-time nor harvest; pinched with hunger, appeasing in part the everlasting craving of his stomach with seeds, berries and creeping things, he sees the animals of the forest dash by him, and he has no means to arrest their flight. He is powerless and miserable in the midst of plenty. Every step toward civilization is a step of conquest over nature. The invention of the bow and arrow was, in its time, a far greater stride forward for the human race than the steam-engine or the telegraph. The savage could now reach his game; his insatiable hunger could be satisfied; the very eagle, "towering in its pride of place," was not beyond the reach of this new and wonderful weapon. The discovery of fire and the art of cooking was another immense step forward. The savage, having nothing but wooden vessels in which to cook, covered the wood with clay; the clay hardened in the fire. The savage gradually learned that he could dispense with the wood, and thus pottery was invented. Then some one (if we are to believe the Chippeway legends on the shores of Lake Superior) found fragments of the pure copper of that region, beat them into shape, and the art of metallurgy was begun; iron was first worked in the same way by shaping meteoric iron into spear-heads.—*Atlantis.*

Mankind. Mankind is a phantasmagoria of ghosts clad in matter.—*Journal, 1885.*

Grant and Washburne Compared. Shall the two names go down in history together? Grant and Washburne! What a combination! Why, Mr. Speaker, the intellect of Grant is like some of those ancient warehouses, in the great cities of the older continent, where floor rises above floor, and cellar descends below cellar, all packed full to overflowing with the richest merchandise. The intellect of the gentleman from Illinois is like some of those establishments we see on Pennsylvania Avenue, where the entire stock in trade of the merchant is spread out in the front window, and over it is a label, "Anything in this window for one dollar." [Laughter.] Why, sir, he is the "Cheap John" of legislation. [Great laughter.] — *Speech in Congress.*

The True Doctrine. In the welfare of the many will be found the prosperity of each. It is easy to grow rich where all are

prosperous; it is not difficult to fall into poverty in the midst of the poor. Justice and liberty are the parents of boundless and endless prosperity; injustice and oppression mean wasteful luxuries for the few and wretchedness for the many.—*Memorial Address, 1814.*

THE ANCIENT RELIGIONS.

There are many things which indicate that a far-distant, prehistoric race existed in the background of Egyptian and Babylonian development, and that from this people, highly civilized and educated, we have derived the arrangement of the heavens into constellations, and our divisions of time into days, weeks, years and centuries. This people stood much nearer the Drift Age than we do. They understood it better. Their legends and religious beliefs were full of it. The gods carved on Hindoo temples, or painted on the walls of Assyrian, Peruvian or American structures, the flying dragons, the winged gods, the winged animals, Gucumatz, Rama, Siva, Vishnu, Tezcatlipoca, were painted in the very colors of the clays which came from the disintegration of the granite, "red, white and blue," the very colors which distinguished the comet; and they are all reminiscences of that great monster. The idols of the pagan world are, in fact, congealed history, and will some day be intelligently studied as such.

Doubtless this ancient astronomical, zodiac-building and constellation-constructing race taught the people the true doctrine of comets; taught that the winding serpent, the flying dragon, the destructive winged dog, or wolf, or hon, whose sphinx-like images now frown upon us from ancient walls and doorways, were really comets; taught how one of them had actually struck the earth, and taught that in the lapse of ages another of these multitudinous wanderers of space would again encounter our globe, and end all things in one universal conflagration.

And down through the race this belief has come, and down through the race it will go, to the consummation of time.—*Ragnarok.*

A DIFFERENCE. Many a man mistakes an overloaded stomach for an overburdened mind.—*Journal, 1883.*

TRUE. To the drunk all things are drunk.—*Journal, 1884.*

FENCING-IN AMERICA.

But we are told that this Protective System will increase the number of consumers in the United States, and that this "home market" will be nearer to us than to the Russians or Hungarians. What advantage is this, if we do not obtain a higher price than the world's price? And what market can be better than the market of the whole world? Is a part greater than the whole? Why fence ourselves in and isolate ourselves from the rest of mankind, in an effort to create a market in New England bigger and better than that of the habitable globe? This is on the principle of the fellow who said that there was more room in his barn than there was out of doors. Where are the great masses of consumers? In Europe, in those dense hives from which we swarmed. There, there are nearly 300,000,000 people. Of these there are 150,000,000 who consume cereals to the amount of *one billion bushels annually*. Nature in those densely crowded countries has fixed a limit to the growth of food; all the land is occupied. The entire Russian export of wheat amounted in 1857 to but 49,000,000 bushels, about twice that of the single State of Minnesota.

Here in this great West are the grain fields of the world. Why build a wall between producers and consumers? Why interpose a barrier between the wheat-bins and corn-cribs of America and the stomachs of Europe? Why turn our backs upon the 150,000,000 of Europe for the sake of a quarter of a million protected manufacturers in America? In Illinois thousands of bushels of corn have been burned this winter as fuel for lack of purchasers; in London hundreds of human beings have perished this winter from "starvation fever."—*Speech to Grangers, 1873.*

THE WORLD AFTER THE GREAT CATASTROPHE.

For the legends show us that when, at last, the stones and clay had ceased to fall, and the fire had exhausted itself, and the remnant of mankind were able to dig their way out, they returned to an awful wreck of nature.

Instead of the fair face of the world, as they had known it, bright with sunlight, green with the magnificent foliage of the forest, or the gentle verdure of the plain, they go forth upon a wasted, an

unknown land, covered with oceans of mud and stones; the very face of the country changed — lakes, rivers, hills, all swept away and lost. They wander, breathing a foul and sickening atmosphere, under the shadow of an awful darkness; a darkness which knows no morning, no stars, no moon; a darkness palpable and visible, lighted only by electrical discharges from the abyss of clouds, with such roars of thunder as we, in this day of harmonious nature, can form no conception of. It is, indeed, "chaos and ancient night." All the forces of nature are there, but disorderly, destructive, battling each other, and multiplied a thousand-fold in power; the winds are cyclones, magnetism is gigantic, electricity is appalling.

The world is more desolate than the caves from which they have escaped. The forests are gone; the fruit-trees are swept away; the beasts of the chase have perished; the domestic animals, gentle ministers to man, have disappeared; the cultivated fields are buried deep in drifts of mud and gravel; the people stagger in the darkness against each other; they fall into the chasms of the earth; within them are the two great oppressors of humanity, hunger and terror: hunger that knows not where to turn; fear that shrinks before the whirling blasts, the rolling thunder, the shocks of blinding lightning; that knows not what moment the heavens may again open and rain fire and stones and dust upon them.

God has withdrawn his face; his children are deserted; all the kindly adjustments of generous nature are gone. God has left man in the midst of a material world without law; he is a wreck, a fragment, a lost particle, in the center of an illimitable and endless warfare of giants.

Some lie down to die, hopeless, cursing their helpless gods; some die by their own hands; some gather around the fires of volcanoes for warmth and light — stars that attract them from afar off; some feast on such decaying remnants of the great animals as they may find projecting above the *debris*, running to them, as we shall see, with outcries, and fighting over the fragments.—*Ragnarok.*

Rather Fight than Pay Taxes. There was a considerable number of real Irishmen, the unadulterated, simon-pure article, went out into Western Pennsylvania. They were poor people, but, like all the race, courageous and warlike. The peaceful Germans and Quakers agreed that if they would fight the Indians and keep them

off the settlements they should be exempted from taxation, and there never was an Irishman yet who would not rather fight than pay taxes. — *Saint Patrick's Day Speech, Grand Forks, D. T., 1884.*

THE FOREST WATERFALL.

Where the rocks are heaped o'er the tangled glen,
Where the stream is rained, all mangled and rent,
Where the hemlocks peer o'er a sunless den.—*1850.*

PRAYER. A good prayer is a charitable purpose; — or, better, a charitable act.—*Journal, 1884.*

RELIGION AND LAW. Human law is but a pen-and-ink sketch of virtue. Law is virtue in the actions of men; religion is virtue in the innermost recesses of the soul. No sin is reprehensible by law until it takes the form of action; but religion stands at the womb of thought and apprehends crime in its very conception. It modifies the *ovum* when life first touches it. The one is restraint; the other goodness. —*Essay, 1885.*

KINGS AS DOCTORS. What king of Assyria, or Greece, or Rome, or even of these modern nations, has ever devoted himself to the study of medicine and the writing of medical books for the benefit of mankind? Their mission has been to kill, not to heal the people. Yet here, at the very dawn of Mediterranean history, we find the son of the first king of Egypt recorded "as a physician, and as having left anatomical books." — *Atlantis.*

SOUTHERN KINDLINESS TO THE NEGRO. My friends came often to see me. Their visits provoked no comment, for there is a great deal of gentle charity in the South from the white people, especially the ladies, to the sick and poor among the negroes. Indeed, strange as it may appear, in view of the political rivalries and hostilities, the strongest bonds of love extend from one race to the other. I have known a struggling white gentleman, with but a small income, set aside one-fourth of it every month for the support of his "mammy," an ancient and helpless nurse, whose black breasts had fed him in his infancy; and I have known the dark foster-mother to love her white charge more tenderly than her own offspring. It is a great pity that, among such noble and generous natures, political differences should ever arise to array them against each other, when they should all dwell together in peaceful Christian love and charity. But

time will sweep away these evils, and leave only good behind; for God rules, and His path is toward the betterment of mankind.— *Doctor Huguet.*

BACON. If Bacon built the causeway over which modern science has advanced, it was because, mounting on the pinions of his magnificent imagination, he saw that poor, struggling mankind needed such a pathway; his heart embraced humanity even as his brain embraced the universe. The river, which is a boundary to the rabbit, is but a landmark to the eagle. Let not the gnawers of the world, the rodentia, despise the winged creatures of the upper air.— *Ragnarok.*

THE OPPRESSION OF THE SOUTH. It is said that we propose to oppress the people of the South. It would be well if such oppression could cover the whole surface of the known world! Ours is an oppression which makes free; ours a despotism which builds the schoolhouse and the printing-office; ours a tryanny which sets the plow moving in the furrow and covers the lakes and rivers with the white wings of commerce. God give the world abundance of such oppression.— *Speech in Congress, Dec. 2, 1864.*

CHRIST, THE GREAT ICONOCLAST. He who drove the money-changers out of the temple, and denounced the aristocrats of his country as whited sepulchers, and preached a communism of goods, would not view to-day with patience or equanimity the dreadful sufferings of mankind. We have inherited Christianity without Christ; we have the painted shell of a religion, and that which rattles around within it is not the burning soul of the Great Iconoclast, but a cold and shriveled and meaningless tradition. Oh! for the quick-pulsing, warm-beating, mighty human heart of the man of Galilee! Oh! for his uplifted hand, armed with a whip of scorpions, to depopulate the temples of the world, and lash his recreant preachers into devotion to the cause of his poor, afflicted children. — *Cæsar's Column.*

THE TRAMP.

"Among these signs and tokens there is not one, perhaps, more significant than the appearance in the States of a personage hitherto almost entirely unknown in the transatlantic economy, a creature undreamed of by Humboldt, uncontemplated by De Tocqueville, whose presence on Federal soil was certainly never reckoned upon

by the Fathers of the Republic, Washington, Jefferson and Adams. The objectionable and portentous being to whom we allude is that old and inveterate scourge of Europe, the 'tramp.'"—*London Standard.*

And why the "tramp"? He is the result of misgovernment, the sad protest of wretchedness against unjust laws. Is there not abundance in God's world for all His children, if the substance of thousands is not squandered on the few? And what higher duty has law or government than to protect the humble many in the enjoyment of life and property?

We had no "tramps" until the United States entered on a pernicious system of legislation. Now they cover the land. And where is it to end?—*The Anti-Monopolist, 1875.*

THE DEAD BEAR NO ARMS. But the graves teach us another lesson — *Charity.* They tell us that the war is ended. These dead have no weapons by their side. They repose, unarmed, in the embrace of their great Creator. You cannot find the scars in their ashes. "From their unpolluted dust shall violets spring." Infinite Nature, with her million supple, busy fingers, is carrying away all that is mortal of them, and transforming it into grass and leaves and flowers; and over

"The low, green tent,
Whose curtain never outward swings,"

in the midst of plenty and of peace, "with an aspect as if she pitied men," mighty Nature preaches the great gospel of Charity.—*Memorial Address, 1884.*

RELIGION. What we need in religion is a remedy for abuses, not an anæsthetic.—*Journal, 1885.*

POLITICAL TOLERATION. There are a thousand reasons why we rejoice to-night. We rejoice that we live in the greatest age of the world's history; in the greatest nation that has ever dwelt on God's footstool; under the most benign institutions that have ever blessed mankind. We rejoice that we have so great and wise and self-controlled a population that the political government of fifty millions of people and thousands of millions of wealth can pass from one great party to another without the shedding of one drop of blood; with less disturbance, in fact, than oftentimes accompanies a parliamentary struggle in a single shire in England. We rejoice in the character of our people: in the moderation and good-nature with

which, after twenty-four years of power, the defeated have taken defeat. To my mind one of the finest illustrations of American civilization was given the other day in Philadelphia, when the great Republican club-house, the Union League, illuminated in honor of the Democratic celebration. This is as it should be. Our contests are not battles of armies, thirsting for each other's destruction; but the disputations of brothers, as to which possess the best policy for the happiness of both.—*Speech, 1885.*

A Farewell to Sullivan County, Pennsylvania.

No more the bending pole, for me no more
The speckled trout lie flapping on the shore.
No more, alas, I creep at early dawn,
Where browse the stalking buck and restless fawn,
In desert clearings—desert long ago—
Where now, all rank, the wild oats only grow.
No more, alone, from the gray mountain peak,
I watch the shadowy morn rise wan and weak,
And see the pale day gathering round the height
While all below still lingers wrapped in night.—*1851.*

THE FEVER OF CREATION.

There come bursts of creative force in history, when great thoughts are born, and then again Brahma, as the Hindoos say, goes to sleep for ages.

But, when the fever of creation comes, the poet, the inventor or the philosopher can no more arrest the development of his own thoughts than the female bird, by her will-power, can stop the growth of the *ova* within her, or arrest the fever in the blood which forces her to incubation.

The man who wrote the Shakespeare plays recognized this involuntary operation of even his own transcendent intellect, when he said:

> "Our poesy is a gum which oozes
> From whence 'tis nourished."

It came as the Arabian tree distilled its "medicinal gum;" it was the mere expression of an internal force, as much beyond his control as the production of the gum was beyond the control of the tree.—*Ragnarok.*

Advice to the Editors. My friends, whenever you put pen to paper, feel the full significance of your act. Never write a syllable that tends to make virtue ridiculous or religion contemptible. Dogmas may perish, but the essential soul of goodness in the heart of creeds will live on, amid all the mutations of mankind, unless stamped out by the feet of vice or folly. Never write a word that tends to make mankind sordid or degraded. In a little while we shall all be heaps of dust; but the race will live on, shining, magnificent, inextinctable — the never-ending, the consolidated, the immortal man. As the coral insect makes continents, so we are building up the race out of our lives. Call the people to the higher levels of their natures; summon them forward to all goodness; put before them the highest standards of life and action. Defend them in all their rights, and resist oppression from whatever quarter it may come. And so, when a greater age writes the history of the present, it will point to a noble, an exalted, a heroic people; and it will say, "This was the work of the men who possessed the avenues of public thought, in the State of Wisconsin, a generation ago. They did their duty to their age and to posterity. May their memory remain green through all the ages, in the hearts of the race they benefited."—*Address to the Editors of Wisconsin, 1889.*

The Local Associations of Genius. Genius, though its branches reach to the heavens and cover the continents, yet has its roots in the earth: and its leaves, its fruits and flowers, its texture and its fibers, bespeak the soil in which it was nurtured. Hence in the writings of every great master we find more or less association with the scenes in which his youth and manhood were passed — reflections, as it were, on the camera of the imagination, of those landscapes with which destiny had surrounded him.—*The Great Cryptogram.*

The Pure Soul. The purified individual soul we may not underestimate. These are the swept and garnished habitations where the angels dwell and look with unpolluted eyes upon the world.—*Cæsar's Column.*

The Invisible World. Was there anything in nature more than we could see? My brain was whirling; for, on the instant, like a revolving panorama, it seemed to me that all space flashed, circling around me, densely packed with unknown creatures, with indescriba-

ble forms that flowed into each other, and the universe was full of faces and eyes, all centered upon me; faces misty and shadowy, through which other eyes looked; faces behind faces, mingling with each other, as if the illimitable void had not room enough for the intelligences with which God had packed and crowded it.—*Doctor Huguet.*

Dives' Heaven. And Dives has an unexpressed belief that heaven is only a larger Wall Street, where the millionaires occupy the front benches, while those who never had a bank account on earth sing in the chorus.—*Ragnarok.*

Minds and Burdens. Minds are like backs: what is a fitting burden for one will break another.—*1855.*

Night.

The slow-limbed night, with a halt, laggard pacing,
  Has thrust his dark and bronzèd shield before;
And, like a Spartan warrior, stands facing,
  'Mid the rayed sunset, all the brunt of war;
And where a dart strikes hard there quivering clings a star.
—*1851.*

Great Thoughts. All great thoughts are inspirations of God. They are part of the mechanism by which He advances the race; they are new varieties created out of old genera.—*Ragnarok.*

The Races of Europe and America. When science is able to disabuse itself of the Mortonian theory that the aborigines of America are all red men and all belong to one race, we may hope that the confluence upon the continent of widely different races from different countries may come to be recognized and intelligently studied. There can be no doubt that red, white, black and yellow men have united to form the original population of America. And there can be as little doubt that the entire population of Europe and the south shore of the Mediterranean is a mongrel race — a combination, in varying proportions, of a dark-brown or red race with a white race; the characteristics of the different nations depending upon the proportions in which the dark and light races are mingled, for peculiar mental and moral characteristics go with these complexions. The red-haired people are a distinct variety of the white stock. There were once whole tribes and nations with this color of hair; their blood is now intermingled with all the races of men from Palestine

to Iceland. Everything in Europe speaks of vast periods of time and long-continued and constant interfusion of blood, until there is not a fair-skinned man on the Continent that has not the blood of the dark-haired race in his veins, nor scarcely a dark-skinned man that is not lighter in hue from intermixture with the white stock.—*Atlantis.*

The Failure of the Churches. To make a few virtuous while the many are vicious is to place goodness at a disadvantage. To teach the people patience and innocence in the midst of craft and cruelty is to furnish the red-mouthed wolves with wooly, bleating lambs. Hence the grip of the churches on humanity has been steadily lessening during the past two hundred years. Men permanently love only those things that are beneficial to them. The churches must come to the rescue of the people, or retire from the field.—*Cæsar's Column.*

The Farmers and the Railroads. Why is this? The railroad men are sharp, and quick, and bold. The farmers are dull, and slow, and timid. The railroads are thoroughly organized and act together. The farmers have not heretofore been organized, and have divided on a dozen immaterial questions. The railroads buy up the politicians, and the politicians humbug the farmers. The railroads act for themselves; the farmers dare do nothing without consulting some lawyer, editor or cross-roads wire-puller. The railroads own the newspapers, and the newspapers lash the farmers back into the party lines. In short, the corporations are superb rogues, and the farmers helpless and honest fools. If any man takes the farmer's part, editors, politicians and corporations raise a howl, a regular hue and cry against him, and too often the very farmers drop their hoes and scythes and join with a yell in the pursuit. If any man takes the corporation's part there is no hue and cry; they measure him by his capacity for service, and pay him accordingly. —*Speech to Grangers, 1873.*

As a rule, simple races repeat; they do not invent.—*Ragnarok.*

The Old and the New Creeds. Our fathers, when they founded this nation, planted it upon a new conception — that conception was the equality and happiness of mankind; not of the favored few, but the universal many. In the old world all the forces of

the government are bent to help those who are on top; here they are bent to help those who are at the bottom. The old creed was: "Take care of the rich, and the rich will take care of the poor." The new creed is: "Take care of the poor, and the rich will take care of themselves." The old creed meant: Proscription, privilege, concentration of wealth, injustice, degradation, aristocracy, monarchy. The new creed means: Equality, opportunity, universal happiness, general wealth, an undying republic, and unexampled growth. — *Speech, 1885.*

THE WOODS.

Oh! dim are the woods where the quiet is held,
Like a Titan of old, that had fought against God;
Oh! dim are the woods, where the tree-tops of eld
Are barring the light from the leaf-buried sod.
Where under the boughs the shadows are deep,
Herded and huddled like flocks of sheep,
That nestle them down in their silent sleep,
And slumber and slumber for aye:
While out on the hills, with a searching eye,
The rose-lipped sunbeam is wandering by,
Like a shepherd that looks in the dells to spy
The shades that have stolen astray.

—*The Mourner's Vision, 1850.*

THE RESPONSIBILITY. Whenever religion consents to injustice it consents to all the vices which spring from injustice, and becomes thereby the very ally of the Devil. — *Journal, 1885.*

CHRISTIANITY. And while we may regret the errors of religion, in the past or in the present, let us not forget its virtues. Human in its mechanism, it has been human in its infirmities. In the doctrine of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, which are the essential principles of Christianity, lies the redemption of mankind.— *Cæsar's Column.*

WHERE DID THE GRAVEL COME FROM? But, says another: "The idea of a comet encountering the earth, and covering it with *debris*, is so stupendous, so out of the usual course of nature, I refuse to accept it." Ah, my friend, you forget that those Drift deposits, hundreds of feet in thickness, are *there*. *They* are out of the usual

course of nature. It is admitted that they came suddenly from some source. If you reject my theory, you do not get clear of the phenomena. The facts are a good deal more stupendous than the theory. Go out and look at the first Drift deposit; dig into it a hundred feet or more; follow it for a few hundred miles or more; then come back, and scratch your head, and tell me where it all came from! Calculate how many cart-loads there are of it, then multiply this by the area of your own continent, and multiply that again by the area of two or three more continents, and then again tell me where it came from! —*Ragnarok.*

The Roadside Spring. The day was hot. I grew thirsty. I remembered that by the roadside, a short distance ahead, there was a woodland spring trickling out of the rocks, and falling into a pool of crystal clearness and beauty. Many a time, when a boy, hunting through these forests, had I plunged my face, rosy with youth and health, into the fountain, and drunk my full of the delightful liquid. Later in life I had rested by the refreshing pool, and philosophized upon the goodness of God, whose hand had fashioned these threads of living waters, creeping among the close-packed rocks, and through earth and gravel, and bursting forth at last, pellucid and beautiful, for the good of His creatures. And I could not help but compare it to a pure human soul, passing through all the pressing insistance of multitudinous sins, and coming forth at last without a stain or discoloration upon its bright surface — a thing of the earth, yet earthless.— *Doctor Huguet.*

THE WESTERN FARMER'S HOME MARKET.

When I sell my wheat to the millers, for seventy-five cents per bushel, I cannot tell — and they cannot tell — whether the flour that is manufactured from it goes eventually into the stomachs of Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Hindoos or Hottentots. In fact, it don't make a cent's worth of difference to me where it goes. I would have some faith in your talk about a home-market if the mills and elevators put up signs like this:

Price of No. 1 wheat, to be eaten by Yankees, one dollar per bushel.

Price of No. 1 wheat, to be eaten by the blasted Englishmen, seventy-five cents per bushel.

"But don't you see," says brother Jonathan, "you are sure that if the workmen who make your goods live in America they will buy your wheat, while the Englishmen may buy their wheat elsewhere."

"What difference," you reply, "does that make to me if the price is the world's price and is fixed by the supply of wheat in the whole world? I can get no more than the world's price anyhow; and that I will get anyhow."— *Speech at Glencoe, 1884.*

MISERY AND INJUSTICE. If the web of the cloth is knotted in one place it is because the threads have, in an unmeaning tangle, been withdrawn from another part. Human misery is the correlative and equivalent of injustice somewhere else in society.— *Cæsar's Column.*

THE GREAT RAINS OF THE DRIFT AGE.

"But," says one, "how long did all this take?"

Who shall say? It may have been days, weeks, months, years, centuries. The Toltec legends say that their ancestors wandered for more than a hundred years in the darkness.

The torrent-torn face of the earth; the vast rearrangement of the drift materials by rivers, compared with which our own rivers are rills; the vast continental regions which were evidently flooded, all testify to an extraordinary amount of moisture, first raised up from the seas and then cast down on the lands. Given heat enough to raise this mass, given the cold caused by its evaporation, given the time necessary for the great battle between this heat and this condensation, given the time to restore this body of water to the ocean, not once but many times — for, along the southern border of the floods, where Muspelheim and Niflheim met, the heat must have sucked up the water as fast almost as it fell, to fall again, and again to be lifted up, until the heat-area was driven back and water fell, at last, everywhere on the earth's face, and the extraordinary evaporation ceased — this was a gigantic, long-continued battle.— *Ragnarok.*

THE BAR SINISTER. Through the trees I watched the slowly receding figure, with the thoughtful pose of the head, thinking, thinking of my dreadful story; and a great pity went out from my heart toward that fair sufferer; fair and beautiful and yet proscribed; alone, facing a hostile world. And yet, so strong is the

power of prejudice, I felt, even while I pitied her, that I could not have married her — no, not if Mary did not exist. Beauty of mind, beauty of soul, exquisite beauty of body, such as fires the hearts of men and sets their brains throbbing passionately, all this she had; everything to make the life of man sunshine and his home paradise, and yet across the golden image of all this perfection ran diagonally that thin, dark *bar sinister;* and prejudice stood up and pointed at it, and hissed its scorn, and all the furies of society, with blazing eyes, denounced it. Oh, strange, sad world, where a thought of the mind has such power to undo all the works and merits of nature! — *Doctor Huguet.*

The Universal Errors. The universality of an error proves nothing, except that the error is universal. The voice of the people is only the voice of God in the last analysis. We can safely appeal from Caiaphas and Pilate to Time.—*Ragnarok.*

The Power of the Railroads. If it is right to buy up all the mines of coal in a State, and drive all the retail coal merchants out of business, why would it not be equally right to buy up all the farms, raise all the wheat, ship it and sell it? And if railroad companies can borrow money in Europe with which to purchase all the coal lands, why may they not in a few years more borrow money enough to buy up all the wheat lands? They compelled the owners of coal mines to sell out to them by discriminating against them in transportation. Why can they not do the same thing with the wheat-raisers? It is true that for a time they may cheapen coal to the consumer by concentrating in their own hands the profits which formerly supported hundreds of families and thousands of human beings. But when they have established a monopoly of the mines, the transportation and the retail trade, is it not in the nature of things that they will put up the price? And what remedy have the people? They are powerless in their hands.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

The Brotherhood of Justice. "What the world needs is a new organization — a great world-wide Brotherhood of Justice. It should be composed of all men who desire to lift up the oppressed and save civilization and society. It should work through governmental instrumentalities. Its altars should be the schools and the ballot-boxes. It should combine the good, who are not yet, I hope, in a minority, against the wicked. It should take one wrong after

another, concentrate the battle of the world upon them, and wipe them out of existence. It should be sworn to a perpetual crusade against every evil. It is not enough to heal the wounds caused by the talons of the wild beasts of injustice; it should pursue them to their bone-huddled dens and slay them. It should labor not alone to relieve starvation, but to make starvation impossible;—*to kill it in its causes.—Cæsar's Column.*

The Antiquity of Civilization. I hold it to be incontestable that, in some region of the earth, primitive mankind must have existed during vast spaces of time, and under most favorable circumstances, to create, invent and discover those arts and things which constitute civilization. When we have it before our eyes that for six thousand years mankind in Europe, Asia and Africa, even when led by great nations, and illuminated by marvelous minds, did not advance one inch beyond the arts of Egypt, we may conceive what lapses, what *æons* of time it must have required to bring savage man to that condition of refinement and civilization possessed by Egypt when it first comes within the purview of history.—*Atlantis.*

Weakness Provokes Oppression. There never was an ass yet but there stood one ready to load him.—*Journal, 1883.*

A HIGH TARIFF EXPLAINED.

Let me suppose the case:

When you have sold a load of wheat that ought to be worth $1 per bushel for 75 cents per bushel, you take your money to buy necessary articles, such as clothes, tools, nails, glass, lumber, salt, coal, or anything else you may need. You go to an Englishman, or a Frenchman, or a German, and he offers you the articles you want at reasonable prices, and you are about to deal with him, when the government, your own government which your own vote sustains, and for which, perhaps, you formerly shed your blood, steps up and says:

"Hold on, my friend, you cannot buy these good of this Frenchman, Englishman or German. As a free American you can only buy of another free American—these men are fenced out."

"Well," you say, "that sounds patriotic. I think more of an American than I do of these foreigners; I love the old flag," etc., etc.

And so you go to the American and you say:

"My friend, I prefer to deal with you. I have come to give you my custom. Let us look over your goods."

You pick out the same kind of articles the foreigner had offered you, and you lay down the same price he asked you.

Your American brother says:

"That won't do, my friend; I want more. That article you offer me $5 for I want $7.50 for; that other you offer me $18 for I ask $25 for; that other you offer me $20 for I want $40 for."

"Whew!" you say, "what is the meaning of that?"

"Why," replies Brother Jonathan, "you see I am protected and encouraged."

"How protected and encouraged?"

"I am protected against selling my goods to you at low prices, by preventing you from buying at low prices from yonder Englishman, Frenchman or German; and I am encouraged at your expense by compelling you to pay me $7.50 for that $5 article, $25 for that $18 article, and $40 for that $20 article. And a very substantial kind of encouragement you will admit that it is. On the trade you propose, to the amount of $33, you will pay me $29.50 for the privilege of living under the freest and best government in the world."

"But see here," you say, "the millers stole one-quarter of my crop, and now you propose to steal one-half of what is left! I am a patriot, but that is paying too high a price for patriotism. If this thing keeps on I will land in the poor-house."

"Very likely, my friend," replies Brother Jonathan. "I have no immediate interest in your future condition. American industry must be 'encouraged' and 'protected' against the pauper labor of Europe."

"Blood and thunder!" you reply, "am not I an American? Do I not labor in raising my crops? And who protects *me* against the pauper labor of Europe? I have to sell my wheat at the world's price, less the Minneapolis stealage; that price is fixed in Liverpool, and there my wheat meets with the competition of the wheat raised by the poorest peasants in Europe, viz.: the wheat of Russia, Poland and Hungary; yes, even with the wheat raised by the half-clad, dark-skinned natives of India. Who protects me? How am I to

get back that $29.50 you propose to now take from me?"—*Speech at Glencoe, 1884.*

A Sonnet.

To Miss ——, whose favorite study is Astronomy.

Ah! soft-haired maiden, with the beaming eye
That plays in wild, that thinks in sober graces;
Why must thou make the human heart thy sky,
And read men's star-thoughts in their very faces?
Why, with that truly telescopic smile,
So soft and sad, so witching and so winning,
Dost thou enlarge the nebulæ of guile,
And set the planet-wishes all a-sinning?
Thou Herschel of sweet womanhood! when over
The milky way of mankind, fond and fervent,
Thou rang'st thy glass, say, wilt thou please discover
And take a survey of thy "humble servant"?
And, be assured, if worth in him thou'lt find,
That heretofore the whole world has been blind.

—*January, 1850.*

THE VISION OF THE HANDS.

Around the face there seemed to be a dark, moving mass, in great, and, apparently, endless circles. The pulsating light from the hair beat over it, but it was some time before I could discern what it was. To my extreme astonishment I at last perceived that it was made up of millions of dark hands, all clasped in the attitude of prayer, and all directed toward the Christ. Something within me told me that they were the supplicating hands of negroes. They were all sizes and shades of darkness, from ebon black to those no browner than the hands of the peasants of southern Europe. There were the plump hands of children, the tapering hands of women, the coarse, rude hands of workmen, seamed and calloused with toil; the gnarled and knotted hands of decrepid old men and feeble women. All were bent appealingly toward the central figure, and they moved with a continual movement, as if they sought to reach and touch Him. The walls of the room afforded no limit to the sight — it was an universe of hands shading off into infinity.

The great, slowly-moving eyes regarded me again with a look of melancholy reproach, and then swept that vast circle of piteous appeal. Two bright tears flowed slowly down the fair face; the lips parted, and in a voice sweeter than the sound of rippling waters, the vision spake: "THESE, TOO, ARE MY CHILDREN. FOR THEM, ALSO, I DIED ON THE CROSS!" — *Doctor Huguet.*

GRASS. Grass, the green hair of the earth. — *Journal, 1884.*

THE BURNING OF MOTHER BINDELL'S.

The besieged have the advantage: they are sheltered and in the darkness; while their assailants are almost unprotected, and exposed, in the white glare of the full moon, to be picked off by the skilled marksmen, who do not waste a shot. Several of the attacking party are killed and many wounded. They are having the worst of it. But still the fight goes on. A half hour passes — a half hour of terrible battle.

Dr. Magruder and Berrisford are with those who are keeping watch over the back part of the building. They are sheltering themselves behind the old barn and firing as opportunity presents itself.

And now a singular thing happens.

The Doctor notices a smell of burning hay. Men's senses are acute at such a time. The wall of the old barn is full of cracks and crevices. He peers through one of them. There is a light within the barn.

"Berrisford," he said softly, "come here. What do you see?"

"Hush!" whispered Berrisford, "it is white!" And a superstitious thrill ran through him.

"It is a woman," said the Doctor; "I see her more clearly now, through the smoke."

"What is she doing?" whispered Berrisford.

"She has kindled a fire in the barn, and now she is tying a rope around a great mass of hay."

"By heavens," said Berrisford, as the flames flashed up; "she has stuck a pitchfork through it, she lights it, she lifts it up, she rushes toward the door. *It is Abigail!*"

The Doctor sprang forward to save her at the risk of his own life. He was too late. Out through the open doorway, right toward the

house, across the hell of flying bullets, into the very jaws of death. she ran swiftly, bearing the great blazing, roaring mass, high above her head, like a banner.

"She means to fire the house," said Berrisford.

Yes, straight to the back door she ran, and flung down her burning burden against it. And then she started to walk back, as calmly, as unconcernedly, as if she had been upon a quiet country road near her own home. But she had proceeded but a few paces when the fire of the defenders of the house, who well understood what she had done, was concentrated upon her, and she staggered and fell backward — dead, with a smile of triumph upon her face.

And the door flew open, and a gray-haired woman, with blazing eyes and harpy hands, rushed out, and tried to scatter and stamp the burning hay. A dozen rifles cracked, and she fell headlong among the roaring flames, which leaped and danced and roared above her — exulting over her as a thing fit only to be utterly annihilated. Door, wall, window, cornice, everything is now aflame, and the fire demon grasps and gnaws and devours, until the whole house is lashed in its red and mighty arms; and every board — reeking with years of sin and shame — is sucked into the vortex of the horrible destruction.

And now, dimly through the smoke, begrimed and bloody figures dart suddenly out, as if to escape. But they cross not the dreadful circle around the conflagration. Here and there, illy-defined heaps, casting black shadows in the glare, lie upon the ground, moveless. Lives they once were, loved by mothers; now they are dust-heaps. And, like an evil spirit, that exhausts itself and can do no further harm to man, the conflagration pauses; but it casts down, ere it stops, walls and timbers, and rafters and roof into the red furnace of the cellar, where the coals glow portentously — like a veritable hell — where stood so long that house of hell. — *Doctor Huguet.*

Unequal Distribution. One hundred millions of dollars in one house represents "short commons" in ten thousand houses. — *Journal, 1884.*

The Retort Courteous. Where is Perrine, who said we lacked the mathematical faculty, and could not tell what two and two made? Perhaps so. But we know that two like himself and two like Bill Todd would make four of the biggest fools in Christen-

dom. How many fools they would make in the due course of nature we shall not appall the world by attempting to calculate.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE SUPERSTITION OF METALLIC MONEY. Here, to-day, in America, men are starving and cutting their throats, and a whole country is ruined, trying to force the business of the people to accommodate itself to the supply of a yellow metal, because Agamemnon and Artaxerxes recognized it as money; and in the midst of their tribulations a war breaks out five thousand miles distant, and *presto*, your carefully coined gold is shipped out by the million, and the cutting of throats proceeds. The whole thing is fallacy and folly. What is wealth? That which supplies the wants of man, food, raiment, tools, weapons, herds, lands, fuel, etc. These wants are perpetual and universal. Gold and silver are valuable only because, *by law*, they are interchangeable for these things; repeal the law and the *Pioneer-Press* admits that they would degenerate into pots and pans, into "vessels of honor and dishonor." And yet society has got itself into such shape that the men who produce those things which supply the universal wants of man are, as a rule, poor; while the fellows who hold the pot-metal are masters of the world. —*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE SPIRIT WORLD. There are creatures in space who look upon our intelligences, even at their highest, with very much the same pity with which we contemplate the minds of cows.—*Journal, 1891.*

THE WORST SELFISHNESS. "Selfishness is the one great cause of political decay. It is an element of destruction wherever it intrudes itself."—*Corning Independent.*

And that selfishness which ignores the rights of the great mass of the people, the laboring classes, is the blindest and most destructive selfishness in the world.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

HUMAN AUTOMATA. In a primitive people the mind of one generation precisely repeats the minds of all former generations; the construction of the intellectual nature varies no more, from age to age, than the form of the body or the color of the skin; the generations feel the same emotions, and think the same thoughts, and use the same expressions. And this is to be expected, for the brain is

as much a part of the inheritable, material organization as the color of the eyes or the shape of the nose.

The minds of men move automatically; no man thinks because he intends to think; he thinks, as he hungers and thirsts, under a great primal necessity; his thoughts come out from the inner depths of his being as the flower is developed by forces rising through the roots of the plant.—*Ragnarok.*

THE CAUSE OF HARD TIMES.

Now, good reader, we will suppose that you are taken suddenly and seriously sick, and you send for a quack to prescribe for you. The first question he asks you is: "Were you quite well last week?" "Very well," you reply. "You felt buoyant, happy and hearty?" he asks. "Exceedingly so," you reply. "Just as I thought," says Mr. Quack; "your good health last week was the cause of your sickness. There never was a case of sickness yet that was not preceded by a condition of good health. It is the health that makes men sick." And he prescribes a medicine that will keep you sick.

So the quack of the *Journal* declares that hard times have invariably followed periods of abundant, or, as he calls it, "inflated" currency. He fails to tell you that those periods of inflated currency were periods of great growth, development and prosperity, and that disaster followed when it was attempted to reduce all this growth, development and prosperity to the meager measure of the quantity of gold and silver in circulation. The Irishman said "it was not the fall that hurt him, it was stopping so quick." It was not the paper money that produced collapse; it was the attempt to make one dollar of gold redeem three dollars of paper. "Specie payment" has been the parent of the world's great crises. —*Anti-Monopolist.*

An Aphorism. All now recognized truths once rested, solitary and alone, in some one brain.—*Ragnarok.*

The Power of the Dollar. The purchasing power of the dollar has been so increased that it is an equivalent for more wheat. Hence the cheapness of wheat in the face of a foreign war and short crops in Europe! The price of wheat shrinks, but the mortgage on the farm does not. Property of all kinds is worth less; money is worth more. We are burning the candle at both ends, and the

flames are drawing uncomfortably close to the voter's fingers. Has the voter sense enough to blow out the candle? —*The Anti-Monopolist.*

The Causes of Infidelity in the Age of Elizabeth. The "malignity of sects" drove many men to infidelity. They saw in religion only monstrous and cruel forces, which lighted horrible fires in the midst of great cities, and filled the air with the stench of burning flesh and the shrieks of the dying victims. They held religion accountable for these excesses of fanaticism in a semi-barbarous age, and they doubted the existence of a God who could permit such horrors. They were ready to exclaim with Macduff, when told that "the hell-kite," Macbeth, had killed all his family, "all his pretty ones," at one fell swoop:

> "Did heaven look on,
> And would not take their part?

They came to conceive of God as a cruel monster who relished the sufferings of his creatures. Shakespeare puts this thought into the mouth of Lear:

> "As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
> They kill us for their sport."
>
> — *The Great Cryptogram.*

Minnesota's Coat of Arms. Dakota County records 492 births and 182 deaths during the year 1876. Compare that with New York, where the deaths were six thousand more than the births! We argued long ago that the coat of arms of Minnesota ought to be a double-barreled cradle with twins in it. But perhaps that alarmed Indian who, in our State seal, is rushing wildly toward the setting sun, is simply getting out of the way of the on-coming rush of the white man's papooses.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Choking the Volcano. There are but two forms of government in the world: injustice, armed and powerful, and taking to itself the shape of king or aristocracy; and, on the other hand, absolute human justice, resting upon the broad and enduring basis of equal rights to all. Give this, and give intelligence and education to understand it, and you have a structure which will stand while the world stands. Anything else than this is mere repression, the piling of rocks into the mouth of the volcano, which

sooner or later will fling them to the skies.—*Speech in Congress, Jan. 18, 1867.*

True Statesmanship. A true statesman is one who adapts righteousness to circumstances, as the Swiss peasant builds his house, irregularly it may be, but strongly, against the crooked inequalities of the mountain. He could not erect a symmetrical Greek temple upon the face of the precipice, but he secures an humble home, where love and peace may find shelter in the midst of Alpine tempest .—*Doctor Huguet.*

Music.

Showering music on the full-eared night,
Until the soul sits listening.—*1850.*

Living in a Well. "If you would escape envy, abuse and taxes, you must live in a deep well, and only come out in the night time."—*Josh Billings.*

That wouldn't do in Minnesota. They would have a deputy treasurer seize you for your personal taxes as soon as you poked your head out of the well; they would sell the land under the iron-clad tax-law; and you would have to join the Anti-Drive-Well Association, or pay $10 royalty on the hole.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Evening.

Sweetest hour of changing heaven,
Hour of bright and beauteous even;
When the happy day-god goes
To a conscience-calm repose;
And the stars like guards are blent
Round the dim night's dusky tent;
And the moon, a mourner fair,
Guards the heedless sleeper there.
—*The Mourner's Vision, 1850.*

What One Man Can Do. One man can do much. Look at the history of the anti-slavery movement. In 1783 six obscure Quakers met in London and organized the first society which, in all the history of mankind, had been created to protest against the slave trade and labor for its destruction. In the same year there was a lawsuit in London against certain ship-owners for throwing into the sea and drowning one hundred and thirty-two

Africans, by the master of a slave-ship, to defraud the underwriters. No penalty was inflicted, because they were slaves! And yet, in twenty-four years, the movement, inaugurated by the six Quakers, had grown so strong — in the consciences and souls of men — that a bill passed Parliament to abolish the slave trade; in twenty-three years more every Christian nation in Europe and America had prohibited the commerce in human beings, and in thirty-five years more slavery itself had ceased to exist in nearly every country on earth.—*Doctor Huguet.*

Caves. Caves were the first shelters of uncivilized men. It was not necessary to fly to the caves through the rain of falling *debris;* many were doubtless already in them when the great world-storm broke, and others naturally sought their usual dwelling-places.

Man is born of the earth; he is made of the clay: like Adam, created —

> "Of good red clay,
> Haply from Mount Aornus, beyond sweep
> Of the black eagle's wing."

The cave-temples of India — the oldest temples, probably, on earth — are a reminiscence of this cave-life.

We shall see hereafter that Lot and his daughters "dwelt in a cave;" and we shall find Job hidden away in the "narrow-mouthed, bottomless" pit or cave. — *Ragnarok.*

The Future of Labor. Our masters have educated us to understand that we have no interest in civilization or society. We are its victims, not its members. They depend on repression, on force alone; on cruelty, starvation, to hold us down until we work our lives away. *Our lives are all we have;* it may be all we will ever have. They are as dear to us as existence is to the millionaire. —*Cæsar's Column.*

The Objects of the Book "Atlantis." If these propositions can be proved, they will solve many problems which now perplex mankind; they will confirm in many respects the statements in the opening chapters of Genesis; they will widen the area of human history; they will explain the remarkable resemblances which exist between the ancient civilizations found upon the opposite shores of the Atlantic Ocean, in the old and new worlds;

and they will aid us to rehabilitate the fathers of our civilization, our blood, and our fundamental ideas—the men who lived, loved and labored ages before the Aryans descended upon India, or the Phœnician had settled in Syria, or the Goth had reached the shores of the Baltic.—*Atlantis.*

LINES

To my dear friend John T. Greble, of Philadelphia, Cadet at West Point, January 15th, 1851.

[Lieutenant Greble was killed at the battle of Big Bethel, Va., June 10, 1861. He was "the first officer of the regular army who perished in the war for the suppression of the rebellion." The Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, said: "His distinguished character, his gallant conduct on the field where he fell, and his devoted sacrifice to the cause of his country, will make his name and memory illustrious."]

Look forward to the future, for thy heritage is there,
Where our country's starry banner floats alone upon the air;
Or, through the smoke of battle, its smoke-enveloped form,
Gleams like a white sail plunging 'mid the tossing of the storm.

Look forward to the future, for our nation's dawn is nigh,
And her struggling light is glancing where the golden deserts lie.
The sun that peeped above the sea on Plymouth's wintry shore
Now flashes where the billows of the wide Pacific roar;
And up along the icy north his slanted beams lie white
O'er pallid lake, and windy plain, and frozen forest height;
And down amid the dim green woods of shadowy Brazil
His golden light shall dazzle where all is dark and still.
Look forward to the future, when worth shall find its own,
And when the mightiest mind shall wield the monarch-might alone,
When nobler deeds and greater thoughts shall light our nation's home
Than ever blessed the Spartan's hills or shook the halls of Rome.
Then thou shalt shine, my early friend; thy dimly rising star
Shall kiss the sunken waves of peace or light the waste of war;
And we shall stand aside and watch its steady, changeless ray,
Until its light fades faintly out in fame's eternal day.

The Contests of Races. "Remember this is a *race* conflict, and the contentions of races with one another are always more bitter than the battles of rival religions; for every physical attribute which

separates the combatants accentuates the ferocity of the struggle. In a battle of the birds and beasts only the bats, hideous, misshapen creatures, can be indifferent. One must go, right or wrong, with his class."—*Doctor Huguet.*

THE DRIFT NOT DUE TO ICE ACTION.

Here, then, in conclusion, are the evidences that the deposits of the Drift are not due to continental ice-sheets:

1. The present ice-sheets of the remote north create no such deposits and make no such markings.

2. A vast continental elevation of land-surfaces at the north was necessary for the ice to slide down, and this did not exist.

3. The ice-sheet, if it made the Drift markings, must have scored the rocks going up-hill, while it did not score them going down-hill.

4. If the cold formed the ice and the ice formed the Drift, why is there no Drift in the coldest regions of the earth, where there must have been ice?

5. Continental ice-belts, reaching to 40° of latitude, would have exterminated all tropical vegetation. It was not exterminated, therefore such ice-sheets could not have existed.

6. The Drift is found in the equatorial regions of the world. If it was produced by an ice-sheet in those regions, all pre-glacial forms of life must have perished; but they did not perish; therefore the ice-sheet could not have covered these regions, and could not have produced the drift-deposits there found.

In brief, the Drift is *not* found where ice must have been, and *is* found where ice could not have been; the conclusion, therefore, is irresistible that the Drift is not due to ice. — *Ragnarok.*

A Brother of the Mud-puddle. We might add a man is what he thinks. Physiologically he is but a bag of microbe-infested fluids, held in shape by a skeleton; and but for the light in his brain a brother of the mud-puddle. It is the thought faculty that is divine. In this he is made in the image of God. When he thinks, the same processes are at work that made the stars. What higher function is there than to feed and trim this burning flame of the soul, and help men to arrive at just conclusions? — *Address to the Editors of Wisconsin, 1889.*

FATE. But what are we? The creatures of fate; the victims of circumstances. We look upon the Medusa-head of destiny, with its serpent curls, and our wills, if not our souls, are turned into stone. God alone, who knows all, can judge the heart of man.—*Cæsar's Column.*

DEATH. Death—going down the pitiful steps of depression to darkness and dust.—*Journal, 1883.*

THE COMET STRIKING THE EARTH. But suppose two heavenly bodies, each with its own center of attraction, each holding its own scattered materials in place by its own force, to meet each other; then there is no more probability of the stones and dust of the comet flying to the earth, than there is of the stones and dust of the earth flying to the comet. And the attractive power of the comet, great enough to hold its gigantic mass in place through the long reaches of the fields of space, and even close up to the burning eye of the awful sun itself, holds its dust and pebbles and bowlders together until the very moment of impact with the earth. In short, they, the dust and stones, do not continue to follow the comet, because the earth has got in their way and arrested them. It was this terrific force of the comet's attraction, represented in a fearful rate of motion, that tore and pounded and scratched and furrowed our poor earth's face, as shown in the crushed and striated rocks under the Drift. They would have gone clean through the earth to follow the comet, if it had been possible.—*Ragnarok.*

OBSERVATION AND EXPERIMENT. Life, to the wise man, is a series of observations and experiments to find what will best conserve the inherited vitality. The small flame, in the hand of intelligence, carefully shielded, will outlive the tempest which blows out the uncovered, flaring torches of the roysterers.—*Journal, 1891.*

HALF PROSE AND HALF POETRY. All through the essay it seems to be more than prose: from beginning to end it is a mass of imagery; it is poetry without rhythm. Like a great bird which, as it starts to fly, runs for a space along the ground, beating the air with its wings and the earth with its feet, so in this essay we seem to see the pinions of the poet constantly striving to lift him above the barren limitations of prose into the blue ether of untrammeled expression.—*The Great Cryptogram.*

HOW CAPITAL CONTROLS THE LABOR VOTE.

"Do you mean to tell me that this cunning, crafty, long-headed white race, that has dominated every darker people it has come in contact with, is unable to control a horde of ignorant black men without butchering them? How do they control their own people? Look at the vast populations of laboring men in the cities of the North. They have the ballot; they are united by a sense of real or fancied wrongs; they enthusiastically resolve every year to take the government into their own hands; they are the vast majority. Did you ever hear of the bankers and brokers and lawyers shooting them down at the polls? Not a bit of it. And yet the professional classes and the corporations, comparatively insignificant in number, always rule the cities and the States. How do they do it? They divide up the laborers. They buy up their leaders. They set them to battling on other issues. They adopt what the philosophers call 'the expulsive power of a new affection.' They bewilder and befuddle them, and govern them. They establish newspapers among them to direct them; and they take possession of them, very much as the negroes of Africa capture monkeys. They leave beer for them to drink, and when the quadrumanous little fools are pretty well overcome by intoxication, a negro steps forward and takes the leader by the hand. The imitative creatures follow this example, and all clasp hands in the same way, and the colored gentleman leads them all off, in a long line, happy and contented, to captivity. If the South desires to control its labor vote, it should take example from the astute North, where politics are reduced to a science. But firing bullets into their lungs and stomachs and hearts! Pah! that is brutal and barbarous, and marks an undeveloped state of society. In fact, force is always the remedy of men who cannot reason. You kill a man because nature has not given you brains enough to convince him."—*Doctor Huguet.*

THE VALUE OF CIVILIZATION. What is civilization worth which means happiness for a few thousand men and inexpressible misery for hundreds of millions?—*Cæsar's Column.*

"ANOTHER of Mr. W——'s manifest derelictions of public duty was in his failure to include Mr. Donnelly's celebrated project for the improvement of the navigation of the Zumbro and Cannon rivers, in his scheme of national water routes."—*St. Paul Press.*

Easily explained, Joseph. 1st. These rivers are in Minnesota. 2d. There is no steal in them. Improving Minnesota rivers is not W——'s forte. *His* best hold is steamship lines to China, with a twenty years' subsidy of $1,000,000 per year. Those are the things to help Minnesota. Every farmer who wants to ship tea to China is benefited thereby; every farmer who proposes to "diversify his industry" by raising bamboo poles has an interest in that subsidy. —*Anti-Monopolist.*

The Effect of Civilization on Legends. Legend has one great foe to its perpetuation — civilization. Civilization brings with it a contempt for everything which it can not understand; skepticism becomes the synonym for intelligence; men no longer repeat; they doubt; they dissect; they sneer; they reject; they invent. If the myth survives this treatment, the poets take it up and make it their stock in trade: they decorate it in a masquerade of frippery and finery, feathers and furbelows, like a clown dressed for a fancy ball; and the poor barbarian legend survives at last, if it survives at all, like the Conflagration in Ovid or King Arthur in Tennyson — a hippopotamus smothered in flowers, jewels and laces. Hence we find the legends of the primitive American Indians adhering quite closely to the events of the past, while the myths that survive at all among the civilized nations of Europe are found in garbled forms, and only among the peasantry of remote districts. —*Ragnarok.*

The New Issues. The old issues concerned black men; the new issues concern white men. Slavery robbed of the fruits of their industry a people living a thousand miles away; the corporations, the manufacturers, the monopolists, are stealing the fruits of *our own* industry. In the great war we fought for our brethren; now we must fight for ourselves. Then we battled with the cartridge-box; now we must fight with the ballot-box.— *Speech to Grangers, 1873.*

The American Flag. There are stars upon it: they are stars for the hopes of the world. There are stripes upon it: they are stripes for the oppressors of mankind.—*Speech at the Labor Kirmess, Minneapolis, May, 1887.*

The Producers. "Our labor creates everything; we possess nothing. Yes, we have the scanty supply of food necessary to ena-

ble us to create more. We have ceased to be men — we are machines. Did God die for a machine? Certainly not."—*Cæsar's Column.*

THE MISERIES OF OUR FRONTIER POPULATION.

On the other hand, it is not given to the mind of man to conceive, or the tongue of man to utter, the silent, pitiful, awful struggles that are being endured among our frontier population, to enable these creatures to adorn their wretched bodies in the glittering spoils of Golconda, and revel and riot in wasteful splendor. It is a silent struggle, for these pioneers belong to strong races; they represent the American, the Irish, the German, the Scandinavian, the English, the Scotch, the French races; and, like the Spartan boy, they will not cry out, but prefer to die and give no sign, even though the serpent is gnawing at their hearts.

But every now and then we read in the newspapers some little incident which throws a whole flood of light on the scene, like that, for instance, of the poor Nelson family, who, last winter, perished in the Red River valley; father and two daughters, caught in a blizzard, carrying hay to burn, freezing to death between the haystack and their wretched, smoke-blackened home. Those stark, stiff and half-clad bodies should have been carried into Minneapolis and laid down, side by side, on the platform of the mills, that the public eye might be relieved of the monotony of diamonds, and French bronzes and Louis XIV. clocks, and fast horses, and faster women.

For one, my friends, I would rather live on a forty-acre farm, on a diet of water and potatoes, than possess all the luxuries that life can give, obtained at the cost of so much misery and suffering to my fellow-men. "It is not and it cannot come to good."—*Speech at Glencoe, 1884.*

That's the Question. A poor editor, being asked if he ever thought what he would do if he had Vanderbilt's income, replied: "No; but I have often wondered what Vanderbilt would do if he had *my* income."—*Journal, 1883.*

The Stomach. The stomach is your true civilizer. Abundance of food means density of population; and this, in turn, means migrations, colonizations, inventions, industry, laws, all social regulations

Napoleon said an army marched on its belly; — meaning that if it was not fed it could not fight. And so we may say that civilization moves on its stomach. —*Journal, 1883.*

AN APHORISM. It is the old story of brains owning muscles all the world over. The men who refuse to do their own thinking will always be the serfs of the men who think for them.— *Speech to Grangers, 1873.*

PARTICIPATING IN THE PURPOSES OF GOD.

"Granted, Major," I replied; "granted that the white race is the masterful race of the globe; and in the presence of their tremendous achievements no man — black, brown, red or yellow — can doubt it. They are the biggest-brained, the boldest-hearted, the most capable subdivision of mankind that has ever dwelt on the planet. I grant you all that. But are we to do justice only to our superiors, or our equals? If so, it yields us no honor, for our superiors and our equals are able to enforce justice from us. Generosity can only be exercised toward those less fortunate than ourselves. Power has no attribute grander than the god-like instinct to reach down and lift up the fallen. If we can plainly perceive in the progress of humanity the movement of a great Benevolence, every year adding to the comfort and happiness of mankind, why should we not, to the extent of our little powers, aid Him in His tremendous work? How divine a thought it is that we are participating in the purposes and work of the Almighty One! That, as he has dragged man up from reptilian barbarism to this splendid, this august era of peace and love, we are able to help the flagging footsteps of the laggards and stragglers who have dropped behind in God's great march. In such a work we become the very children of God — fired with his zeal, illuminated by his smile. How base and brutal it would be if we were willing to be fed with all the countless fruits of God's beneficence, and, in the midst of our full content, commend only poison to the lips of those whose sole offense is that Heaven has not given them our blessings!" — *Doctor Huguet.*

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

It is a sad state of things when the servants of the people become their masters: when those selected to perform subordinate duties, for which they are well paid, band together to control the com-

munity, and perpetuate their own lease of office. It produces in the country a class of active, intelligent, cunning, selfish and reckless men, who, while others sleep, are plotting and scheming; who stand ready, at all times, for their own base ends, to fan popular passions to white heat and array the people into two hostile camps, ready to drop their ballots and seize their rifles, and plunge all things into the gulf of civil war.

Every man knows that eight years ago we were brought to the very brink of chaos by the struggles of the office-seekers; and but for the patriotism and forbearance of that great statesman, Samuel J. Tilden, the streets of every city in the land would have run red with fraternal blood, and the republic have gone down in disgrace forever.

And four years ago we saw one who was the worst type of the American office-seeker and professional politician, — Guiteau, — maddened by disappointment, and sharing in the passions of his faction, send down to darkness and dust, by the bullet of the assassin, one of the broadest and brightest intellects the new world has ever produced.— *Speech at Glencoe, 1884.*

Mason and Dixon's Line Blotted Out. This is now one nation. Armies of men perished to make it one nation. The abolition of slavery blotted out Mason and Dixon's line. There is no longer a South. The rebellion exists only in history; a history that testifies that the American people, North and South, have no peers on earth for courage, manhood, persistence and endurance.— *Speech, 1885.*

Modern Justice. Justice in the old time was painted blindfold; she did not see the contending parties, but simply felt when the scale was rightly adjusted. Our modern justice is like the monkey, with his eyes wide open, who divided the cheese found by the two dogs, and who kept biting a piece alternately off each fragment, to make them balance, until there was nothing left for the astonished dogs.— *Speech at Glencoe, 1884.*

THE PLAY-WRITER IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The reader can readily conceive that the man must, indeed, be exceedingly ambitious of fame who would insist on asserting his title to the authorship of plays acted in such theaters before such

audiences. Imagine that aristocratic young gentleman, Francis Bacon, born in the palace, York Place; "put to all the learning that his time could make him master of;" an attaché of the English legation at the French court; the son of a Lord Chancellor; the nephew of a Lord Treasurer; the offspring of the virtuous and pious Lady Anne Bacon; with his head full of great plans for the reformation of philosophy, law and government, and with his eyes fixed on the chair his father had occupied for twenty years—imagine him, I say, insisting that his name should appear on the play-bills as the poet who wrote *Mucedorus*, *Tamburlane*, *The Jew of Malta*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Fair Em*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, or *The Merry Devil of Edmonton!* Imagine the drunken, howling mob of Calibans hunting through Gray's Inn to find the son of the Lord Chancellor, in the midst of his noble friends, to flog him, or toss him in a blanket, because, forsooth, his last play had not pleased their royal fancies!—*The Great Cryptogram.*

THE GOSPEL OF DESTRUCTION.

"Oh, my dear friend," I replied, "do not say so. *Destruction!* What is it? The wiping out of the slow accumulations made by man's intelligence during thousands of years. A world cataclysm. A day of judgment. A day of fire and ashes. A world burned and swept bare of life. All the flowers of art; the beautiful, gossamer-like works of glorious literature; the sweet and lovely creations of the souls of men long since perished, and now the inestimable heritage of humanity; all, all crushed, torn, leveled in the dust. And all that is savage, brutal, cruel, demoniac in man's nature let loose to ravage the face of the world. Oh! horrible—most horrible! The mere thought works in me like a convulsion; what must the inexpressible reality be? To these poor, suffering, hopeless, degraded toilers; these children of oppression and the dust; these chained slaves, anything that will break open the gates of their prison-house would be welcome, even though it were an earthquake that destroyed the planet. But you and I, my dear friend, are educated to higher thoughts. We know the value of the precious boon of civilization. We know how bare and barren, and wretched and torpid, and utterly debased is soulless barbarism."—*Cæsar's Column.*

The Yeomanry. This nation needs more of such men. We must cherish the institutions which have produced them. Their price is richer than rubies. They are the salt of a nation. Some one said to Crœsus, when he showed him his treasures: "But if one should come along with more iron he would take all this gold." The prosperity of a people rests upon its manhood; the gold can only repose upon the iron. Without this a nation is but a conglomerate of sordidness and sensuality — a mixture of clay and brass which must fall to pieces the moment a strong hand is laid upon it. — *Speech in Congress, May 7, 1868.*

THE SONG OF THE ELF-QUEEN.

Hither come from loam and foam;
From the mountain eagle's nest;
From the dark wave's curling crest;
From the softly sleeping valley,
Where the wandering breezes rally;
From the white clouds hurrying past,
Foam-like, on the streaming blast;
From the distant deep'ning sky,
Mournful as a mother's eye,
When her dearest droops to die;
From the surf-wave's shivering shock
On the lonely ocean-rock,
With the shelving billow falling,
And the sea-birds wailful calling.
Gather, gather, spirits, gather,
To this rocky hillock's heather;
By the sadly sounding sea,
Moaning everlastingly,
Gather, spirits, unto me. — *The Mourner's Vision, 1850.*

Life on a Southern Plantation. It was a very bright and pleasant life — kindly and social and generous. No man was trying to outwit or plunder his fellow. The discussions of politics — apart from the natural local prejudices — were all conducted on a high plane: — the good of their section. There was, to be sure, a sort of half-expressed feeling that the South had been caught in an eddy of dead-water, full of the drift-wood of old opinions, far

remote from that great, surging, swollen, rapidly-advancing stream of the world. And yet they felt, too, that the stream was covered with the *debris* of selfishness, and its shores lined with cruel wreckers: and that its waters poured over the drowned caves of abysmal and multitudinous want: and that, in comparison with it all, their lives were honorable and sweet and idyllic.—*Doctor Huguet.*

JEFFERSON'S DOCTRINE. We need statesmen who, above everything else, will love liberty because they love the human family; who will resist wrong because it means wretchedness to mankind. We need a people high enough above prejudice to cordially and unitedly support such men. And we need a powerful political organization, filled with the spirit of that magnificent utterance of Thomas Jefferson: "I have sworn undying hostility, on the altar of my God, to every form of oppression of the bodies or the souls of men."—*Speech at Glencoe, 1884.*

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

"Science has increased their knowledge one hundred per cent. and their vanity one thousand per cent. The more they know of the material world the less they can perceive the spiritual world around and within it. The acquisition of a few facts about nature has closed their eyes to the existence of a God."

"Ah," said I, "that is a dreadful thought! It seems to me that the man who possesses his eyesight must behold a thousand evidences of a Creator denied to a blind man; and in the same way the man who knows most of the material world should see the most conclusive evidences of design and a Designer. The humblest blade of grass preaches an incontrovertible sermon. What force is it that brings it up, green and beautiful, out of the black, dead earth? Who made it succulent and filled it full of the substances that will make flesh and blood and bone for millions of gentle, grazing animals? What a gap would it have been in nature if there had been no such growth, or if, being such, it had been poisonous or inedible? Whose persistent purpose is it—whose everlasting will—that year after year, and age after age, stirs the tender roots to life and growth, for the sustenance of uncounted generations of creatures? Every blade of grass, therefore, points with its tiny finger upward to heaven, and proclaims an eternal, a benevolent

God. It is to me a dreadful thing that men can penetrate farther and farther into nature with their senses, and leave their reasoning faculties behind them. Instead of mind recognizing mind, dust simply perceives dust. This is the suicide of the soul."—*Cæsar's Column.*

THE PARALLELISM OF LEGENDS. And then grave and able men—philosophers, scientists—were seen with note-books and pencils going out into Hindoo villages, into German cottages, into Highland huts, into Indian *tepees*, in short, into all lands, taking down, with the utmost care, accuracy and respect, the fairy-stories, myths and legends of the people—as repeated by old peasant-women, "the knitters in the sun," or by "gray-haired warriors, famousèd for fights.' And when they came to put these narratives in due form, and, as it were, in parallel columns, it became apparent that they threw great floods of light upon the history of the world, and especially upon the question of the unity of the race. They proved that all the nations were repeating the same stories, in some cases in almost identical words, just as their ancestors had heard them, in some most ancient land, in "the dark background and abysm of time," when the progenitors of the German, Gaul, Gael, Greek, Roman, Hindoo, Persian, Egyptian, Arabian, and the red people of America, dwelt together under the same roof-tree and used the same language.—*Ragnarok.*

JUSTICE TO THE RED MAN. Let it not be said that the nation shall advance in its career of greatness regardless of the destruction of the red man. There is room enough in God's world for all the races he has created to inhabit it. Thirty million white people can certainly find space, somewhere on this broad continent, for a third of a million of those who originally possessed the whole of it. While we are inviting to our shores the oppressed races of mankind let us, at least, deal justly by those whose rights here antedate our own by countless centuries.—*Speech in Congress, Feb. 7, 1865.*

THE POVERTY OF HUMAN INVENTION.

In the next place, we must remember how impossible it is for the mind to invent an entirely new thing.

What dramatist or novelist has ever yet made a plot which did not consist of events that had already transpired somewhere on earth?

He might intensify events, concentrate and combine them, or amplify them: but that is all. Men in all ages have suffered from jealousy, like Othello; have committed murders, like Macbeth; have yielded to the sway of morbid minds, like Hamlet; have stolen, lied and debauched, like Falstaff; there are Oliver Twists, Bill Sykeses, Nancies, Micawbers, Pickwicks and Pecksniffs in every great city.

There is nothing in the mind of man that has not pre-existed in nature. Can we imagine a person, who never saw or heard of an elephant, drawing a picture of such a two-tailed creature? It was thought at one time that man made the flying-dragon out of his own imagination; but we now know that the image of the *pterodactyl* had simply descended from generation to generation. Sinbad's great bird, the *roc*, was considered a flight of the Oriental fancy, until science revealed the bones of the *dinornis*. All the winged beasts breathing fire are simply a recollection of the comet.

In fact, even with the pattern of nature before it, the human mind has not greatly exaggerated them; it has never drawn a bird larger than the *dinornis* or a beast larger than the mammoth.—*Ragnarok*.

WINTER DAWN.

The pale-faced dawn, like a shepherd's child,
Goes out o'er the moorlands bleak and wild;
Lonely and cold, and half asleep,
And pausing ever to stand and weep.

THE MILLERS CARVING UP THE FARMER. These fellows deliberately sit down on us and carve us up, and divide our territory among themselves, saying to one another: "You take the hindquarter, and you take these ribs: I'll take the sirloin steak, and you can have this piece of the rump." And the people are stripped until the State looks like a Greely Expedition. There is nothing left but the bones, and the pleasing consciousness that we are a great, intelligent and self-governing people!—*Speech at Glencoe, 1884*.

THE WAR INSTINCT. It was pleasant to sit, in the cool of the evening, on the piazza, and listen to the war stories of these old heroes. To the philosophic mind they illustrated what a curious fighting animal man is, and how singularly, under high excitements, he considers life and limb as of less consequence than insistance upon his own opinions. It seems to me strange that a man should

be willing to go out of the world to improve the world, when, after he goes out of it, the world can be of no more interest to him. The presence of vast war passions, in great bodies of men, inciting them to dash themselves to death, is one of the marvels of the world. I suppose those passions are the survivors of emotions and habits possessed by our remote and savage ancestors, at a time when every particle of food a man swallowed had to be fought for, and one man lived only by another man's death. The human being, as all wars testify, is, when you take off the crust of social refinement, simply a ferocious wild beast.—*Doctor Huguet.*

Civilization. Civilization is the steadily increasing power of spirit over matter. In the future men will control all the forces of the planet.—*Journal, 1885.*

SHYLOCK AND USURY.

The purpose of the play was to stigmatize the selfishness manifested in the taking of excessive interest; which is, indeed, to the poor debtor, many a time the cutting out of the very heart itself. And hence the mighty genius has, in the name of Shylock, created a synonym for usurer, and has made in the Jewish money-lender the most terrible picture of greed, inhumanity and wickedness in all literature.

Bacon saw the necessity for borrowing and lending, and hence of moderate compensation for the use of money. But he pointed out, in his essay *Of Usury*, the great evils which resulted from the practice. He contended that, if the owners of money could not lend it out, they would have to employ it themselves in business; and hence, instead of the "lazy trade of usury," there would be enterprises of all kinds, and employment for labor, and increased revenues to the kingdom. And his profound wisdom was shown in this utterance:

"It [usury] bringeth the treasures of a realm or state into a few hands; for the usurer being at certainties, and all others at uncertainties, at the end of the game most of the money will be in his box; and ever a state flourisheth most when wealth is more equally spread."—*The Great Cryptogram.*

The Comets. Man, by an inherited instinct, regards the comet as a great terror and a great foe; and the heart of humanity sits uneasily when one blazes in the sky. Even to the scholar and the

scientist they are a puzzle and a fear: they are erratic, unusual, anarchical, monstrous — something let loose, like a tiger of the heavens, athwart an orderly, peaceful and harmonious world. They may be impalpable and harmless attenuations of gas, or they may be loaded with death and ruin: but in any event man cannot contemplate them without terror.—*Ragnarok.*

THE DEATH OF WEBSTER Our great men may have left us. One by one, weary with the race of life, they have sought the silent chambers of the dead. Now, not one bold, uncompromising front is left to breast back the flood of popular excitement that may sweep over this open land.

> "E'en Marshfield's giant oak, whose stormy brow
> Oft turned the ocean-tempest from the west,
> Lies on the shore he guarded long — and now
> Our startled eagle knows not where to rest."

Yet how urgent is the necessity for great men. We are near the most dangerous era of our country's history. Two hundred years of unshaken and unweakened existence would render the union of these States holy; would hedge it in with sancity, and solicit all the reverential feelings of man in its behalf. But now, old enough to expand, but yet too young to fill its destined mold, its energies are running wild and purposeless. It hath become already

> "A shape that hath no certainty of shape,
> A shape that shape has none."

—*Alumni Address, 1850.*

THE NEGROES NOT APES. "No, no, gentlemen," I replied, "do not be unfair to them: a race that could produce a Toussaint l'Ouverture is not simian. You cannot rank a coal-black negro, like Toussaint, who compelled the surrender of a French army, under Brandicourt; took twenty-eight Spanish batteries in four days; and, with half their force, compelled the surrender of the British army, you cannot, I think, rank him with the monkeys. He brought Napoleon's brother-in-law, Leclerc, to his knees, and was only overcome at last by treachery. The darkest page in the history of the great Corsican is his treatment of that magnificent negro. He kidnaped him by fraud and left him to die of starvation and be eaten by the rats in a French prison. If he had treated a white man in that manner, the whole world would have risen up to

denounce him; but Toussaint's dusky skin justified everything."—*Doctor Huguet.*

THE TYRANNY OF CORPORATIONS.

The men of 1776 did not shake off the tyranny of George III. to leave their descendants under a worse tyranny—the tyranny of corporations—the tyranny of money.

"Shall we who struck the lion down
Pay the wolf homage?"

Our ancestors fled from their native lands to escape the despotism of hereditary lords, whose pretensions were sanctified by the traditions of centuries. Shall we submit to the tyranny of shoddy lords, petroleum aristocrats, men of yesterday, who from their palace cars and mills look down upon the multitude as "hewers of wood and drawers of water"?

Our nation was born of a fight about a stamp act and a tea-tax; shall it quietly submit to the doctrine that the creations of our own legislation, the railroad corporations, have "vested rights" to tax our industry to the limits of their discretion; to reduce us if they will to a peasantry; to send us back to the era of spinning-wheels and wooden shoes, and that we have no remedy from this absolute despotism save revolution or emigration?—*Speech to Grangers, 1873.*

The Spirit World. For instance, he added, there might be right here, in this very hall, the houses and work-shops and markets of a multitude of beings, who swarmed about us, but of such extreme tenuity that they pass through our substance, and we through theirs, without the slightest disturbance of their continuity. All that we knew of Nature taught us that she is tireless in the prodigality of her creative force, and boundless in the diversity of her workmanship; and we now knew that what the ancients called *spirit* is simply an attenuated condition of matter.—*Cæsar's Column.*

Liberty and Equality. Our nation is based upon the liberty and equality of all men. What do liberty and equality mean? Simply, *justice.* Liberty assures us that no higher power shall oppress us, and so deprive us of our just rights; equality, that at the polling-place, in the law court and in the legislative hall we shall have exactly the same rights as our fellow-men. How little and how plain a thing is this, and yet it has assured the growth

and happiness of a mighty nation? And through what seas of battle and blood has mankind waded to reach these few simple principles?—*Memorial Address, 1884.*

A Human Shark. This was Lawyer Buryhill. We all have our instincts, and mine warned me against this man from the very first. And yet he was not ill-looking. He was a medium-sized man, of dark complexion, active in his motions and pleasant in his manners; but there was a look out of his furtive, rapidly-rolling black eyes, as if they would grasp everything they encountered—a greedy, cruel look. And his hair stood up, especially upon the middle line of his head, in a way that reminded me unpleasantly of the bristles I once observed on the back of a hyena in a menagerie. The suavity of his mouth and the softness of his mellifluous voice were strongly and promptly contradicted by the hardness and the greed of his eyes, which, as from a watch-tower, looked out over the sham of his face, and seemed to say to the observer, "Do not be deceived by these wrecker's lights; here is the real man. Beware of the rocks." Indeed, it always seemed to me that he regarded those about him in a sort of rapacious, proprietary way, very like a man-eating tiger who drools a little at the mouth as he contemplates the group of unconscious Hindoos he is about to spring upon. So when Buryhill looked at his fellow-man it was as if his softly working mouth tasted the pleasant flavor of *property.—Doctor Huguet.*

The Winds.

The bat-like winds,
Dim-winged in desolation.—*1850.*

The Color Line. There is a general misconception as to the color of the European and American races. Europe is supposed to be peopled exclusively by white men; but in reality every shade of color is represented on that continent, from the fair complexion of the fairest of the Swedes to the dark-skinned inhabitants of the Mediterranean coast, only a shade lighter than the Berbers, or Moors, on the opposite side of that sea. Tacitus spoke of the "Black Celts," and the term, so far as complexion goes, might not inappropriately be applied to some of the Italians, Spaniards and Portuguese, while the Basques are represented as of a still darker hue. Tylor says (*Anthropology*, p. 67), "On the whole, it seems

that the distinction of color, from the fairest Englishman to the darkest African, has no hard and fast lines, but varies gradually from one tint to another."—*Atlantis.*

The Clergymen of the Twentieth Century. The audience were evidently keenly intellectual and highly educated, and they listened with great attention to this discourse. In fact, I began to perceive that the office of preacher has only survived, in this material age, on condition that the priest shall gather up, during the week, from the literary and scientific publications of the whole world, the gems of current thought and information, digest them carefully, and pour them forth, in attractive form, for their delectation on Sunday. As a sort of oratorical and poetical reviewer, essayist and rhapsodist, the parson and his church had survived the decadence of religion.—*Cæsar's Column.*

THE STORY OF THE GRANITE.

And even here we stumble over a still more tremendous fact:

It has been supposed that the primeval granite was the molten crust of the original glowing ball of the earth, when it first hardened as it cooled.

But, lo! the microscope (so Professor Winchell tells us) reveals that this very granite, this foundation of all our rocks, this ancient globe-crust, is itself made up of sedimentary rocks, which were melted, fused and run together in some awful conflagration which wiped out all life on the planet.

Beyond the granite, then, there were seas and shores, winds and rains, rivers and sediment gathered into the waters to form the rocks melted up in this granite; there were countless ages; possibly there were animals and man; but all melted and consumed together. Was this, too, the result of a comet visitation?

Who shall tell the age of this old earth? Who shall count the ebbs and flows of eternity? Who shall say how often this planet has been developed up to the highest forms of life, and how often all this has been obliterated in universal fire?—*Ragnarok.*

The Illusions of Love. I received a cordial invitation from the Colonel to visit the Ruddiman mansion; and I accompanied my beloved in the stage which bore her to the parental roof. It was a hot and dusty ride, over a country parched by the excessive heat of

the season; but such is the charm of love that, as I look back upon it, it seems to me that I rode through the valleys of the Hesperides, fanned by cooling breezes from the Holy Mountains, the whole landscape ablaze with many-hued flowers and foliage.—*Doctor Huguet.*

WHAT WE CALL SHAKESPEARE. Imagine a mighty spirit, such as *he* was who wrote these plays. A mighty spirit! Aye: for what other name is fitted to stand by that which we call Shakespeare? Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, Dante, Molière, Goethe—giants of time they were, but they shrink into mediocrity in this august presence. All of dramatic power the most wonderful; of poetry the most resplendent; of art the most subtle; of philosophy the most profound; of learning the most universal; of genius the most sublime—this is Shakespeare. Increasing civilization has simply enlarged our capacity to comprehend these wonderful writings: they dominate the race; they are taking possession of the brain and blood of the whole world.—*Article in North American Review, June, 1887.*

DIVERSIFYING YOUR INDUSTRIES. Yes; and when they have by unwise legislation—by criminal legislation—built up India and Russia, and ruined wheat-raising in America, they tell the farmers to "diversify their industries." Yes, I say so, too. I would advise them to raise wheat—and raise oats—and raise barley—and raise corn—and raise h—l. [Great laughter and applause.]—*Speech in the Northwestern Waterways Convention, 1885.*

NUMBERS. What are numbers to God? A man may have more microbes in his left leg than there are stars in the universe.—*Journal, 1885.*

A WORLD WITHOUT OPPRESSORS.

And how little it costs to make mankind happy!

And what do we miss in all this joyous scene? Why, where are the wolves that used to prowl through the towns and cities of the world that has passed away? The slinking, sullen, bloody-mouthed miscreants, who, under one crafty device or another, would spring upon and tear and destroy the poor, shrieking, innocent people—where are they?

Ah! this is the difference: The government which formerly fed

and housed these monsters, under cunning kennels of perverted law, and broke open holes in the palisades of society, that they might crawl through and devastate the community, now shuts up every crevice through which they could enter, stops every hole of opportunity, crushes down every uprising instinct of cruelty and selfishness. And the wolves have disappeared, and our little world is a garden of peace and beauty, musical with laughter.

And so mankind moves with linked hands through happy lives to happy deaths, and God smiles down upon them from His throne beyond the stars.—*Cæsar's Column.*

THE WOODS OF SULLIVAN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

We stumbled over the moldering trunks,
Half in the moss and the morass sunk;
And climbed the rifts in the ragged rocks,
Where the dark green laurels grew;
Shielding the while from our rifle-locks
The coldly scattered dew.

And we passed the white ash, lone and bare,
Standing a smooth, straight column there;
'Mid the trunks of brown and leaves of green,
A pillar of startling whiteness seen.
Many a log and branch around
Are broken and mixed on the mossy ground;
For ages and ages have passed away,
With their silent fall and their slow decay;
And rarely the foot of man hath been
On the paths obscure of this silent scene.
See how the wilderness roughens;—and here
Is the two-pronged track of the leaping deer;
And through the brake, on the ridges there,
Goes the broad rough trail of the coward bear.—*1851.*

DELIA BACON. We no longer burn men for their opinions, but it is still uncomfortable, and sometimes dangerous, to run counter to the universal belief of the unreasoning multitude. When Delia Bacon announced her conviction, the result of great study and a life-time of thought, that Francis Bacon wrote the Shakespeare Plays, all society rose up in insurrection against her, and she was hounded

and persecuted, ridiculed and misrepresented, until the brain of the poor woman — the best brain it was in America — gave way under the inhuman pressure. And then her tormentors pointed to her insanity, and have ever since continued to point to it, as conclusive proof of the folly of her theory. As if there were not thousands of women in the insane asylums who believed that Shakspere wrote the plays. As if insanity proved anything but physical degeneration.—*Article in North American Review, June, 1887.*

The Fate of the Octoroon. Abigail had many gloomy moments which her mistress knew well how to interpret. The seven-eighths of her blood protested against being dragged down to servile life by the other eighth. She well knew what a dreadful barrier of prejudice stood in the way of her becoming the wife of any respectable white man; while she shrank, with Saxon horror, against descending still lower in the social scale of marriage with one of the darker stock. And yet she was fair and graceful and intelligent, and fitted to make any man happy. But society had placed gyves on her feet, and manacles on her hands; she could fall, but she could not arise. The inextinguishable taint of the slave was upon her; a taint more dreadful than leprosy; more fearful than the mark which the Lord God branded on the brow of the murderer Cain. High walls of caste were built around her, and she could not see the sun of hope shining into her prison-house, even at high noon. The whole world was banded against her — against her, a white woman. All that was bright and cultured and beautiful in the world pointed her downward to the abyss of dishonor, and with jeers and mockings told her that her white womanhood was fit only for degradation.—*Doctor Huguet.*

Francis Bacon. Imagine such a mighty genius as this, but poor and powerless, living in little, dirty London; in petty England, with its three million people, dominated by Elizabeth —

> "A woman, though the phrase may seem uncivil,
> As able and as cruel as the devil."

Imagine how full such a brain and heart must have been: wrath, revenge, sorrow, shame, pity, wisdom — and speechless.—*Article in North American Review, June, 1887.*

The Farmer. A mind well informed, a body well covered, a

stomach well fed, a heart well directed, make a perfect man; and this Minnesota of ours can give us all these as perfectly as any part of the world. The farmer should be the best fed and the best informed man on earth. He is too often the meanest fed and the least intelligent.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Its Duty. Religion should improve man's condition — not merely teach him how to endure it.—*Journal, 1885.*

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

I see no reason — in the nature of things — why women should not vote as well as men.

They pay taxes and are governed by the laws. Why should they not have a voice in imposing the one and making the other?

Woman, it is urged, is physically weaker than man. That proves nothing. The right to vote is not a question of physical strength. If it were, the pugilist would have more votes than the philosopher.

But, it is said, women do not want to vote. The best way to demonstrate that is to give them the right to refuse.

But, it is said, the exercise of the right of suffrage would unsex a woman. That is the Turk's reason for keeping his wife's head tied up in a towel.

The advancement of civilization has not unsexed women by freeing them from slavery. It has refined and elevated them.

But, it is said, why should vile and degraded women vote? Why do vile and degraded men vote? The good women far outnumber the bad, and the pure women are more numerous than the pure men. The saloons are not maintained by women.

But, says one, would you have women scrambling at the polling-places, with the men? Do they not scramble with them in the street-cars, and at the post-offices? And why should they not vote, as they do in Italy, by letter?

Let every election express the best sense of the whole people, unbiased, unterrified and unbought; — and especially the best sense of the best and purest part of the community — the women.—*Journal, 1885.*

Spirits. Just as there are sea-creatures that have not the power to abstract the lime from the sea-water to make a shell, but

remain formless pulp, so there are spiritual existences which cannot gather matter around them, but remain invisible. And death is, therefore, simply the arrestment of the power of the spirit to enforce matter into its service. The error of our modern philosophers is in studying the shell and not its inhabitant. They pursue a sort of *conchology* of the universe.—*Journal, 1885.*

BACON'S CIPHER. He will give the world not only the greatest dramatic and poetical compositions it has ever possessed, but he will make them a cipher-work of incomprehensible industry and ingenuity, weaving together, as in a majestic loom, fact, fiction, history, comedy, poetry, biography, and making thereof a tapestry fit to adorn the palace of the gods.—*Article in North American Review, June, 1887.*

RAISING GIRL BABIES. A writer in the Zumbrota *Independent* is greatly exercised because some farmer in that town raises barley, because, says he, the barley makes beer, and the beer makes the drunk come. This gentleman must be a descendant of the man who was found

> "Hanging of his cat on Monday,
> For killing of a rat on Sunday."

A great deal of the vice and iniquity of this world is due to abandoned women — *ergo* (according to the Zumbrota philosopher), it is a criminal thing to raise girl babies.—*Anti-Monopolist.*

THE EDITORS.

I don't wish to flatter you. You are no better than other men; perhaps a little worse; and yet perchance no worse than others would be in your position. Mankind in the aggregate is honest — in detail it is a scamp. There is more pressure put on an editor than on his fellow-citizens generally. You might, perhaps, paraphrase Falstaff and say: "As I have more power than another man I have more frailty." Frailty is commensurate with temptation. Let no man boast until he has undergone the pressure. As Burns says:

> "What's done we partly may compute;
> We know not what's resisted."

You have generally improved of late years. There is a higher tone among you.

When you are able to praise a political opponent, who deserves

praise, as fully and freely as you do one of your own party; when you are able to condemn one of your own friends, who is false to the people, as vehemently as you do your enemies, then, indeed, will the community look to you as absolute guides and leaders, and your influence for good will be simply incalculable; for you will speak, like Deity, with the voice of absolute justice.—*Speech to the Editors of Wisconsin, 1889.*

Marriage. But I do think that the union of man and wife should be something more than a mere civil contract. Marriage is not a partnership to sell dry goods—(sometimes, it is true, it is principally an obligation to buy them)—or to practice medicine or law together; it is, or should be, an intimate blending of two souls, and natures, and lives; and where the marriage is happy and perfect there is, undoubtedly, a growing-together, not only of spirit and character, but even in the physical appearance of man and wife. Now, as these two souls came—we concede—out of heaven, it seems to me that the ceremony which thus destroys their individuality, and blends them into one, should have some touch and color of heaven in it also.—*Cæsar's Column.*

The Sixteenth Century. But these plays were written in the sixteenth century, not in the nineteenth; in the reign of Elizabeth, not in the reign of Victoria and Grover. They were written in an age when free thought and free speech led to the scaffold and the stake; when the direful odors of the flesh of burning human beings filled the air, and their shrieks deafened the ears of men; when the philosopher Bruno was perishing in the streets of Rome and the unbeliever Jett was dying in the flames of Smithfield.—*Article in North American Review, June, 1887.*

Living on Corn Cobs. "And now we hail the arrival of boiled corn-cobs on our humble table."—*Herald.*

And mighty humble it must be, when you have to live on boiled corn-cobs. It comes from publishing a Republican paper, Brother Tyler; if you had an Anti-Monopoly paper you would have ears of corn, larger than your own, with corn on them.—*Anti-Monopolist.*

The Criminal Class. Behind them are dust, confusion, dead bodies, hammered and beaten out of all semblance of humanity; and, worse than all, the criminal classes—that wretched and inex-

plicable residuum, who have no grievance against the world except their own existence — the base, the cowardly, the cruel, the sneaking, the inhuman, the horrible! These flock like jackals in the track of lions. They rob the dead bodies; they break into houses; they kill if they are resisted; they fill their pockets. Their joy is unbounded. Elysium has descended upon earth for them this day. Pickpockets, sneak-thieves, confidence-men, burglars, robbers, assassins, the refuse and outpouring of grog-shops and brothels, all are here.—*Cæsar's Column.*

Benevolence. From those to whom God has given the humane spirit he expects much. His most precious gift is a benevolent heart.—*Journal, 1891.*

The Age of Ciphers. The age of ciphers ended when the age of liberty came. Despotism always begets secretiveness. To speak is to die.—*Article in North American Review, June, 1887.*

The Importance of Agriculture. In this country the basis of everything is agriculture. We stepped into a candy shop, in St. Paul, the other day, to buy some fruit. "How are times?" we asked. "Well," said the proprietor, casting a wise look, Micawber-like, askance the sky, "if these rains will only hold up so that the farmers can save their wheat, we will pull through." Even the candy shop rested on agriculture. We could not but think of the indignation with which, a few years ago, our declaration was received that the farms of the West were of more importance to this nation than all the protected manufactures of New England.—*Anti-Monopolist.*

FUNDAMENTAL DIFFERENCES.

"Well, let us suppose," said Maximilian, "that you were not immediately murdered by the men whose privileges you had destroyed — even as the Gracchi were of old — what would you do next? Men differ in every detail. Some have more industry, or more strength, or more cunning, or more foresight, or more acquisitiveness than others. How are you to prevent these men from becoming richer than the rest?"

"I should not try to," I said. "These differences in men are fundamental, and not to be abolished by legislation; neither are the instincts you speak of in themselves injurious. Civilization, in fact,

rests upon them. It is only in their excess that they become destructive. It is right and wise and proper for men to accumulate sufficient wealth to maintain their age in peace, dignity and plenty, and to be able to start their children into the arena of life sufficiently equipped. A thousand men in a community worth $10,000, or $50,000, or even $100,000 each, may be a benefit, perhaps a blessing; but one man worth fifty or one hundred millions, or, as we have them now-a-days, one thousand millions, is a threat against the safety and happiness of every man in the world.—*Cæsar's Column.*

THE ESSENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

At last, on the plains of Judea, in a remote province of the Roman Empire, holding very much such relation to Rome as New Mexico does to-day to the United States, there rose up a being who, in the very heyday and culmination of Roman greatness, sent forth a wonderful declaration of principles to the world — not of bloodshed, not of cruelty, not of conquest, but the grand doctrine of universal charity, universal benevolence and universal justice. Lo! what a great light has towered up to enlighten the darkened world. And the white race, the race called dominant, are but the instruments in the hand of God to carry these glorious principles to the remotest regions of the world.

But these principles have had one long, dark, terrible struggle from the day when they found their birth in Judea. First, they encountered the hard, unprogressive spirit of Hebraism: then the cruel and licentious genius of the Roman people: and then the fierce barbarians who poured in stormy hordes out of northern Europe. But everywhere they triumphed over art and bigotry and barbarism and cruelty, until to-day they possess the hearts of the entire white race of the world with the doctrines of universal love and the brotherhood of man.—*Speech, 1889.*

The Shakespeare Myth. We are asked to believe that the mightiest mind with which God ever blessed the race dwelt for fifty-two years on this planet, in the midst of the busy, bustling age of Elizabeth and James I., surrounded by wits, poets, philosophers, pamphleteers, printers and publishers, and in contact with events which affected the whole world and all history, and yet touched these men and events at no point, and left not the slightest impress

on his age as an individual. It is as if a gigantic spirit had descended from another sphere, strode unheeded through the busy marts of men, dropped behind him carelessly vast and incalculable works, and then, striding on, disappeared suddenly and utterly in thin air.—*Article in North American Review, June, 1887.*

THE SCARCITY OF GOOD MEN. He laughed. "That is all right," he said; "good and unselfish men are so scarce in this world that one cannot do too much for them. We must be careful lest, like the dodo and the great auk, the breed becomes extinct."—*Cæsar's Column.*

IMPERFECT LYING. Josh Billings once remarked that "many a man set up for a rascal who, if he had examined himself carefully, would have found that God intended him for a fool." Postmaster ———, of ——— ———, is a case in point. He lies so glibly that between breaths he forgets the lie he has just told; and hence there is not in his statements that artfully constructed continuity of falsehood which the ingenious rogue always preserves.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

A. T. STEWART.

In 1861 there was a rich merchant in this city, named A. T. Stewart. Hundreds of thousands of men saw in the war only the great questions of the Union and the abolition of human bondage, the freeing of four millions of human beings, and the preservation of the honor of the flag; and they rushed forward eager for the fray. They were ready to die that the Nation and Liberty might live. But while their souls were thus inflamed with great and splendid emotions, and they forgot home, family, wealth, life, everything, Stewart, the rich merchant, saw simply the fact that the war would cut off communication between the North and the cotton-producing States, and that this would result in a rise in the price of cotton goods; and so, amid the wild agitations of patriotism, the beating of drums and the blaring of trumpets, he sent out his agents and bought up all the cotton goods he could lay his hands on. He made a million dollars, it is said, by this little piece of cunning. But if all men had thought and acted as Stewart did, we should have had no Union, no country, and there would be left to-day neither honor nor manhood in all the world. The nation was saved

by those poor fellows who did not consider the price of cotton goods in the hour of America's crucial agony. Their dust now billows the earth of a hundred battle-fields; but their memory will be kept sweet in the hearts of men forever! On the other hand, the fortune of the great merchant, as it did no good during his life, so, after his death, it descended upon an alien to his blood; while even his wretched carcass was denied, by the irony of fate, rest under his splendid mausoleum, and may have found its final sepulchre in the stomachs of dogs! — *Cæsar's Column.*

COULD A COMET STRIKE THE EARTH?

Reader, the evidence I am about to present will satisfy you, not only that a comet might have struck the earth in the remote past, but that the marvel is that the earth escapes collision for a single century, I had almost said for a single year.

How many comets do you suppose there are within the limits of the solar system (and remember that the solar system occupies but an insignificant portion of universal space)?

Half a dozen — fifty — a hundred — you will answer.

Let us put the astronomers on the witness-stand:

Kepler affirmed that "COMETS ARE SCATTERED THROUGH THE HEAVENS WITH AS MUCH PROFUSION AS FISHES IN THE OCEAN."

Think of that!

"Three or four telescopic comets are now entered upon astronomical records every year. Lalande had a list of seven hundred comets that had been observed in his time."

Arago estimated that the comets belonging to the solar system, within the orbit of Neptune, numbered *seventeen million five hundred thousand!*

Lambert regards *five hundred millions* as a very moderate estimate! . . .

But do these comets come anywhere near the orbit of the earth?

Look at the map on the preceding page, from Amédée Guillemin's great work, *The Heavens*, and you can answer the question for yourself.

Here you see the orbit of the earth overwhelmed in a complication of comet-orbits. The earth, here, is like a lost child in the midst of a forest full of wild beasts.

And this diagram represents the orbits of only *six* comets out of those seventeen millions or five hundred millions!

It is a celestial game of ten-pins, with the solar system for a bowling-alley, and the earth waiting for a ten-strike.

In 1832 the earth and Biela's comet, as I will show more particularly hereafter, were both making for the same spot, moving with celestial rapidity, but the comet reached the point of junction *one month before the earth did;* and, as the comet was not polite enough to wait for us to come up, this generation missed a revelation.—*Ragnarok.*

THE DEMOCRATIC COW-CATCHER.

And we must have in the constitution of human nature a conservative, an unprogressive, a hold-back party, which performs the office of the back straps in the harness. This sentiment of conservatism in many respects is advantageous, and it grows out of a natural indisposition of the human mind to go forward. It grows out of the natural disposition of the human heart to be content with what we have. It is best illustrated in the case of that Greenlander who, when the captain of a whale ship was commiserating him upon his "miserable" condition, replied, "*Miserable!* Miserable indeed! What do you call miserable? Have I not plenty of train oil, and a fish bone through my nose?" And so there is no condition so wretched but that you will find some one to defend its evils — some one to hold fast to *the train oil and the fish bones!*

In the constitution of mankind, in the very nature of man, there must be these two parties; and all I have to complain of in the Democratic party is that they have been so slow in their movements; in fact, they have done nothing else but hold back. They have moved so slowly that they have been like the trains upon the Hannibal and St. Jo Railroad, during the war, where they had to put the cow-catcher on the end of the back car to keep the cows from running over the train.

I say this good-naturedly, simply as an admonition, for the future, to my Democratic friends.—*Speech at St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 8, 1869.*

THE GREAT CATASTROPHE. The Drift marks probably the most awful convulsion and catastrophe that has ever fallen upon the globe. The deposit of these continental masses of clay, sand and gravel was but one of the features of the appalling event. In

addition to this the earth at the same time was cleft with great cracks or fissures, which reached down through many miles of the planet's crust to the central fires and released the boiling rocks imprisoned in its bosom, and these poured to the surface, as igneous, intrusive, or trap-rocks. Where the great breaks were not deep enough to reach the central fires, they left mighty fissures in the surface, which, in the Scandinavian regions, are known as *fiords*, and which constitute a striking feature of the scenery of these northern lands; they are great canals — hewn, as it were, in the rock — with high walls penetrating from the sea far into the interior of the land. They are found in Great Britain, Maine, Nova Scotia, Labrador, Greenland and on the western coast of North America.—*Ragnarok*.

The True Remedy. We regret to note the fact that the danger of labor troubles east and west seems to be on the increase. This is all wrong. Violence will only be followed by repression, and turbulence will be an excuse for greater injustice. The ballot-box is the true remedy.—*The Anti-Monopolist*.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

In our own country we present a spectacle which may well challenge the astonishment and admiration of the nations. Everywhere growth, increase, industry, commerce, wealth, happiness. Even in remote India the work of progress extends, and we see where four thousand miles of railroad have been built at an expense of 440 millions of dollars, advanced in subsidies by the British Government.

Turn to Egypt, which for thousands of years — from the time of Cleopatra — has slept the sleep of death, and even there the awakening spirit of progress is present; and under the very shadow of the pyramids and in sight of the tombs of the Pharaohs we find steam plows of American manufacture turning up the sod, propelled by steam made from coal brought from Manchester and Newcastle.

Aye, my friends, we live in a glorious, in a wonderful age. Our portion of mankind has always, since the revival of civilization in Europe, moved forward. At first it progressed slowly and almost imperceptibly. The movement of society was like the movement of the old glaciers on the Alps — those great rivers of ice, where, to mark the advance, Agassiz had to drive stakes, one in the adjacent rock and one in the face of the glacier, and then watch for hours,

perhaps for days, to determine that any progress had been made. And even as the glacier in its slow but irresistible movement tore and wore the breast of the rocks over which it passed, so this movement toward liberty disrupted the very bosom of society. Now the glacier has melted into the mighty river of human progress, broad and rapid, gay with streamers, bright with white sails, bearing on its bosom the wealth, the hopes, the happiness of mankind. This is the river of modern civilization, moving under the impulse of Christianity.—*Speech to the Colored People of St. Paul, 1869.*

THE HEATHEN GODS. Man reasons, at first, from below upward; from god-like men up to man-like gods; from Cæsar, the soldier, to Cæsar, the deity.—*Ragnarok.*

THE PROGENY OF EVIL. As you sow, so must you reap. Evil has but one child — death! For hundreds of years you have nursed and nurtured Evil. Do you complain if her monstrous progeny is here now, with sword and torch? What else did you expect? Did you think she would breed angels?—*Cæsar's Column.*

THE CHARIOT OF PROGRESS. The golden chariot of human progress moves grandly down the avenue of time. It is laden with flowers and fruit and laughing children; it is surrounded by the revelry of delicious music; it is drawn by the tumultuous hopes of a happy multitude. But its wheels are red,— red as the wheels of Juggernaut,— with the blood of the millions who, on a thousand battle-fields, have vainly sought to stay its advance.—*Speech to Farmers' Alliance, Feb., 1887.*

THE POVERTY OF INVENTION. Heaven was, in the beginning, a heavenly city on earth; it is transported to the clouds; and there its golden streets and sparkling palaces await the redeemed. This is natural; we can only conceive of the best of the spiritual by the best we know of the material; we can imagine no musical instrument in the hands of the angels superior to a harp; no weapon better than a sword for the grasp of Gabriel. This disproves not a spiritual and superior state; it simply shows the poverty and paucity of our poor intellectual apparatus, which, like a mirror, reflects only that which is around it, and reflects it imperfectly.—*Ragnarok.*

CRYSTALIZED. If, then, our form of government is simply *crystalized justice*, our duty is to seek out and strike down injustice

wherever it may appear, or however specious and cunning may be the mask with which it hides its repulsive features.—*Memorial Address, 1884.*

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

On, stripe and star!—On, stripe and star!
Pointing the path of the first in war.
Where thou art seen is Victory seen;
Where thou hast been hath glory been;
And the mighty stars and the grand blue sea
And the red blood of triumph are met in thee.—*1852.*

LEGEND AND HISTORY. One hundred years ago the highest faith was placed in written history, while the utmost contempt was felt for all legends. Whatever had been written down was regarded as certainly true; whatever had not been written down was necessarily false. But as time rolled on it was seen that the greater part of history was simply recorded legends, while all the rest represented the passions of factions, the hates of sects, or the servility and venality of historians. Men perceived that the common belief of antiquity, as expressed in universal tradition, was much more likely to be true than the written opinions of a few prejudiced individuals. —*Ragnarok.*

THE BAREFOOTED CHRIST. Why did they not listen to me? Why did rich and poor alike mock me? If they had not done so, this dreadful cup might have been averted from their lips. But it would seem as if faith and civilization were incompatible. Christ was only possible in a barefooted world; and the few who wore shoes murdered him. What dark perversity was it in the blood of the race that made it wrap itself in misery, like a garment, while all nature was happy?—*Cæsar's Column.*

GOD'S LAW. God wipes out injustice with suffering; wrong with blood; sin with death. You can no more get beyond the reach of His hand than you can escape from the planet.—*Cæsar's Column.*

THE DESTRUCTION OF MANKIND. And how did mankind come to be reduced to a handful? If men grew, in the first instance, out of bestial forms, mindless and speechless, they would have propagated and covered the world as did the bear and the wolf. But after they had passed this stage, and had so far developed as to be human

in speech and brain, some cause reduced them again to a handful. What was it? Something, say these legends, some fiery object, some blazing beast or serpent, which appeared in the heavens, which filled the world with conflagrations, and which destroyed the human race, except a remnant, who saved themselves in caverns or in the water; and from this seed, this handful, mankind again replenished the earth, and spread gradually to all the continents and the islands of the sea.—*Ragnarok.*

FREEMEN AND SLAVES. The difference between freemen and slaves is that the first govern themselves; the last are governed by some one else. The ballot-box, intelligently used, can alone save the freemen from becoming slaves. Three-fourths of all the ills men suffer arise from misgovernment. It follows, as a matter of course, that whatever class rules the country will rule it for its own advantage. If the people rule, the people will prosper; if those who live on the people rule, they will certainly grow rich at the expense of the rest of the population.—*Address of State Farmers' Alliance, 1886.*

POLITICAL EQUALITY NOT SOCIAL EQUALITY. Political equality does not imply social equality, or physical equality, or race equality. When you go to the ballot-box to vote you find a group assembled of white men, originally of different nationalities—Yankee, French, German, Irish, Scotch—of different complexions, conditions, mental power, education and knowledge. No two are alike; no two are equal in any respect, and yet they all peacefully unite in expressing their political preferences. The right to participate in the government, in a republic, is like the right to breathe the atmosphere. No man feels degraded because the air he inhales has already passed through the lungs of his fellow-man, differing from him in every respect and condition. We must all breathe to live, and we must all vote if the republic is to live. Because a man votes beside me at the polling-place, it does not follow that I must take him into my house, or wed him to my daughter, any more than those results follow because we breathe the same air.—*Doctor Huguet.*

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY. When I say the fall of Vicksburg—what was it? The opening of the Mississippi valley. And what is the Mississippi valley? The NATION; for all the rest are mere suburbs.—*Speech at Meeting of Army of the Tennessee, Aug. 14, 1884.*

The Brains Take the Crop. You should, therefore, devote all your leisure time and thought to the great questions of government; that is to say, to the questions which involve your own prosperity. Of what avail is it to economize and toil if some cunning knave, who toils not, is to reap the fruits of your industry? The most valuable crop you can raise on the farm is *brains*. If the brains are not inside the fence, they will be outside of it, and wherever they are the crop goes with them.—*Address of State Farmers' Alliance, 1886.*

The American Beauty.

Not the great, gaudy presence and rude charms
That kept, of old, contending camps in arms;
But delicate in figure, face and mind,
Formed to enchant and civilize mankind,
All the fine attributes of soul to move,
And fill the measure of fastidious love.—*1855.*

What the Bird Thinks. The female bird says to herself, "The time is propitious, and now, of my own free will, and under the operation of my individual judgment, I will lay a nestful of eggs and hatch a brood of children." But it is unconscious that it is moved by a physical necessity, which has constrained all its ancestors from the beginning of time, and which will constrain all its posterity to the end of time; that its will is nothing more than an expression of age, development, sunlight, food, and "the skyey influences." If it were otherwise it would be in the power of a generation to arrest the life of a race.—*Ragnarok.*

Happy Nature. A whale spouted. Happy nature! How cunningly were the wet, sliding waves accommodated to that smooth skin and those nerves which rioted in the play of the tumbling waters. A school of dolphins leaped and gamboled, showing their curved backs to the sun in sudden glimpses; a vast family; merry, social, jocund, abandoned to happiness. The gulls flew about us as if our ship was indeed a larger bird, and I thought of the poet's lines wherein he describes—

"The gray gull balanced on its bow-like wings,
Between two black waves, seeking where to dive."

—*Cæsar's Column.*

LUNATICS. A little while ago and the Greenbackers were denominated "lunatics," for demanding the remonetization of silver. Who are the "lunatics" now? Silver is partially remonetized, gold has fallen, bonds have risen, and some faint glimpses of prosperity brighten the horizon.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE TRUE PRINCIPLE OF RECONSTRUCTION. The purpose of government is the happiness of the people, therefore of the *whole* people. A government cannot be half a republic and half a despotism — a republic just and equable to one class of its citizens, a despotism cruel and destructive to another class; it must become either all despotism or all republic. If you make it all republic the future is plain. All evils will correct themselves. Temporary disorders will subside; the path will lie wide open before every man, and every step and every hour will take him farther away from error and darkness. Give the right to vote and you give the right to aid in making the laws: the laws, being made by all, will be for the benefit of all; the improvement and advancement of each member of the community will be the improvement and advancement of the whole community.—*Speech in Congress.*

THE WOLFISH NATURES. Every honest man, who perceives abuses in the world, should be a preacher, in the broad sense of the word. There are, of course, wolfish natures, whose only instinct is to sneak and leap and devour. To these men mercy is a mockery, and humanity but another name for food. They are the cannibals of civilized life, and live upon their fellows. —*Doctor Huguet.*

THE PRAYERS OF THE HEATHEN. Religions may perish; the name of the Deity may change with race and time and tongue; but He can never despise such noble, exalted, eloquent appeals from the hearts of millions of men, repeated through thousands of generations, as these Aztec prayers have been. Whether addressed to Tezcatlipoca, Zeus, Jove, Jehovah or God, they pass alike direct from the heart of the creature to the heart of the Creator; they are of the threads that tie together matter and spirit.—*Ragnarok.*

STAND BY YOUR OWN MEN. There is another point we would urge upon you: In war they employ sharpshooters to pick off the officers. If they can kill the generals, the army is half defeated. In politics it is the same: they fire at the leaders. If any man is faithful to

you he will be bitterly denounced. If he is corrupt, he will be praised by those who buy him. The moment he sells out the sharpshooters are withdrawn and the fire ceases. Be suspicious of any of your own men who are praised by your enemies.—*Address of State Alliance, 1886.*

The True Woman. Why should we not enjoy the sunshine, and that glorious light, brighter than all sunshine — the love of woman? For God alone, who made woman — the true woman - knows the infinite capacities for good which He inclosed within her soul. And I don't believe one bit of that orthodox story. I think Eve ate the apple to obtain knowledge, and Adam devoured the core because he was hungry.—*Cæsar's Column.*

An Accommodating Rise of Land. Why should the ice-sheet move southward? Because, say the "glacialists," the lands of the northern parts of Europe and America were then elevated fifteen hundred feet higher than at present, and this gave the ice a sufficient descent. But what became of that elevation afterward? Why, it went down again. It had accommodatingly performed its function, and then resumed its old place!—*Ragnarok.*

A Question of the Future Life. Does every man, capable of goodness in this world, continue to do good, with increased force, forever after?—*Journal, 1885.*

No Substitute for Brains. If a man stands by you, stand by him. In every county there are those who, by advocating your interests, have made themselves targets for the arrows of calumny. Other things being equal, these are the men for you to send to the Legislature. Those who have ably advocated your cause before the people will best advocate it in the Legislature. You want earnest, honest men, and no blockheads. It is not sufficient to elect a man who will vote right; he must be able to plan right, speak right, fight right. There is no substitute for brains. Money needs tools. The people want men.—*Address of State Farmers' Alliance, 1886.*

Public Honors. I have already said that I am not naturally ambitious. The scrambles and squabbles of public life have no charms for me. I have no respect for that kind of honor which belongs not to the man himself, but to the place he occupies, and which leaves him as soon as he is sundered from the place. It seems to me to be

the smallest and the most unsubstantial of all human virtues. Who can recall the long list of Roman consuls? And yet they were mightier than kings in their day — dreaded to the uttermost limits of the civilized world. But they are gone, while the memory of Homer, of Plato, of Socrates is still fresh upon the tongues of men, and they stand out, limned upon the background of the ages, as distinctly as the living men of our own era.—*Doctor Huguet.*

THE ANTLERED TREE.

The sun, touching with its light
The rough black antlers of one mighty tree,
Uplifted, 'mid green leaves.—*1851.*

A TESSELLATED PAVEMENT. If we were to find, under the *debris* of Pompeii, a grand tessellated pavement, representing one of the scenes of the *Iliad*, but shattered by an earthquake, its fragments dislocated and piled one upon the top of another, it would be our duty and our pleasure to seek, by following the clew of the picture, to rearrange the fragments so as to do justice to the great design of its author; and to silence, at the same time, the cavils of those who could see in its shocked and broken form nothing but a subject for mirth and ridicule. In the same way, following the clew afforded by the legends of mankind and the revelations of science, I shall suggest a reconstruction of this venerable and most ancient work. If the reader does not accept my conclusions, he will, at least, I trust, appreciate the motives with which I make the attempt. —*Ragnarok.*

THE POWER OF GOD.

I looked into the grand depths of the stars above us; at that endless procession of shining worlds; at that illimitable expanse of silence. And I thought of those vast gaps and lapses of manless time, when all these starry hosts unrolled and marshaled themselves before the attentive eyes of God, and it had not yet entered into His heart to create that swarming, writhing, crawling, contentious mass we call humanity. And I said to myself, "Why should a God condescend to such a work as man?"

And yet, again, I felt that one grateful heart, that darted out the living line of its love and adoration from this dark and perturbed earth, up to the shining throne of the Great Intelligence,

must be of more moment and esteem in the universe than millions of tons of mountains—yea, than a wilderness of stars. For matter is but the substance with which God works; while thought, love, conscience and consciousness are parts of God himself. We think, therefore we are divine; we pray, therefore we are immortal.

Part of God! The awful, the inexpressible, the incomprehensible God. His terrible hand swirls, with unresting power, yonder innumerable congregation of suns in their mighty orbits, and yet stoops, with tender touch, to build up the petals of the anemone, and paint with rainbow hues the mealy wings of the butterfly.

I could have wept over man, but I remembered that God lives beyond the stars.—*Cæsar's Column.*

THE SILVER QUESTION SUMMARIZED.

Resolved, That silver coin constitutes one-half the real money of the world; that it has been recognized as money since the time of Abraham; that it is named in the Constitution of the United States as legal tender money; that to abolish it now throughout the world would be to reduce the volume of metallic money one-half, thereby doubling the purchasing power of gold and decreasing in like ratio the value of all forms of property, including labor.

Resolved, That we denounce any such attempt as the result of a vast European conspiracy against human nature; a scheme to double the mortgage and halve the farm; to increase the national debt and decrease the power of the people to pay it; to intensify the struggle for food and life among the swarming millions, that a few thousands may riot in wasteful abundance; in short, to build up that meanest and cruelest of all aristocracies, a moneyed aristocracy, at the expense of the farmer reduced to a peasant, and the workman reduced to a slave.

Resolved, That we demand of the Congress of the United States the coinage of silver on precisely the same terms with gold.—*Address of the State Farmers' Alliance, 1886.*

THE GREAT ISSUE.

The issue upon which all other issues hinge to-day is whether the condition of wretchedness and poverty to which the great majority of mankind are condemned is or is not irremediable? Is the productive capacity of the earth sufficient to give all its children an

abundance? Do the want, the sorrow and the sin with which the world now reeks spring from the laws, or are they inevitable under any form of government? Can human intelligence, which is gradually converting all the forces of nature into servants, yet solve the problem, so that every mind will be educated, every stomach filled, and every back clothed, in all Christendom?

We believe these questions will yet be answered in the affirmative, and that a republic is simply a stepping-stone to these grand results. That way the march of civilization lies, and that is what the spirit of Christianity means. The day will come when our posterity will regard this age, with its swarming, suffering, struggling, starving multitudes, as little better than an organized barbarism.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE PEOPLE'S PARTY. I say that God does not intend that this august civilization shall go down under the brutal feet of a mob of plutocrats. The same Divine Power which saved us, in our infancy, from the overwhelming strength of the mother country, which brought victory, union, peace and reconciliation out of our terrible civil war, does not intend that this nation shall be destroyed. He does not intend that our producing classes shall be reduced to servitude and the wheels of civilization turned backward, and old-world conditions established here on the face of this new continent. —*Speech to Cincinnati Convention, May 20, 1891.*

THE ORIGIN OF THE GRAVEL. Moreover, if the waves made these great deposits, they must have picked up the material composing them either from the shores of the sea or the beds of streams. And when we consider the vastness of the drift-deposits, extending, as they do, over continents, with a depth of hundreds of feet, it would puzzle us to tell where were the sea-beaches or rivers on the globe that could produce such inconceivable quantities of gravel, sand and clay. The production of gravel is limited to a small marge of the ocean, not usually more than a mile wide, where the waves and the rocks meet. If we suppose the whole shore of the ocean around the northern half of America to be piled up with gravel five hundred feet thick, it would go but a little way to form the immense deposits which stretch from the Arctic Sea to Patagonia.—*Ragnarok.*

THE CURSE OF THE AGE. The great curse of the whole system of thought which dominates and afflicts our country is, that man is nothing and property everything. In the eye of legislation a single bank outweighs a county. Nobody thinks it of the slightest moment that millions suffer for want of sufficient food; that hundreds of thousands of energetic and worthy merchants are bankrupted; that hundreds of thousands of workmen and mechanics are turned out to tramp country roads like exiles and wild beasts, starving and dangerous; but the cry goes on, "Hard money, contraction, specie-payments," and other catch-words to tickle the ears of fools.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE BEAUTY OF THE WORLD. My soul rose up on wings and swam in the ether like a swallow; and I thanked God that he had given us this majestic, this surpassing world, and had placed within us the delicate sensibility and capability to enjoy it. In the presence of such things death — annihilation — seemed to me impossible, and I exclaimed aloud:

> "Hast thou not heard
> That thine existence, here on earth, is but
> The dark and narrow section of a life
> Which was with God long ere the sun was lit,
> And shall be yet, when all the bold, bright stars
> Are dark as death-dust?"

—*Cæsar's Column.*

THE WAY IT WORKS. One man invents a swindle; he lives henceforth in ease and idleness; while ten thousand men toil and moil, in heat and cold, to pay the interest on his capitalized rascality. And when both parties die, the knave transmits his bonds and stocks to his children, while the honest men leave to their posterity a legacy of life-long poverty, hardship, suffering and debt.—*Address of State Farmers' Alliance, 1886.*

ICEBERGS DID NOT CAUSE THE DRIFT. It is simply impossible that the Drift was caused by icebergs. I repeat, when they floated clear of the rocks, of course they would not mark them: when the water was too shallow to permit them to float at all, and so move onward, of course they would not mark them. The striations could occur only when the water was just deep enough to float the berg, and not deep enough to float the berg clear of the rocks: and but a small part of the bottom of the sea could fulfill these

conditions. Moreover, when the waters were six thousand feet deep in New England, and four thousand feet deep in Scotland, and over the tops of the Rocky Mountains, where was the rest of the world, and the life it contained?—*Ragnarok.*

The Dark-Skinned Races. And yet many an Egyptian Pharaoh had taken to his breast, and covered with his crown, beauties that were many shades darker than the skin I looked upon. Cæsar, and Cicero, and Pompey, and Cato, had loved and wedded women more dusky of hue than this fair creature. In the abandon of our pride over the whiteness of our skin, bleached by thousands of years of northern storms and ice and snow, we forget that the greatest part of mankind, including all the great nations of antiquity, Egyptians, Hindoos, Assyrians, Greeks and Romans, were much darker than ourselves; that it is only of late years that the pale-faced Goth is leading the advance of the world, and that, if we take out of the accumulations of the past those arts, inventions, works and thoughts derived from people as shadowy in hue as our own mulattoes, there would be little left for our civilization to brag of.—*Doctor Huguet.*

Equal Rights. The farmer's dollar is just as good as the railroad man's dollar, and the farmer, if the Declaration of Independence amounts to anything, is the political equal of the railroad-builder. When the farmer's dollar and the railroad man's dollar bear the same rate of interest, this will really be a country of free and equal people. Now the farmer's dollar pays little or no interest, while the railroad-builder collects a high rate of interest on his dollar, and an equally high rate of interest on two or three other dollars which he never owned, and the farmer pays it all.—*Address of State Farmers' Alliance, 1886.*

CÆSAR'S HEAD.

"My God," said Max, "it is Cæsar's head!"

I looked, and there, sure enough, upon the top of the long pole I had before noticed, was the head of the redoubtable giant. It stood out as if it had been painted in gory characters by the light of the burning house upon that background of darkness. I could see the glazed and dusty eyes, the protruding tongue, the great lower jaw hanging down in hideous fashion, and from the thick, bull-like neck were suspended huge gouts of dried and blackened blood.

"It is the first instinct of such mobs," said Max, quietly, "to suspect their leaders and slay them. They killed Cæsar, and then came after me. When they saw the air-ship they were confirmed in their suspicions; they believe that I am carrying away their treasure."

I could not turn my eyes from that ferocious head. It fascinated me. It waved and reeled with the surging of the mob. It seemed to me to be executing a hideous dance in mid-air, in the midst of that terrible scene; it floated over it like a presiding demon. The protruding tongue leered at the blazing house and the unspeakable horrors of that assemblage, lit up, as it was, in all its awful features, by the towering conflagration.—*Cæsar's Column.*

THE FALL OF MAN.

How petty, how almost insignificant, how schoolboy-like are our historians, with their little rolls of parchment under their arms, containing their lists of English, Roman, Egyptian and Assyrian kings and queens, in the presence of such stupendous facts as these!

Good reader, your mind shrinks back from such conceptions, of course. But can you escape the facts by shrinking back? Are they not there? Are they not all of a piece—Job, Ovid, Rama, Ragnarok, Genesis, the Aztec legends; the engraved ivory tablets of the caves, the pottery, the carved figures of pre-glacial Europe, the pottery-strata of Louisiana under the Drift, the copper and iron implements, the brick pavements and cisterns, and this coin, dragged up from a well-hole in Illinois?

And what do they affirm?

That this catastrophe was indeed the fall of man.

Think what a fall!

From comfort to misery, from plowed fields to the thistles and the stones, from sunny and glorious days in a stormless land to the awful trials of the Drift Age; the rains, the cold, the snow, the ice, the incessant tempests, the darkness, the poverty, the coats of hides, the cave-life, the cannibalism, the Stone Age.

Here was a fall indeed.—*Ragnarok.*

SQUEEZING OUT A MAN. Somebody says that Wheelock wrote those Wilder letters. Shouldn't wonder; they sound like him. If you were to draw Wheelock between your finger and thumb you would

squeeze out of him just such a pile of slang-whanging adverbs and adjectives as the foregoing, and there would be nothing left of him but a small residuum of plunder and an ill-flavored skin.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Large Legislatures. We doubt if true economy demands the reduction of the Legislature, especially the House. A small body is easily bought, and it is bought always at the expense of the people, who in the passage of one bill may lose enough to pay the expense of running the Legislature for five years. The New England States have found it safe to keep the House very large, in some cases five times as large as our own. It is not so important to pass a multitude of bills as to prevent the passage of those that plunder the people.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

The Circus Procession. There are really but two parties in this State to-day—the people and their plunderers. The only issue is: Shall the people keep the fruits of their own industry, or shall the thieves carry them away? The clamors of the contending political parties are, too often, like the bands and banners of a circus procession, which absorb the attention of the populace, and draw them to the front windows, while the thieves, who accompany the show, are robbing the houses from the rear.—*Address of State Farmers' Alliance, 1886.*

The Conservatives. God has greatly blessed us and all our people. There were a few conservatives who strenuously objected at first to our reforms; but we mildly suggested to them that if they were not happy, and desired it, we would transfer them to the outside world, where they could enjoy the fruits of the unhallowed systems they praised so much. They are now the most vigorous supporters of the new order of things. And this is one of the merits of your true conservative. If you can once get him into the right course he will cling to it as tenaciously as he formerly clung to the wrong one. They are not naturally bad men; their brains are simply incapable of suddenly adjusting themselves to new conceptions. —*Cæsar's Column.*

Our National Motto. The English have a motto: "God and my rights." The motto of this country promises to become: "God and my dollars."—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

The Supply of Gold. "The amount of gold in the world at this time is estimated at seven millions. And yet we are having an awful tussle to get a few millions corralled in our treasury for resumption purposes. The world's stock of gold is only equal to a block seventeen feet high, twenty-eight feet wide and fifty-six feet long."—*Exchange.*

Think of the entire business, progress, growth and prosperity of the whole human family chained to that block of gold, the size of an ordinary meeting-house!—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

A Difficulty. It too often happens that the honest men are impractical, and the practical men are rascals.—*Speech, 1884.*

The Income Tax. The old Greeks had a law that whenever a man's fortune exceeded a given limit, he was obliged to build a ship, or equip a regiment, or do some other work for the state. This was also the theory that underlay the income tax law, passed during the war. Men of small fortunes paid nothing, while the tax was increased in proportion to the individual's income—he that had most paying most. But one of the first steps of the money-power was to abolish this law, and thus increase the burdens of the poorer and middle classes.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

The True Conservative. The Rev. Sydney Smith once said that there was a kind of men into whom you could not introduce a new idea without a surgical operation. He might have added that when you had once forced an idea into the head of such a man, you could not deliver him of it without instruments.—*Ragnarok.*

A Spasmodic and Suspicious Outburst. Sir, I believe it to be one of the spasmodic outbursts of the gentleman [Elihu Washburne] which we have witnessed here, Congress after Congress. Why, sir, I can look back and recall how, at the opening of almost every Congress, the gentleman has risen here, and, if the word was parliamentary, I would say, howled, against the railroad communication between New York and this city, and demanded an air-line railroad, splitting the very heavens with his outcries. Suddenly there followed a dead calm,

> "And silence, like a poultice, came
> To heal the wounds of sound,"

and we heard no more upon the subject until the next Congress met. —*From the Washburne Speech in Congress, May 2, 1868.*

THE CLAWS. The capacity to do evil is rarely united with the desire to do good. God gives the claws to the beasts.— *Speech, 1884.*

THE ARABS. But, after a time, we catch sight of the blue and laughing waters of the Mediterranean, with its pleasant, bosky islands. This is gone, and in a little while the yellow sands of the great desert stretch beneath us, and extend ahead of us, far as the eye can reach. We pass a toiling caravan, with its awkward, shuffling, patient camels, and its dark attendants. They have heard nothing, in these solitudes, of the convulsions that rend the world. They pray to Allah and Mahomet, and are happy. The hot, blue, cloudless sky rises in a great dome above their heads; their food is scant and rude, but in their brains there burn not those wild fevers of ambition which have driven mankind to such frenzies and horrors. They live and die as their ancestors did, ten thousand years ago—unchangeable as the stars above their heads; and these are even as they shone clear and bright when the Chaldean shepherds first studied the outlines of the constellations and marked the pathways of the wandering planets.—*Cæsar's Column.*

THE BOOK OF JOB.

And so, stumbling through these texts, falling over mistranslations and misconceptions, pushing aside the accumulated dust of centuried errors, we lay our hands upon a fossil that lived and breathed when time was new: we are carried back to ages not only before the flood, but to ages that were old when the flood came upon the earth.

Here Job lives once more; the fossil breathes and palpitates —hidden from the fire of heaven, deep in his cavern. Covered with bruises and burns from the falling *debris* of the comet, surrounded by his trembling fellow-refugees, while chaos rules without and hope has fled the earth, we hear Job, bold, defiant, unshrinking, pouring forth the protest of the human heart against the cruelty of nature; appealing from God's awful deed to the sense of God's eternal justice.

We go out and look at the gravel-heap—worn, rounded, ancient, but silent, the stones lie before us. They have no voice. We turn to this volume, and here is their voice, here is their story; here we have the very thoughts men thought—men like ourselves, but

sorely tried—when that gravel was falling upon a desolated world.

And all this buried, unrecognized, in the sacred book of a race and a religion.—*Ragnarok.*

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD—A STATESMAN DESCRIBED. But he says I voted for this because I held an annual pass over the road. Ah! Mr. Speaker, this is almost too much for human contempt to reach. An annual pass upon a road that I have never seen; over which I have never traveled a mile; over which I do not expect to travel until that great day when a line of railroad communication shall extend unbroken from New York to San Francisco! On that day, standing on the Pacific coast, in sight of the Golden Gate, looking back over that mighty work, wedding in everlasting marriage the mightiest oceans of the globe, spanning the continent as God's great bow of promise spans the heavens, the glory of our nation, the marvel of our age, it will then, Mr. Speaker, be a consolation to know that that mighty work has been resisted and opposed by every blatant, loud-voiced, big-chested, small-headed, bitter-hearted demagogue in all this land.—*The Washburne Speech in Congress, May 2, 1868.*

WHAT A REPUBLIC MEANS. And what does this form of government mean? This:—the advancement of mankind; the lifting up of the masses; absolute justice in the laws; and the wiping out of all impediments that may hinder the progress of the people.—*Memorial Address, 1884.*

SOUND ADVICE. If you would lose your friend, make him your creditor.—*Journal, 1885.*

THE NORTH AND SOUTH COMPARED.

It must be admitted that our people are a big-hearted, hospitable race, who can never do too much for those they respect or love, or, I might add, too little for those they dislike. Their loves and hates partake of the heat of their summer suns: all their opinions are convictions; all their feelings passions. But the strong sense of personal honor has survived here, while it seems to be dying out under the blight of the commercial, trading spirit of the North. Beyond Mason and Dixon's line politics are an individual grab for profits; in the South they are devotion to ideas and theories of statecraft, which may not be correct, but are always respectable

from their sincerity. One of the most beautiful traits of Southern character is its fiery devotion to the great men of its section. The South stands by them with passionate partisanship, exaggerating their best qualities, and ignoring their weak ones. It honors them living, and worships them dead. In the North to be a great man is simply to invite unsympathetic criticism of every detail of the individual's career and character; to become the conspicuous target for limitless abuse and insult while living, and to receive halting, grudging praise when dead, with the promise of a monument which is rarely built. The South regards genius with grateful eyes lifted to heaven; the North, with its nose in the air, to smell out the faults of its victim.—*Doctor Huguet.*

England. England, the land where the Gulf-stream empties its stomach.—*Journal, 1882.*

Man's Power Limited. But, I said to myself, while God permits man to wreck himself, he denies him the power to destroy the world. The grass covers the graves; the flowers grow in the furrows of the cannon balls; the graceful foliage festoons with blossoms the ruins of the prison and the torture-chamber; and the corn springs alike under the foot of the helot or the yeoman.—*Cæsar's Column.*

An Advice to the Clergymen. It would be a great deal better if these ministers would study the questions of government and finance which underlie the prosperity of the people and give sound advice to their people thereon, instead of praying to God to aid them. It is recorded that, when the wagoner of old found his wagon stuck in the mud, he besought the god Hercules to help him out, and Hercules replied by telling him to "put his own shoulder to the wheel." "God helps those who help themselves." The calamities of this country were not produced by the Almighty; they are the work of knaves, who have absorbed the products of the people's industry into their own pockets by cunning laws. The remedy is to suppress the knaves and repeal the laws.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Dr. Ox's Hobby. Who shall say how often the characteristics of our atmosphere have been affected by accessions from extra-terrestrial sources, resulting in conflagrations or pestilences, in failures of crops, and in famines? Who shall say how far great revolu-

tions and wars and other perturbations of humanity have been due to similar modifications? There is a world of philosophy in that curious story, "Dr. Ox's Hobby," wherein we are told how he changed the mental traits of a village of Hollanders by increasing the amount of oxygen in the air they breathed.—*Ragnarok.*

Viciousness. You may set two plants side by side in the same soil—one will draw only bitterness and poison from the earth, while the other will gather, from the same nurture, nothing but sweetness and perfume.

> "'For virtue, as it never will be moved,
> Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
> So lust, though to a radiant angel linked,
> Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
> And prey on garbage.'"
>
> —*Cæsar's Column.*

Popular Intelligence. Let the great work go on. Its tasks are but half completed. Let it go on until ignorance is driven beyond our remotest borders. This is the noblest of all human labors. This will build deep and wide and imperishable the foundations of our government; this will raise up a structure that shall withstand the slow canker of time and the open assaults of violence. The freedom of the people resting upon the intelligence of the people! Who shall destroy a nation founded upon this rock?—*Speech in Congress, Feb. 1, 1866.*

Spring.

> Like a child's voice amid the deep woods heard,
> When the sun browns the blushing breast of spring,
> And the light laugh walks, 'mid the greeting vales,
> Or peoples with its ringing chime the trees,
> Or flings its fragment-beauties to the rocks,
> Till they grow echoes in the crevices.—*1850.*

Robberies Under Patent Laws. Take, for instance, the injustice practiced on us under the patent laws. A sewing-machine costs for the work and material $12. We pay $70 for it. The same machines are exported to Europe and sold for $32, after paying freight across the Atlantic. I found in the Belfast *News* of December 4, 1872, an advertisement of the Singer sewing-machine for £6 10*s*—about $32.50 of our money. We pay the difference of

nearly $40, under our patent laws, for being *the most patient and gullible fools that ever pretended to a capacity for self-government.* McCormick gave evidence, in a law-suit recently, that his reapers cost $37 to manufacture. We pay nearly $200 for them. The threshing-machine, for which we pay $700, could, I am informed, be built for $150. And so of all other implements.—*Speech to Grangers, 1873.*

Our Inner Self. It is customary with us all to think that our intellect is our self, and that we are only what we think; but there are in the depths of our nature feelings, emotions, qualities of the soul, with which the mere intelligence has nothing to do; and which, when they rise up, like an enraged elephant from the jungle, scatter all the conventionalities of our training and all the smooth and automaton-like operations of our minds to the winds.—*Cæsar's Column.*

The Funeral of an Angel. Her tears burst forth afresh. I was shocked — inexpressibly shocked. True, it was joy to know she would live; but to think of that noble instrument of grace and joy and melody silenced forever! It was like the funeral of an angel! God, in the infinite diversity of His creation, makes so few such voices — so few such marvelous adjustments of those vibrating chords to the capabilities of the air and the human sense and the infinite human soul that dwells behind the sense — and all to be the spoil of a ruffian's knife!—*Cæsar's Column.*

The Tempest. Did you ever observe the distressed look of the trees assaulted by a tempest? Their leaves are flattened down like the ears of a flying rabbit.—*Journal, 1884.*

Sensuality. And your gospel of Love. What is it but beastliness? Like the old Greeks and Romans, and all undeveloped antiquity, you deify the basest traits of the fleshly organism; you exalt an animal incident of life into the end of life. You drive out of the lofty temples of the soul the noble and pure aspirations, the great charities, the divine thoughts, which should float there forever on the pinions of angels; and you cover the floor of the temple with crawling creatures, toads, lizards, vipers — groveling instincts, base appetites, leprous sensualities, that befoul the walls of the house with their snail-like markings, and climb, and climb, until

they look out of the very windows of the soul with such repellant and brutish eyes that real love withers and shrinks at the sight, and dies like a blasted flower.—*Cæsar's Column.*

THE EDITOR'S LEGS. Hy B——'s legs are so long that whenever he approaches a subject he puts his foot in it.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE NORTHMEN. And I said to myself: "This is the stuff of which was formed the masterful race which overran the world under the names of a dozen different peoples. Ice and snow made the tough fiber, mental and physical, which the hot sun of southern climes afterward melted into the viciousness of more luxurious nations. Man is scourged into greatness by adversity, and leveled into mediocrity by prosperity. This little fellow, whose groans die between his set teeth, has in him the blood of the Vikings."—*Cæsar's Column.*

THE CONSERVATISM OF UNTHINKINGNESS. The conservatism of unthinkingness is one of the potential forces of the world. It lies athwart the progress of mankind like a colossal mountain-chain, chilling the atmosphere on both sides of it for a thousand miles. The Hannibal who would reach the eternal city of Truth, on the other side of these Alps, must fight his way over ice and hew his way through rocks.—*Ragnarok.*

RAILROAD COMPETITION.

The people have built the railroads of the West by their land grants, and their traffic sustains them. They recognize the value of the roads; they are not inimical to them. But they feel that the same competition should exist between railroads that exists between blacksmiths, carpenters, grocers and dry-goods merchants. What would the people of a town think if their merchants held a public meeting to pool their profits and put up the price of their commodities fifty per cent? There would be a riot in that town. And yet we sit patiently by and see, year after year, in our newspapers, reports of great conventions of the railroad men to prevent competition, to pool earnings, and keep up the cost of transportation of our productions. The impudence of the thing is as colossal as is the injustice. Vainly, it has been said, is the snare of the fowler set in

the sight of the bird: but here the fowler calls the attention of the bird to his little game, and the bird is rather pleased with it.

We are entitled to competition. If one railroad can carry cheaper than another we are entitled to that lower rate, on our wheat, and corn, and pork, and dry goods, and groceries. It means higher prices for our commodities and lower prices for what we buy; it means more money in our pockets; more wealth in our community; more prosperity for farmer, merchant and artisan; more home comfort and a higher civilization.—*Speech at Glencoe, 1887.*

FIRING JACKASSES.

In the Congressional campaign of 1884, Governor Donnelly's opponents brought a number of efficient speakers into the field against him, and at last William G. Le Duc "took the stump," and denounced Governor Donnelly savagely. He was a very poor speaker, however, and every speech he made helped the man he was attacking. When Governor Donnelly came to reply, before an immense meeting in Hastings, where Le Duc lived, he told this story, and the effect was such that the opposition withdrew Le Duc from the contest. Le Duc never had an opportunity to retaliate until he took the stand, as a witness in the great libel suit, and revengefully tried to swear away Governor Donnelly's character.

"Fellow citizens," said Governor Donnelly, "Major Strait has got some able advocates in the field, but, not satisfied with these, he has unlimbered Le Duc, who is now exploding all over this district. I feel a good deal as the Indian did in one of our frontier wars.

"A party of our soldiers were traveling through an Indian country. They broke one of the wheels of the carriage of a small field-piece. Not wishing to lose their cannon, the officer in command strapped it on the back of a mule. While camping at noon, on a little hill, they were surrounded and attacked by an overwhelming force of Indians. The issue appeared very doubtful, but they defended themselves bravely. In the midst of the battle the captain remembered that the field-piece was loaded, and he undertook to fire it off, at the savages, from the back of the mule; but the animal was frightened and restive from the uproar and the flying bullets and the howling Indians, and, just as the gun went off, it wheeled around, and the load was discharged over the heads of our own men. But the effect on the mule was disastrous. It was standing at the time on the edge of a

steep declivity, and the rebound of the gun sent it flying and rolling down the hill, heels over head, toward the Indians. These latter took to their heels and fled in the wildest panic, and never returned; and the little force of soldiers was saved.

"A year or two afterward, at a treaty-council, the captain of the squad met the chief who had been in command in that attack, and he asked him why they all ran away that day, when they so greatly outnumbered the whites.

"The red man drew himself up to his full stature, struck his naked breast a resounding blow, and said:

"'Injun heap brave! Injun heap brave!'

"'Yes, I understand that,' said the captain; 'but what did you run away for?'

"'Injun heap brave! Injun no 'fraid of little guns or big guns, — but when white man fire whole jackasses at Injun, Injun run!'

"Now, fellow-citizens," continued Governor Donnelly, "that Indian represents my state of mind exactly. I could stand it as long as they brought their great orators against me — I was 'heap brave' — but when it comes to firing Le Duc at me, I feel like withdrawing from the campaign."

The roars of laughter which followed lasted for several minutes, and no politician has ever since had the temerity to put Le Duc on the stump in the State of Minnesota.

A Question of Mourners. "A. T. Stewart left his widow the bulk of his immense fortune. His mourners were few, but very select. It is said he never gave a promissory note."—*The Citizen.*

Do you mean by this that he had few mourners because he gave no promissory notes? If that is the rule, we would suggest that there are some newspaper men in Minnesota who will be more profoundly lamented, when they pass in their checks, than George Washington was.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

The Adjustment of Values. As a corollary to these propositions, we decree that our Congress shall have the right to fix the rate of compensation for all forms of labor, so that wages shall never fall below a rate that will afford the laborer a comfortable living, with a margin that will enable him to provide for his old age. It is simply a question of the adjustment of values. This experiment has been tried before by different countries, but it was always tried in

the interest of the employers; the laborers had no voice in the matter; and it was the interest of the upper classes to cheapen labor; and hence *Muscle* became a drug and *Cunning* invaluable and masterful; and the process was continued indefinitely until the catastrophe came. Now labor has its own branch of our Congress, and can defend its rights and explain its necessities.—*Cæsar's Column.*

CHEAP TRANSPORTATION IN 1873.

In 1866 it cost *nineteen cents* to carry a bushel of wheat from Chicago to New York.

In 1873 it costs *thirty-seven cents—nearly double!*

Why? There are now more railroads to carry the produce and more produce to be carried than in 1860. The reason is *there is more robbery.*

It costs twenty to twenty-five cents to carry a bushel of wheat from any inland town in Minnesota to Milwaukee, say 250 miles. It costs the same to carry a bushel of wheat from Milwaukee to Liverpool—3,000 miles, as ships go. There it is: 250 miles and 3,000 miles, *and the cost of transportation the same!* . . .

In New York in April last there were 2,700,000 bushels of Indian corn. It was worth at the market rates in New York $1,620,000. How was this divided?

The men that raised the corn got $540,000.

The men that carried the corn got $1,080,000.

Yet there are 5,525,000 persons engaged in agriculture in the United States, and only 200,000 persons engaged in railroading. But the 200,000 get two dollars where the five millions get one dollar.

The farms of thirteen Western States are worth eleven billions of dollars. All the railroads in the United States cost two billions. Yet where the farmer gets one dollar for raising his corn the railroad gets two dollars for carrying it!—*Speech to Grangers.*

HUMAN NATURE. They knew something of human nature when it was written, in the old time:

"He that is despised and hath a servant is better than he that honoreth himself and lacketh bread."—*Journal, 1885.*

THE OPPOSITION TO CHEAP SCHOOL BOOKS. And now the gentle book agent counts out greenbacks in the corner, and the enlightened legislator begins to have doubts whether it is constitu-

tional to force a poor man to take a school book for fifty cents when his soul fairly languishes to pay $1.50 for it. —*The Anti-Monopolist.*

CLIMATIC CHANGES OF THE WHITE RACE.

"Is it any more strange," I continued, "than the fact that the reddish-brown Arabs, according to Burckhardt and others, have become black in Africa? In fact, equatorial Africa has swallowed up scores of lighter-colored races, the Abyssinians, Mandingoes, Joloffs, Gallas, etc., and turned them all black. Why, we see the same physiological effects even in this country: the people of malarial regions grow darker in color than those of the colder sections; already, in a hundred years, there have developed marked differences between the man of Maine and the man of Louisiana; there is no mistaking the one for the other. You can even observe an unlikeness between the Canadian and the man of the Ohio valley. Some argue that the white race is slowly approximating the characteristics of the red man; this is the more marked in those whose ancestors belong to the dark Iberian stock, miscalled Celtic. The progress toward the Indian type is so rapid in these that one is often inclined to ask, even in the North, whether a dark-skinned, lank-haired, black-eyed, lantern-jawed individual, of supposed pure European blood, has not a large contribution of the Indian in his pedigree. It would almost seem like an ancient type gravitating rapidly toward its original, when restored to the original habitat." —*Doctor Huguet.*

The Purposes of Government. We declare in the preamble to our constitution that "this government is intended to be merely a plain and simple instrument to insure to every industrious citizen not only liberty, but an educated mind, a comfortable home, an abundant supply of food and clothing, and a pleasant, happy life." Are not these the highest objects for which governments can exist? And if government, on the old lines, did not yield these results, should it not have been reformed so as to do so? —*Cæsar's Column.*

A Prophecy. But the country and its liberties will not perish. As soon as events are plain and startling enough to overwhelm the subtle arguments of hired newspapers and politicians, the people will rise in one mighty revolution, and not only save the government, but so far reform it as to make such calamities impossible in

all the future. Liberty may be quietly manacled, but it will not perish without a world-shaking convulsion; and when that convulsion comes it will brush away all forms of oppression and injustice, not only here, but in the old world.—*The Anti-Monopolist, 1874.*

THE RENEWED EARTH.

All this means that the fragments and remnants of humanity reassemble on the plain of Ida — the plain of Vigrid — where the battle was fought. They possess the works of the old civilization, represented by Thor's hammer; and the day and night once more return after the long midnight blackness.

And the Vala looks again upon a renewed and rejuvenated world:

> "She sees arise
> The second time,
> From the sea, the earth,
> *Completely green,*
> The cascades fall,
> The eagle soars,
> From lofty mounts
> Pursues its prey."

It is once more the glorious, the sun-lighted world; the world of flashing seas, dancing streams, and green leaves; with the eagle, high above it all,

> "Batting the sunny ceiling of the globe
> With his dark wings;"

while

> "The wild cataracts leap in glory."

What history, what poetry, what beauty, what inestimable pictures of an infinite past have lain hidden away in these Sagas — the despised heritage of all the blue-eyed, light-haired races of the world!—*Ragnarok.*

How the Patent Laws Should be Amended. Moreover, they should frame an amendment to the patent laws which would fix a limit of reasonable compensation for the inventor, say $100,000; he should keep an account in the Patent Office of every machine sold, and whenever his profits amounted to that sum, the invention should be thrown open to the world. Then we might have manufactories of all these implements in our towns. Instead of creating a few

millionaires, as by the present system of robbery, we should improve the condition of the millions now engaged in agriculture, by reducing, by four-fifths, the cost of their implements.—*Speech to Grangers, 1873.*

THE EFFECT OF MICROBES ON HUMAN HISTORY.

What region of the earth's surface can be compared to this high table-land of the continent of America — this water-shed — including Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and the two Dakotas? Where is there such fertility? The valley of the Nile might be stowed away in one of our counties. Where is there such an atmosphere? The very breath of God, blowing fresh from the centers of creation.

The historian of the future will show that the great events of the earth's history, its marches, battles, emigrations, literatures, civilizations, were all dependent on the presence or absence of those invisible forms of life, the parents of disease, the bacteria. Rome fell from malaria. The conquering hordes of the North conquered because they came from a country too cold to maintain the bacilli. Cast a bird's-eye view over the world and you will find that the insignificance and impotence of man is in exact proportion to the abundance of those swarming but invisible forms of life. You read the secret of the important part that England has played in the history of the world in the fact that thousands dwell every year in boat-houses upon the Thames River, untouched by malaria.

Their evil influences withdrawn, there was evolved a great-brained, big-chested, rosy-cheeked race, that has expanded to all parts of the world; and that will maintain its supremacy in other lands until the microbes destroy the results of generations of healthy living.—*Address to the Editors of Wisconsin, 1889.*

THE WONDER. When one looks at the shop windows of a great city, with their displays of food and clothes, money and jewelry, and nothing but a pane of fragile glass between these treasures and the hungry, cold, degraded, scowling creatures who pass them by, the wonder is not that there are thieves, but that there is any security at all for life and property.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

COMPLIMENTARY TO A MONEY SHARK. A long-legged, grasping, grinding fellow named H——, with an ice-house in his belly, and the devil in his heart, has been pitching into us because we

thought the rights of debtors should be protected and not abridged in these trying times. H—— lends money for a Connecticut insurance company, and he would like a law to enable him to sell the debtor and his family into slavery if he didn't pay up. He regards us as a very bad man, and we are — from his standpoint.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE IMAGINATION. We are not to despise the imagination. There never was yet a great thought that had not wings to it: there never was yet a great mind that did not survey things from above the mountain-tops.—*Ragnarok.*

THE ICE GIANTS. There is no doubt that here and then were developed the rude, powerful, terrible "ice giants" of the legends, out of whose ferocity, courage, vigor and irresistible energy have been evolved the dominant races of the west of Europe — the land-grasping, conquering, colonizing races; the men of whom it was said by a Roman poet, in the Viking Age: "The sea is their school of war and the storm their friend; they are sea-wolves that prey on the pillage of the world." They are now taking possession of the globe.—*Ragnarok.*

PROTECTING CREDITORS. "The old English system of imprisonment for debt would doubtless be far preferable to our present [bankrupt] law."—*Chicago Times.*

Precisely; the rights of the creditor must be protected. Would it not be better to adopt the Chinese system and permit the money-lender to levy on the debtor's family and sell them? Good-looking unmarried girls would fetch a high price nowadays.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. We abolish all private schools, except the higher institutions and colleges. We believe it to be essential to the peace and safety of the commonwealth that the children of all the people, rich and poor, should, during the period of growth, associate together. In this way, race, sectarian and caste prejudices are obliterated, and the whole community grow up together as brethren. Otherwise, in a generation or two, we shall have the people split up into hostile factions, fenced in by doctrinal bigotries, suspicious of one another, and antagonizing one another in politics, business and everything else.—*Cæsar's Column.*

THE DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC OF SCIENCE. The Colonel possessed a good-sized library, the result of the accumulations of several generations; and an odd conglomeration of books it was — romances, histories, narratives of travel, religious works and scientific treatises. The latter were a generation or two old, and of little practical value; for it is the peculiar and distinguishing characteristic of science that every ten or twenty years its conclusions are all reversed and set aside, as ridiculous absurdities, and a new set, brand-new, adopted, to be in turn cast overboard, but to rule with pope-like infallibility while they are accepted.—*Doctor Huguet.*

MAN.

A point, a dot, a little something here,
For every gnawing, driveling, petty spite;
The center of drawn arrows, and the sphere
Where wrangling passions struggle and unite. . . .

He sleeps. The spark — identity — is gone,
But the eternal restlessness ends not;
The usurer elements reclaim their own
In modes, and forms, and shapes, we know not what.

Who, had he choice, would be a thing like this?
A speck in the great universe, a mite;
Nameless and placeless; that is not, yet is;
A lost, stray spark in a great world of light.—*1857.*

SURPRISES. I have no faith in men, like Vilas, of Wisconsin, who are *surprises* – who start up, without antecedent labor; who leave a luminous streak upon the darkness of popular astonishment, and burst at their culmination into showers of evanescent sparks, leaving nothing behind them but a hollow shell and a bad smell.—*Journal, 1885.*

MISTAKEN THEORIES. "I have known vast quantities of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust that conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare you out of countenance, any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it."—*Charles Dickens.*

Very true, and on the other hand we have known some very good people shame-faced to the last degree. This theory is a good deal like that other time-honored delusion that you can master a

bull-dog if you can only catch his eye. We knew a man who tried it once. He caught the dog's eye, and the dog caught the primary strata underlying the seat of his pants. And the dog had the best of it.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

PROTECTING OURSELVES AGAINST OURSELVES. Having taken all steps necessary to protect ourselves from others, we then began to devise means by which we might *protect ourselves from ourselves;* for the worst enemies of a people are always found in their own midst, in their passions and vanities. And the most dangerous foes of a nation do not advance with drums beating and colors flying, but creep upon it insidiously, with the noiseless feet of a fatal malady. —*Cæsar's Column.*

THE WORLD ARRAYED AGAINST THE REPUBLIC. Who can anticipate the quarter from which the next blow will descend? It should never be forgotten that nearly all the nations of the world are arrayed against us, and that the enemies of liberal principles are numerous and active everywhere. While we may not fall upon that "universal war of opinion" foretold by Mr. Seward, nevertheless we must expect many open and not a few insidious attacks upon our life. Be assured of this, that if by neglect we leave the avenues that lead to the national heart unguarded, they will swarm with our enemies.—*Speech in Congress, Feb. 1, 1866.*

THE WHEAT RING IN MINNESOTA.

Liberty means property. It means that the fruit of a man's industry shall not be taken from him without compensation. When he is taxed he expects to receive a good government, peace, order and social safety in exchange. The English revolution was in defense of the rights of property against the exactions of monarchy. Our own revolution of 1776 was in defense of the property rights of the colonists against taxation levied in a parliament in which they had no voice. Liberty means justice; justice means the right to your own. When the property of a people is taken from them by any devices, without compensation, government is at fault; and the party in power can be justly held responsible for it.

What is our condition? The price of wheat in every town in Minnesota is daily fixed by a gentleman in Minneapolis, the representative of a combination of mill-owners of that city. There is no

competition. If competing buyers appear they are driven off by putting up the price far beyond what the wheat is really worth; and as soon as the outsiders withdraw the price is lowered again to the old standard, or even a little lower, to cover the loss incurred in driving off the competing buyers.

Artemus Ward long ago remarked that "there is a good deal of human nature in a man after all." We are all made substantially after the same pattern. If you, gentlemen, had the power to go into the mills of Minneapolis and buy their flour at your own price, would you pay more for it than it was worth? Would you pay as much as it was worth? Why should you give six dollars a barrel for flour if you could get it for five? Why five if you could get it for three? Would you not feel, after a few days of this kind of trading, that the miller ought to be very well satisfied if you gave him anything? — *Speech at Glencoe, 1884.*

Heavenly Justice. You were blind, you were callous, you were indifferent to the sorrows of your kind. The cry of the poor did not touch you, and every pitiful appeal wrung from human souls, every groan and sob and shriek of men and women, and the little starving children — starving in body and starving in brain — rose up and gathered like a great cloud around the throne of God; and now, at last, in the fullness of time, it has burst and come down upon your wretched heads, a storm of thunderbolts and blood. — *Cæsar's Column.*

Divine Destiny. Blessed is the man who can feel that God has singled him out from among his fellows, and that the divine hand has shaped his destiny; and yet such men usually bear on their hearts and minds a burden of life-long woe. Those whom God so honors he agonizes.—*Doctor Huguet.*

Le Duc's Stock Farm. The old Grange, in Minnesota, refused to have anything to do with politics; it emasculated itself; it reduced itself to the level of Le Duc's stock farm, which, it was said, consisted of a steer, a gelding and an Angora goat.—*Speech at Herman, 1886.*

Political Independence. "He hit it, that Le Sueur *Sentinel* man; Donnelly is 'nobody's child,' and he seems to enjoy the distinction." — *St. Paul Dispatch.*

"The child is father to the man" in this case. We rotate upon

our own axis and are a solar system to ourself. Better be "nobody's child" than somebody's servant. The full-blooded politician walks with one knee crooked, his cap in his hand and a basket on his arm for scraps and dog's meat. We thank God that he didn't make us after that pattern. We would rather storm a redoubt than hang around the sutler's wagons. — *The Anti-Monopolist.*

RIZZIO TO MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Remember, dear, remember
That one fond, fond heart to thee
Looks with the last long look of hope,
Up from its agony;
That doubts and fears, and woes and strife,
Now at the shaking gates of life
Storm fearfully.

Though from the gazer's lifted glass
The night and all its glories pass,
Still, with returning eve, his eye
Seeks confident his star on high,
And smiles to see its twinkling light
Shine to him through the wide, wide night.

So in this dark world of woe,
Of gloom above and grief below,
My heart looks up, looks up to thee —
Looks up and hopes perpetually.
It will not doubt, it cannot fear,
But thou, in light, wilt reappear;
And as o'er heaven that little star
Comes bright and glorious from afar,
So wilt thou come, my own, my own,
And fill all heaven with thee alone.—*1858.*

A SUGGESTION. Cyclones and thunder-storms are simply the brutal fashion in which the electricity of the atmosphere and earth is equalized. If balloons (fed by a current of gas through a flexible pipe to keep them afloat, with many steel points and conducting wires) were raised, say 1,000 feet, and securely anchored by cables, would they not offer a peaceful and continuous outlet for the streams

of positive and negative electricity, and thus prevent the convulsions of cyclones and thunder-storms which now afflict the world?—*Journal, 1885.*

THE GENESIS OF A COMET.

Now, what is the genesis of a comet? How did it come to be? How was it born?

In the first place, there are many things which seem to connect them with our planets.

They belong to the solar system: they revolve around the sun.

Says Amédée Guillemin:

"Comets form a part of our solar system. Like the planets, they revolve about the sun, traversing with very variable velocities extremely elongated orbits."

We shall see reason to believe that they contain the same kinds of substances of which the planets are composed.

Their orbits seem to be reminiscences of former planetary conditions:

"All the comets having a period not exceeding seven years travel in the same direction around the sun as the planets. Among comets with periods less than eighty years long, five-sixths travel in the same direction as the planets."

It is agreed that this great globe of ours was at first a gaseous mass; as it cooled it condensed like cooling steam into a liquid mass; it became in time a molten globe of red-hot matter. As it cooled still further, a crust or shell formed around it, like the shell formed on an egg, and on this crust we dwell.

While the crust is still plastic it shrinks as the mass within grows smaller, by further cooling, and the wrinkles so formed in the crust are the depths of the ocean and the elevations of the mountain-chains.

But as the ages go on and the process of cooling progresses, the crust reaches a density when it supports itself like a couple of great arches; it no longer wrinkles: it no longer follows downward the receding molten mass within; mountains cease to be formed; and at length we have a red-hot ball revolving in a shell or crust, with a space between the two, like the space between the dried and shrunken kernel of the nut and the nut itself.

Volcanoes are always found on sea-shores or on islands. Why? Through breaks in the earth the sea-water finds its way, occasionally, down upon the breast of the molten mass; it is at once converted into gas, steam: and as it expands it blows itself out through the escape-pipe of the volcano; precisely as the gas formed by the gunpowder coming in contact with the fire of the percussion-cap drives the ball out before it, through the same passage by which it had entered. Hence, some one has said, "No water, no volcano."

While the amount of water which so enters is small because of the smallness of the cavity between the shell of the earth and the molten globe within, this process is carried on upon a comparatively small scale, and is a safe one for the earth. But suppose the process of cooling to go on uninterruptedly until a vast space exists between the crust and the core of the earth, and that some day a convulsion of the surface creates a great chasm in the crust, and the ocean rushes in and fills up part of the cavity; a tremendous quantity of steam is formed, too great to escape by the aperture through which it entered, an explosion takes place, and the crust of the earth is blown into a million fragments.

The great molten ball within remains intact, though sorely torn; in its center is still the force we call gravity; the fragments of the crust can not fly off into space; they are constrained to follow the master-power lodged in the ball, which now becomes the nucleus of a comet, still blazing and burning, and vomiting flames, and wearing itself away. The catastrophe has disarranged its course, but it still revolves in a prolonged orbit around the sun, carrying its broken *debris* in a long trail behind it.

This *debris* arranges itself in a regular order: the largest fragments are on or nearest the head, the smaller are farther away, diminishing in regular graduation, until the farthest extremity, the tail, consists of sand, dust and gases. There is a continual movement of the particles of the tail, operated upon by the attraction and repulsion of the sun. The fragments collide and crash against each other; by a natural law each stone places itself so that its longest diameter coincides with the direction of the motion of the comet; hence, as they scrape against each other they mark each other with lines or *striæ*, lengthwise of their longest diameter. The fine dust ground out by these perpetual collisions does not go off

into space, or pack around the stones, but, still governed by the attraction of the head, it falls to the rear and takes its place, like the small men of a regiment, in the farther part of the tail.

Now, all this agrees with what science tells us of the constitution of the clay.—*Ragnarok.*

THE GREAT DECISION, WHICH IS NOW REVERSED. A few years ago, when we asserted that the State had the right to control and regulate the railroad companies within its limits, we were denounced as a lunatic or a communist. We have filled whole columns of this paper with arguments to prove that either the people must control the corporations or the corporations must control the people; and that, in the nature of things, a free people could not submit their prosperity, their possessions and their happiness to the unlimited domination of irresponsible railroad companies and common carriers. That between the two alternatives of leaving the corporations at the mercy of the people, or the people at the mercy of the corporations, we could not hesitate for an instant. And now comes the Supreme Court of the United States and affirms our view in every particular.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

WHAT IS A DEMAGOGUE? That man is the true demagogue who, finding the people filled with fierce passions and the victims of general errors, fans those passions and flatters those errors, and thereby rides into power and wealth. But he who, in the face of several thousand majority, leads the forlorn hope of a minority, and talks up-hill against the preconceptions of a people, may be in error, but he is no demagogue. [Applause.] It is so much easier to go with the current than to attempt to turn it, that all the drift-wood of life, the mere carcasses of politics, that float by their own rottenness and shine by their own decay, go with the flood, even though it take them out to sea. It requires strength and vigor and an earnest, honest purpose to buffet the tide,

"Stemming it with heart of controversy."

The dishonest man does not attempt it.—*Speech at Glencoe, 1884.*

STATESMANSHIP. For good purposes and honest instincts we may trust to the multitude; but for long-sighted thoughts of philanthropy, of statesmanship and statecraft, we must look to a few superior intellects. It is, however, rarely that the capacity to do

good and the desire to do good are found united in one man.—*Cæsar's Column.*

A COMFORTABLE CREED. Mary devoured everything in this old library, even to the prosiest sermons of forgotten divines, who had proved conclusively, to their delighted congregations, that all the human family, except a favored portion of their own little segment of a creed, were hurrying, at railroad speed, to everlasting damnation.—*Doctor Huguet.*

GREAT PARTIES. Great parties represent in their beginnings great principles; — in their old age great prejudices.—*Journal, 1883.*

NECESSITY FOR COÖPERATION. All life is a struggle and a destruction. In human society there are but two classes — the victors and the victims; those who eat and those who are eaten. If the sheep would escape the wolves they must unite in measures for their own defense. It would be madness for them to wait in the hope that the wolves would meet some day in mass convention and adopt resolutions of justice, mercy and generosity. — *Speech to Grangers, 1873.*

WHO IS FREE? But gentlemen seem to forget that slavery is not confined to any precise condition. Every country tolerating slavery has affixed to it conditions peculiar to itself. The old Roman slavery was in many essentials different from the Southern institution; and modern slavery has presented many different phases. Slavery consists in a deprivation of natural rights. A man may be a slave for a term of years as fully as though he were held for life; he may be a slave, when deprived of a portion of the wages of his labor, as fully as if deprived of all; he may be held down by unjust laws to a degraded and defenseless condition as fully as though his wrists were manacled; he may be oppressed by a convocation of masters, called a legislature, as fully as by a single master. In short, he who is not entirely free is necessarily a slave. —*Speech in Congress, Feb. 1, 1866.*

MOSTLY FOOLS. "Douglas Station, on the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, is now the city of Donnelly. Woe to the usurer, the wheat scalper or the grasshopper that tries to pitch his tent therein."—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

Thanks! What a paradise we would make of Minnesota if we had the power. But alas! — we may apply to our beloved State the

language of Carlyle, in reference to Great Britain: —"Great Britain," said Carlyle, "contains twenty-seven million people — mostly fools." —*The Anti-Monopolist.*

God's Judgments. In the race of life God — who sits on the judges' stand — does not reward those only who make the fastest time, but all who get as much speed out of their beasts as they are capable of. —*Journal, 1882.*

WHAT IS LIBERTY?

We have a mighty stake in the preservation of the republic. Liberty is not merely a name; the flag is not simply an ornament.

The destruction of our beautiful, peaceful, equal form of government means the restoration of old-world conditions. A "strong government" is but another name for a despotism; an aristocracy of money is but an untitled nobility. Continue the evolution which we have witnessed in our Eastern States for fifty years longer, and the world will behold a ruling class as despotic, as arrogant, as selfish and as powerful as any in Europe, and a working and farming class as wretched and poverty-stricken and as desperate as the poorest peasantry of Ireland or Russia.

What is needed to arrest this development? A great political sentiment, representing an intelligent public opinion, thoroughly devoted to liberty and justice, (conscious that when justice dies, liberty sickens); watchful against every invasion of popular rights; ready to resist every aggression of that blind Sampson, Monopoly, who, unrestrained, would soon pull down the pillars of the temple and bury himself in the ruins.—*Speech at Glencoe, 1884.*

Establishing New Towns. We further decree that when hereafter any towns or cities or villages are to be established, it shall only be by the nation itself. Whenever one hundred persons or more petition the government, expressing their desire to build a town, the government shall then take possession of a sufficient tract of land, paying the intrinsic, not the artificial, price therefor. It shall then lay the land out in lots, and shall give the petitioners and others the right to take the lots at the original cost price, provided they make their homes upon them. We shut out all speculators. No towns started in any other way shall have railroad or mail facilities.—*Cæsar's Column.*

GOOD. "The residence of Gen. Pillow was sold at bankrupt sale recently at Memphis. There was no competition in the bidding, and the residence, worth probably $8,000, was bought by one gentleman for twenty-six dollars, and the valuable library by another for eleven dollars, and both presented to Mrs. Pillow."

Good! This shows there is something noble yet in human nature. In a whole city there was not to be found a single knave or sharper who would take advantage of the gallant old soldier's sorrows and necessities. Things like this make one think better of our common humanity.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE CONCEPTION OF GOD. The bigger the mind, the more room there is in it for the conception of God. You can't get that idea into crevices of craniums.—*Journal, 1882.*

IGNORANCE IN PUBLIC MEN. Napoleon said a blunder was worse than a crime. It may be set down as an axiom that ignorance in a public man may be as criminal as corruption, and sometimes ten times more destructive.—*Speech at Glencoe, 1884.*

OUT OF THE RANKS. "Yes," I said, "that was *blood.*" "There is as good stuff in the ranks," he replied, "as ever came out of them. The law of heredity is almost as unreliable as the law of variation. Everything rises out of the mud, and everything goes back into it."—*Cæsar's Column.*

THE NECESSITY FOR IMPARTIAL SUFFRAGE.

Sir, all history teaches us that man would be safer in the claws of wild beasts than in the uncontrolled custody of his fellow-men. And can any man doubt that he who lives in a community and has no share in the making of the laws which govern him is in the uncontrolled custody of those who make the laws? The courts simply interpret the laws, and what will it avail a man to appeal to the courts if the laws, under every interpretation, are against him? Set a man down in the midst of a community, place the mark of Cain upon his brow, declare him an outlaw, take from him every protection, and you at once invite everything base, sordid and abominable in human nature to rise up and assail him. Is there any man within the sound of my voice who thinks so highly of our common humanity that he would dare trust himself in such a position for a day or for an hour? —*Speech in Congress, June 7, 1867.*

TRUTH HIBERNATING. "Ignatius Donnelly is going to assemble himself in convention again. He does it every year, and the result is the same—nothing; and yet he never gets discouraged. The Minnesota people look on and are amused by the harmless exhibition. This year he will meet at Owatonna on March 29, and will choose delegates to the National Greenback Convention at Indianapolis."—*The New York Tribune.*

And is it not a cheerful sight in this degenerate age to see one bold man, year after year, proclaiming the truth, even with no hope of success or reward? We are, in an humble sphere, what Horace Greeley was, an educator of public opinion. Truth is a crop whose seed sometimes has to hibernate through many winters. But sooner or later it matures to the harvest.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

SIGNIFICANT FACTS. But this is not all. We paid direct and indirect taxes to the Government of the United States from 1864 to 1872 to the amount of $3,402,536,432. Think of it! Three billions four hundred millions to the nation, one billion and twenty-three millions to the manufacturers! The total paid in seven years, $4,426,520,656; about twice the amount of our national debt! In other words, we raise enough money, by direct and indirect taxes, to pay the national debt twice over, and yet all we really paid of it in that time was $427,396,541, or one-tenth of what was collected!

Where did it go? Go look at the palaces down East, and then come back and look at the mortgages on your own farms! You have built up the prodigious fortunes of the nabobs of your country, as the slaves of the Pharaohs built up the pyramids. The rich soil of the virgin West has been drained to enrich the barren rocks of New England. Cunning brains have reduced honest muscles into serfdom.—*Speech to Grangers, 1873.*

THE TWO WORLDS. Living in one world, of which we know little, and surrounded by another, of which we know less.—*Journal, 1887.*

THE COAL MONOPOLY. And the worst feature of this abominable monopoly is not the enhanced price of coal to consumers, although that is represented in many a pinched and cowering family around darkened stoves, and in consequent suffering, disease and death; but the saddest feature of this reduced production of fuel is starvation among the miners. These poor men are familiar only

with their one laborious and melancholy pursuit, which they follow deep down in the bowels of the earth. Surely they well earn the miserable pittance which repays their day's toil. But what shall be said of the knaves who step between the labor that produces and the labor that consumes the coal, and, without adding a dollar to its value, wring a vast and impoverishing tribute from both miners and purchasers?—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

A PRE-GLACIAL POMPEII.

Permit me to close this chapter with a suggestion:

Is there not energy enough among the archæologists of the United States to make a thorough examination of some part of the deep clay deposits of Central Illinois, or of those wonderful remains referred to by Mr. Curtis?

If one came and proved that at a given point he had found indications of a coal-bed or a gold-mine, he would have no difficulty in obtaining means enough to dig a shaft and excavate acres. Can not the greed for information do one-tenth as much as the greed for profit?

Who can tell what extraordinary revelations wait below the vast mass of American glacial clay? For it must be remembered that the articles already found have been discovered in the narrow holes bored or dug for wells. How small is the area laid bare, by such punctures in the earth, compared with the whole area of the country in which they are sunk! How remarkable that *anything* should have been found under such circumstances! How probable, therefore, that the remains of man are numerous at a certain depth!

Where a coin is found we might reasonably expect to find other works of copper, and all those things which would accompany the civilization of a people working in the metals and using a currency, such as cities, houses, temples, etc. Of course, such things might exist, and yet many shafts might be sunk without coming upon any of them. But is not the attempt worth making?—*Ragnarok.*

To Stop Political Bolting. Says a correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer:* "At certain seasons of the year, rams are apt to develop their combative propensities, and those who keep several of them together often have trouble on account of their injuring each other. It is well known that they always 'back-up' to get a start to butt. Stop their backing up and you disconcert them entirely. To do this, take a light stick (a piece of broom-handle will do) about

two or two and a half feet long. Sharpen one end and lash the other end securely to his tail; the sharpened end will then draw harmlessly on the ground behind as long as his majesty goes straight ahead about his business, but on the attempt to 'back-up' he is astonished to find an effectual brake in the rear."

If S—— S—— had had one of those things fastened to him last fall he never would have "gone back" on his party the way he did. And as he is apt to "develop his propensity" to run for office soon again, we would suggest to Major K—— that he carefully adjust a broom-handle with a sharp point, in his rear, so that when he backs up to get "a good ready," his luminous mind may be directed to another train of thought.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE CONDITION OF LABOR IN OLD ENGLAND.

From remote antiquity in England the lower classes owned certain rights of common in tracts of land. Prof. Thorold Rogers says:

"The arable land of the manor was generally communal, *i. e.*, each of the tenants possessed a certain number of furrows in a common field, the several divisions being separated by balks of unplowed ground, on which the grass was suffered to grow. The system, which was almost universal in the thirteenth century, has survived in certain districts up to living memory."

This able writer shows that the condition of labor steadily improved in England up to the reign of Henry VIII.; from that period it steadily declined with the recent times. He makes this remarkable statement in the preface to his work:

"I have attempted to show that the pauperism and the degradation of the English laborer were the result of a series of acts of Parliament and acts of government, which were designed or adopted *with the express purpose of compelling the laborer to work at the lowest rate of wages possible*, and which succeeded at last in effecting their purpose."

Among these acts were those giving the Courts of Quarter Sessions the right to fix the wages of laborers; and hence, as Prof. Rogers shows, while the inflowing gold and silver of Mexico and Peru were swelling the value of all forms of property in England, the value of labor did not rise in proportion; and the common people fell into that awful era of poverty, wretchedness, degradation, crime, and Newgate-hanging by wholesale, which mark the reigns of Henry VIII. and his children.— *The Great Cryptogram.*

THE BIGOTRY OF CASTE. But the events which preceded the great war against the aristocracy in 1640, in England; the great revolution of 1789, in France; and the greater civil war of 1861, in America, all show how impossible it is, by any process of reasoning, to induce a privileged class to peacefully yield up a single tittle of its advantages. There is no bigotry so blind or intense as that of caste; and long established wrongs are only to be rooted out by fire and sword. And hence the future looks so black to me. The upper classes might reform the world, but they will not: the lower classes would, but they cannot.—*Cæsar's Column.*

FOREST CULTURE. In the treeless regions every spot of land which shows a tendency to grow to brush should be carefully protected from fire and cattle. Such a spot is nature's hint—the prophecy of a forest. Where experiments are made they should be made upon such lands or those of a kindred quality. The banks of lakes, streams and marshes should be taken advantage of, for there the moisture in the earth will compensate in part for the dryness of the atmosphere, while even the atmosphere itself is modified by the proximity of any considerable body of water. The farmer should plant his groves on those sides of his land from which the prevailing winds blow, and in such form as will afford the greatest amount of protection to the growing crops. The subject of forest planting should be taken up by the agricultural journals and farmers' clubs of the West, and premiums be given to those who do most to develop the subject, either by essays or experiments.—*Speech in Congress, 1868.*

HARD ON THE BACHELORS. "There is no Mrs. Tilden. Consequently the next President will not have a host of his wife's disreputable relations to provide for."—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

That is a compliment fit for a eunuch. The man who will reach old age, unmarried, in a land so full of sweet, beautiful, amiable women as this America, is unfit to hold any office of honor, trust or profit in the gift of the people.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

GOOD ADVICE FOR CHRISTMAS TIME. We trust our readers will remember at this time rather the blessings they enjoy than their misfortunes, and will compare their condition with those below them, rather than with those above them; and will thus enter upon Christmas time with bright and cheery hearts, and with good will

toward all mankind. Then let them adorn their homes with evergreens, bring together family and friends, and give free vent to hospitality and happiness, not forgetting the many in whose darkened homes the sad specter Want sits waiting. — *The Anti-Monopolist.*

Political Abuse. I trust the time is not far distant when all ferocity will disappear from our politics, and all abuse of political opponents from the daily press of our country. As we are the most warlike people in the world, we can afford, therefore, to be the most courteous and the most gentle. It is only the coward that is cruel; only the degraded that are abusive. As we march higher up the slope of civilization the time will come when the antiquarian will look back upon the fierce slanders of to-day as we now regard the burning at the stake of 300 years ago — a sort of horrible commentary upon the imperfectly developed condition of the people. — *Speech, 1885.*

What is Education? It is a means to an end — the intelligent action of the human faculties. He who is opposed to education is opposed to the enlightenment of the people, and must necessarily be their enemy; since he seeks to himself some advantage out of their ignorance, and tries to obscure their judgment that he may the better mislead them. It is not necessary to demonstrate the importance of education. The common sense of mankind approves it; the success of our nation attests it; a million happy homes in our midst proclaim it. Education has here fused all nations into one; it has obliterated prejudices; it has dissolved falsehoods; it has announced great truths; it has flung open all doors; and, thank God, it has at last broken all the shackles in the land! When the Englishman described the North as a land "where every man had a newspaper in his pocket," he touched at once the vital point of our greatness, and the true secret of our success. — *Speech in Congress, Feb. 1, 1866.*

MAN AND THE BIRDS.

In our intense egotism we are very apt to forget that there is anything else in the universe besides ourselves. But we look out through the open window, and there, amid the green leaves, the great drama of life goes on; and the little winged particles are full of love, hate, ambition, industry, selfishness, paternal affection and

a great many more of the emotions that sway our souls. Home is the same to them that it is to us; public opinion has its voice among them as among ourselves, and who can tell what philosophic speculations they may have in their little heads, touching the nature of things and the causes of the elemental changes? Does God give, to all his creatures, some recognition, however imperfect, of Himself?—*Journal, 1885.*

Absorption without Assimilation. As a physician, I knew there were diseased conditions of the system when the patient consumed very large quantities of food, and remained thin and sickly in spite of it all, or perhaps because of it all. The appetite was insatiable, but there was no assimilation of that which was absorbed. So there are minds that read, and read, and read, and profit nothing. A mass of information sweeps over the surface of the brain, but nothing sticks. There are novel-readers of this kind, who can remember not one thing of or about the romance they read a month ago; who can scarcely keep in their recollection the names of the characters of the novels which they are perusing.—*Doctor Huguet.*

Newspaper Abuse. You must not be misled by volleys of newspaper abuse. All that is easily purchased; and it might be said of such journals, "'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands." The longest purse always commands such Gatling guns of vituperation.—*Speech at Glencoe, 1884.*

The Full Mind. It is no effort for the fountain to pour itself out. So is it with the full mind.—*Journal, 1883.*

A Maximum of Property. I should establish a maximum beyond which no man could own property. I should not stop his accumulations when he had reached that point, for with many men accumulation is an instinct; but I should require him to invest the surplus, under the direction of a governmental board of management, in great works for the benefit of the laboring classes.—*Cæsar's Column.*

The Profounder Religion. I shall not say that as he advanced in life his views did not change, and that depth of philosophy did not, to use his own phrase, "bring his mind about to religion," even to the belief in the great tenets of Christianity. Certain it is

that no man ever possessed a profounder realization of the existence of God in the universe. How sublime, how unanswerable is his expression:

"*I would rather believe all the fables in the Talmud and the Koran than that this universal frame is without a mind!*"

Being himself a mighty spirit, he saw through "the muddy vesture of decay" which darkly hems in ruder minds, and beheld the tremendous Spirit of which he was himself, with all created things, but an expression.—*The Great Cryptogram.*

The Use of Political Parties. Parties are well enough in their way. As agglomerations of men holding the same opinions and purposes, they are a necessity; and during periods when the national safety or any other great interest is at stake the partisan sentiment should, perhaps, be encouraged. But in periods of peace the voice of reason should be heard above the clamor of prejudice. A sensible man should always hold his mind open to the appeal of argument. The most ignorant man in the world is the one who is incapable of a new idea, even though he may have all the learning of the schools.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

DIVES.

Be assured of one thing — this world tends now to a deification of matter. Dives says: "The earth is firm under my feet; I own my possessions down to the center of the globe and up to the heavens. If fire sweeps away my houses, the insurance company reimburses me; if mobs destroy them, the government pays me; if civil war comes, I can convert them into bonds and move away until the storm is over; if sickness comes, I have the highest skill at my call to fight it back; if death comes, I am again insured, and my estate makes money by the transaction; and if there is another world than this, still am I insured; I have taken out a policy in the —— church, and pay my premiums semi-annually to the minister." —*Ragnarok.*

Anti-Monopoly. The Anti-Monopoly sentiment is as old as constitutional government. The struggles of the people of England against the monopolies of food, clothes, etc., created by the crown, paved the way to the Cromwellian revolution, and laid the foundations of free government. As long as any man, men or corporations

grasp and concentrate in themselves rights and privileges at the expense of many, the Anti-Monopoly sentiment is justifiable, and an Anti-Monopoly party a necessity. And it is most evident that during the next century the struggle in this country will be to prevent organized capital absorbing the rights of the people. In such a battle, "Anti-Monopoly" means everything;—"Democracy" is a barren generalization.—*The Anti-Monopolist, 1875.*

Money Scarcity. Scarcity of money strengthens the aristocracy at the expense of the common people. Scarcity of money eventuates in the destruction of free institutions, by degrading the people below the standard of self-government. Its path is toward feudalism for the few and barbarism for the many. It is incompatible with progressive civilization and human freedom.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Wants. What the world wants:—Clear heads, full bellies, warm backs and honest hearts.—*Journal, 1884.*

Inherited Ideas. There are some thoughts and opinions which we seem to take by inheritance; we imbibe them with our mother's milk; they are in our blood; they are received insensibly in childhood.—*Ragnarok.*

Justice and Fair Play. What do those platforms unite in demanding? Simply justice and fair play for the farmers, the workingmen,—for all men. That the chances of success shall not be rendered greater, *by law*, for one man than another; that one locality shall not, *by law*, be robbed to enrich another; that one man shall not pay double taxes, *by law*, on his lands, that another may escape; that the burdens and benefits of government shall be, *by law*, shared equally by all; that one man's dollar shall not bear little or no interest, while another man collects heavy interest on dollars that never existed; in short, that the rights of property shall never rise superior to the rights of mankind.—*Speech at Caucus of Farmer Members of Legislature, Jan. 3, 1887.*

Complimentary. "Nowhere else but in Ireland would they think of celebrating Daniel O'Connell's birthday on the 5th, 6th and 7th of August."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

It takes several days for a great man, like O'Connell, to enter the world. The editor of the *Tribune* was born in the eighteenth part

of a second, and his birthday will never be celebrated in time or eternity. The day of his execution, however, may yet be remembered by a grateful people.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

The Irish. The Irish will compare favorably in point of genius with any people on the earth. Turn to England and ask her who was her great general, who saved her from the army of Napoleon? Sir Arthur Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington, who was not only born in Ireland, but his pedigree shows that his blood was largely Irish. Edmund Burke, another Irishman, and the greatest orator that ever spoke the English tongue, saved English aristocracy during the French revolution. Go to England to-day and ask who is their foremost general? The answer is Wolsey, an Irishman. Return to America and ask them who is the great general who is to-day commanding the army of the United States, and they will reply that it is that concentrated little thunderbolt of war, Phil Sheridan. I tell you, gentlemen, there never was a little land on earth so oppressed, so downtrodden and under such unfortunate circumstances that has produced such an array of brilliant talent.—*Speech at Grand Forks, D. T., 1884.*

A Minnesota Girl. The Chicago *Times* tells the following story of one of our Minnesota girls: A girl in ——, Fillmore County, dressed up and went down town the other day. She was in a hurry, and threw her good clothes on rather carelessly. Her dress got caught some way so it did not come down behind as far as it should, leaving about two feet of white skirt exposed. This in itself would have made the boys smile, but they laughed all over when they observed some printed letters on the skirt. It was made of some flour sacks, and the brand hadn't become obliterated. The girl waltzed around town, advertising herself as "A No. 1 first quality; for family use—warranted."

Well, what of it? If she was an average Minnesota girl she fully corresponded with the brand. We have got the brightest, smartest, healthiest, rosiest and most practical girls in the world; and we pity the man who would publicly deny it.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

The Serfdom of the Producers. It was settled in the great anti-slavery contest that one individual could not be safely left to the unlimited control of another. If a few men are allowed to determine the degree of the farmers' prosperity, by determining how much they are to take from him, and how much they are to leave

him, it is but another form of serfdom. The essence of slavery is the robbery of the fruits of labor. All slaves are not sold on the auction block. The negro, dancing his wild dances in the cane-brakes, was a cheerful picture compared with thousands of homes in this great land, where intelligent, Christian white people sit to-day eating the bread of bitter poverty, and gnawing at their own hearts in sorrow, conscious that others are rioting in the fruits of their toil.—*Speech at Caucus of Farmer Members of Legislature, Jan. 3. 1887.*

COMMODORE VANDERBILT. Commodore Vanderbilt has given nothing by his will for public purposes or for charitable uses. Cold, heartless, grasping, grinding, he died as he had lived, without a single benevolent thought. He got a good scare as death approached, and sang hymns to God Almighty to save *him*; and talked about his being "poor and needy, sad and wounded;" and yet he would not leave a dollar to relieve those starving workingmen of New York, who were almost crying at his door for something to eat. The voice of mankind ought to cover such specimens of monumental selfishness with universal execration. — *The Anti-Monopolist.*

WISE MODERATION. The possession of power makes a just man conservative, and he is indeed a sorry creature who will use public place to wreak private revenges. — *Speech at Caucus of Farmer Members of Legislature, 1887.*

MAN AND THE DOLLAR.

This is another illustration of the fact that all our laws are made in the interest of the creditor and against the debtor. This poor woman had invested $55 in a sewing-machine, while the company had but $10 in it; and yet the law permits the $10 owned by the creditor to wipe out the $55 owned by the debtor. In other words, one dollar belonging to the machine company outweighs five dollars belonging to the seamstress.

This is neither fair nor right. It is a part of the old barbarism of the feudal ages; the creditor stands to the debtor in the same relation that the baron stood to the serf. The creditor and debtor should be equally protected. Instead of allowing the machine company to swallow up the $55 paid by the seamstress they should

be compelled to sell the machine and pay her back at least all over the $10 due to them.

The whole tendency of modern civilization is to exalt the rights of the dollar above the rights of man.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

A Word of Encouragement to the Reformers. The great anti-slavery contest has passed into history: it is seen through the heroic mist of time. Around the fact of emancipation cluster those noble colossi, — Lincoln, Chase, Seward and Greeley, — to-day honored and glorified of all men. But we can remember the dark and stormy days of misrepresentation, detraction, slander and hatred in which they lived and labored. But they fought against a wrong a thousand miles away, — beyond a geographical, sectional line. We are warring against an injustice right in our own midst, whose roots penetrate into every part of the body politic. Let us strive to do our duty in our day and generation, as they did in theirs. —*Speech at Caucus of Farmer Members of Legislature, 1877.*

THE UNITED STATES UNDER GRANT.

Violence, bulldozings, whippings, arson and murder on the one side; and cunning, trickery, false-returns, perjury and carpet-baggery on the other.

Sixty thousand office-holders ready to plunge the country into civil war to hold their places; and one hundred and eighty thousand more ready to go to war to get them.

A million people so hard driven to obtain a living that they have lost all courage to resist; while millions more are below even that grade, and would welcome violence as a refuge from starvation.

While over all sits a silent, grim, dangerous man, with one hand on the rudder, and the other holding a lighted torch — ready to beach the ship or blow her up.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Love. Love, after all, is simply a primal instinct imposed on humanity for the perpetuation of the race. We are all *automata*. Civilized man submits love to the supervision of his judgment, and there can be no permanent love where the natural physical affinity is not supplemented by the approval of a trained and cultured intelligence. —*Doctor Huguet.*

The Seductions that Surround Legislators. But we must not forget our constituents — even the poorest and humblest

of them — and we must labor to execute their wishes, as we understood them on election day. We must try to be as earnest as they are. A great city has its seductions and bewilderments, and a few weeks sometimes creates a gulf between the weak-minded representative and those who elected him. And when a nabob takes him by the arm he forgets the scattered hamlets, and feels that he is himself a nabob.—*Speech at Caucus of Farmer Members of Legislature, 1887.*

THE COLORED RACE ON TRIAL.

Remember that there are four millions of colored people in these United States, surrounded by forty millions of white people. *Your race is on trial in this country.* On TRIAL, I say, at the bar of public judgment. The eyes of the American people are upon you. Every step you take is marked. YOU cannot, any of you, degrade yourselves without degrading your race? True, there is prejudice in this world, but there is, also, deep in the heart of man, a something which God has implanted there; it is the divine sense of justice. The white people of this country watch you with varied emotions and ask, what will this people do? Will they work out an honorable destiny among the nations of the earth? I feel confident you will. I recollect, my friends, that you are the only race on this earth that ever came in close and intimate contact with the white race, and did not perish before it. See how the Finnic race has disappeared from the face of Europe. Once it occupied the continent; now it is found only upon the remote capes and fastnesses of the North — in broken fragments of Lapland tribes. As they came in contact with the white race, they disappeared. Look at the Indian of our own country. As the white man advances the Indian perishes. He is rapidly becoming like the deer and the bison, a thing of the past — fast disappearing from the face of the earth. Why? Because he has not the civilizable characteristics of the colored man.—*Speech to the Colored People of St. Paul, Jan. 1, 1869.*

THE CHINESE QUESTION. China has 440,000,000 inhabitants; the United States have 40,000,000. China could place two or three workmen alongside of every workman in the United States, and scarcely miss them from their swarming masses. The American workman has to live like a civilized human being, educate his

children to perform the duties of citizens, and feed and clothe his family as American republicans should be fed and clothed. The Chinaman can live on twenty-five cents' worth of rice per week. He has no wife, no children, no books, no newspapers, no schools. Competition with such a laborer is simply impossible. This government of ours is based on the intelligence, the virtue, the self-respect of the laboring masses. If these are destroyed, then come anarchy and despotism; and individual virtue and intelligence cannot exist in the midst of idleness and starvation. It is true that this nation owes hospitality to the poor and oppressed; but what would be said of the man who gave the bread of his children to strangers, and left his own flesh and blood to starve?—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE SCANDINAVIAN LEGEND. Rome and Greece can not parallel this marvelous story.

"The gods convene
On Ida's plains,
And talk of the powerful
Midgard-serpent;
They call to mind
The Fenris-wolf
And the ancient runes
Of the mighty Odin."

What else can mankind think of, or dream of, or talk of, for the next thousand years, but this awful, this unparalleled calamity through which the race has passed?

A long-subsequent but most ancient and cultivated people, whose memory has, for us, almost faded from the earth, will hereafter embalm the great drama in legends, myths, prayers, poems and sagas, fragments of which are found to-day dispersed through all literatures in all lands; some of them, as we shall see, having found their way even into the very Bible, revered alike of Jew and Christian.—*Ragnarok.*

THE POWER OF THE CORPORATIONS. We must not underrate the task before us. It is a gigantic one. Legislature after legislature has met the enemy and gone home beaten and baffled. And as each new tempest of public opinion sent its breakers roaring into these halls, it was only to waste away in froth and foam upon the solid shores of corruption and cunning.—*Speech at Caucus of Farmer Members of Legislature, 1887.*

THE FATE OF ATLANTIS. It is not surprising that when this

mighty nation sank beneath the waves, in the midst of terrible convulsions, with all its millions of people, the event left an everlasting impression upon the imagination of mankind. Let us suppose that Great Britain should to-morrow meet with a similar fate. What a wild consternation would fall upon her colonies and upon the whole human family! The world might relapse into barbarism, deep and almost universal. William the Conqueror, Richard Cœur de Lion, Alfred the Great, Cromwell and Victoria might survive only as the gods or demons of later races; but the memory of the cataclysm in which the center of a universal empire instantaneously went down to death would never be forgotten; it would survive in fragments, more or less complete, in every land on earth; it would outlive the memory of a thousand lesser convulsions of nature; it would survive dynasties, nations, creeds and languages; it would never be forgotten while man continued to inhabit the face of the globe.—*Atlantis.*

A Plea for Darwin. Why should the religious world shrink from the theory of evolution? To know the path by which God has advanced is not to disparage God.—*Ragnarok.*

The Truly Great Men. It is not the men who drift with the current and hurrah with the crowd who really serve the cause of humanity. It is the bold men who are ready to fight the crowd and turn back the current who alone make revolution and reformation possible.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

A PROPHECY MADE IN 1874.

The more the people are plundered the more contemptible they will become; the more successful the corporations are, the more arrogant they will grow; they will thus advance step by step, from point to point, until legislatures become a mockery and newspapers a farce. A struggle will then come which will either wipe out republican institutions in one-half the nation, or will forever prevent the existence of a corporation in our midst. The States will take possession of the road-beds and allow private parties to run trains thereon as they now run steamboats on the rivers, paying only such toll as will cover the interest on original cost.

In uttering these views we must not be understood as desiring to produce such a convulsion. The man who foretells the approaching hurricane does not create it. But when we see corporations,

established simply for purposes of transportation, becoming immense land-owners, reducing a vast population of laborers to the direst poverty, and at the same time driving hundreds of tradesmen out of business in a single city; and then witness their matchless effrontery on the one hand and the abject submission of the people on the other, we can see but one termination to such a state of affairs.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE CONSERVATISM OF RELIGION.

Nor need it surprise us to find traditions perpetuated for thousands upon thousands of years, especially among a people having a religious priesthood.

The essence of religion is conservatism; little is invented; nothing perishes; change comes from without; and even when one religion is supplanted by another its gods live on as the demons of the new faith, or they pass into the folk-lore and fairy stories of the people. We see Votan, a hero in America, become the god Odin or Woden in Scandinavia; and when his worship as a god dies out Odin survives (as Dr. Dasent has proved) in the Wild Huntsman of the Hartz, and in the Robin Hood (Oodin) of popular legend. The Hellequin of France becomes the Harlequin of our pantomimes. William Tell never existed; he is a myth; a survival of the sun-god Apollo, Indra, who was worshiped on the altars of Atlantis.

"Nothing here but it doth change
Into something rich and strange."

The rite of circumcision dates back to the first days of Phœnicia, Egypt, and the Cushites. It, too, was probably an Atlantean custom, invented in the Stone Age. Tens of thousands of years have passed since the Stone Age; the ages of copper, bronze and iron have intervened; and yet to this day the Hebrew rabbi performs the ceremony of circumcision with a *stone* knife.—*Atlantis.*

The Wrecks Caused by Corruption. We all know that our elections have become of late saturnalia of corruption and orgies of drunkenness. And the man who sells others sells himself, and when he would wreck others he wrecks himself. All over this great nation you will find these stranded disasters, cast away upon the shores of public contempt. Once they walked erect, the hope and admiration of their fellow-men, but the subtle seducer touched them with his wand of twisted serpents, and they collapsed and fell by

the roadside, the rotten corpses of men, filling the air with the stench of their disintegration. —*Speech to Caucus of Farmer Members of Legislature, 1887.*

THE AGE OF ICONOCLASM. "A statute of Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I., has been placed upon the extension of the new parish church of All Saints at Harby, in England. She died in 1290 in the house of Richard de Weston, close to the site of the church. Queen Eleanor is famed in fable for having sucked the poison from her husband's arm, communicated by the poisoned dagger of an assassin in the Holy Land. She did nothing of the kind. The wound was operated upon by cutting, and the lady, who opposed the operation by her vehement outcries, was hustled out of the King's tent."

That's the way it goes. William Tell is proved to be a myth, Nero a patriot, Richard the Third a philanthropist, Pocahontas a strumpet, and now Queen Eleanor, instead of sucking the poisoned wound, with her eyes rolled up to heaven, goes out bellowing before her husband's boot-toe. Where is this thing to end?—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE AGE OF TOLERATION.

However strongly we may be convinced of the great and fundamental truths of religion, it must be conceded that freedom of conscience and governmental toleration are largely the outgrowth of unbelief and indifference.

In an age that realized, without doubt or question, that life was but a tortured hour between two eternities; a thread of time across a boundless abyss; that hell and heaven lay so close up to this breathing world that a step would, in an instant, carry us over the shadowy line into an ocean of flame or a paradise of endless delights, it followed, as a logical sequence, that it was an act of the greatest kindness and humanity to force the skeptical, by any torture inflicted upon them during this temporary and wretched existence, to avoid an eternal hell and obtain an eternal heaven. But so soon as doubt began to enter the minds of men; so soon as they said to one another, "Perchance these things may not be exactly as we have been taught; perchance the other world may be but a dream of hope; perchance this existence is all there is of it," the fervor of fanaticism commenced to abate. Not absolutely positive in their own minds as to spiritual things, they were ready to make some allowance for the doubts of others. Thus unbelief tamed the

fervor even of those who still believed, and modified, in time, public opinion and public law.

But in Bacon's era every thoughtful soul that loved his fellow-man, and sought to advance his material welfare, would instinctively turn away from a system of belief which produced such holocausts of martyrs and covered the face of the earth with such cruel and bloody wars.—*The Great Cryptogram.*

PHILOSOPHY. No philosophy is true the essence of which cannot be stated in a single sentence.—*Journal, 1883.*

THE CONNECTION OF OUR CIVILIZATION WITH THE REMOTE PAST. Our circle of 360 degrees; the divison of a chord of the circle equal to the radius into 60 equal parts, called degrees; the division of these into 60 minutes, of the minute into 60 seconds, and the second into 60 thirds; the division of the day into 24 hours, each hour into 60 minutes, each minute into 60 seconds; the division of the week into seven days, and the very order of the days — all have come down to us from the Chaldeo-Assyrians; and these things will probably be perpetuated among our posterity "to the last syllable of recorded time."—*Atlantis.*

THE REAL ISSUES.

An age will come to which this era, with its vast monopolies, grinding oppressions, and impoverished laborers, will be as "the dark ages." The republic never will be perfected until not a single form of injustice remains.

It is to this mighty problem the mind of the age should address itself; not to a dirty wallowing in the dregs of civil war.

How can the rich man be protected in his just rights? How can the poor and worthy man be lifted up? How can industry be made secure of the fruits of its labor? How can every home in the land be made to abound with plenty and shine with intelligence and virtue?

These are the real issues of to-day.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

NATURALLY ENOUGH. H. P. Hall telegraphs from the Democratic convention in St. Louis, "This is h——l itself." And naturally enough Hall is in the midst of it.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE COURTS AND THE RAILROADS. Hiram T. Gilbert in his work, *The Railroads and the Courts*, published in 1885, at Ottawa,

Illinois, shows that out of a total of seventeen judgments, for accidents at crossings, rendered by circuit courts against the four leading Illinois railroads, during eleven years, the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois reversed sixteen and affirmed one, by a divided court, after the judgment had been twice reversed. Out of a total of twenty-seven lower court judgments for injuries of all kinds, but three were affirmed. Out of sixty-three jury judgments against railroad companies for negligence fifty-three were reversed, and five of the ten affirmations only came after the third review. In the same years out of fifty-three criminal cases, in which the corporations were not interested, the Supreme Court affirmed not less than thirty-two!—*Speech, 1886.*

STAND FIRM. Stand firm, my friends. There is something more of life than to live. We must work together to abolish that state of things where cunning impoverishes industry and then employs part of the plunder to corrupt the poverty-stricken representatives of the people.—*Speech to Caucus of Farmer Members of Legislature, 1887.*

EHUE! When Elihu Washburne received but four votes for President, in 1876, in the Republican national convention, containing 750 votes, the *Anti-Monopolist* said: "Four votes for Elihu! Ehue!! Phew!!! Pooh!!!!"

A SOPHISM EXPOSED.

"Is there any real conflict between labor and capital? None whatever."

Now let us see how it will work out. The *Helper* says:

"What is a capitalist? A man who has saved a part of his past labor and now has it to use."

Ergo, a rag-picker is a capitalist, for out of his past labor he has bought a basket and a stick:—"and he now has them to use." Is there any danger of such a man as that oppressing the laborers of this country? Not the slightest. Cheering reflection?

Or let us try it again: Is there any real distinction between light and darkness? No; because there is a point called twilight where darkness and light so merge into each other that you can't tell where night ends and day begins; and hence (according to the *Patron's Helper*) there is neither day nor night!

The veriest loafer in New York owns something, if it is only a tattered shirt; hence he is in so much a capitalist. Jay Gould works day and night at his great schemes of plunder; hence he is in so much a laborer; — and hence there is no difference between labor and capital. This is the *Patron's Helper's* logic.

But it won't hold water. Between the concentrated capital of great corporations, engaged in carrying the farmers' products, and the labor which created those products, there is a necessary antagonism; — not a necessary hostility or hate; but such a diversity of interest as tends to array the capital in the roads against the labor on the farms. It is the interest of the road to get as much for carrying the wheat as possible; it is the interest of the farmer to give as little as possible. If the road compels the farmer to give too much, it oppresses him. If the condition is reversed the farmer oppresses the road. Hence there is an antagonism which should be regulated by aw so that neither shall oppress the other.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE GODS OF GREECE THE KINGS OF ATLANTIS.

Here, then, in conclusion, are the proofs of our proposition that the gods of Greece had been the kings of Atlantis:

1. They were not the makers, but the rulers of the world.

2. They were human in their attributes; they loved, sinned, and fought battles, the very sites of which are given; they founded cities. and civilized the people of the shores of the Mediterranean.

3. They dwelt upon an island in the Atlantic, "in the remote west, . . . where the sun shines after it has ceased to shine on Greece."

4. Their land was destroyed in a deluge.

5. They were ruled over by Poseidon and Atlas.

6. Their empire extended to Egypt and Italy and the shores of Africa, precisely as stated by Plato.

7. They existed during the Bronze Age and at the beginning of the Iron Age.

The entire Greek mythology is the recollection, by a degenerate race, of a vast, mighty and highly civilized empire which in a remote past covered large parts of Europe, Asia, Africa and America.—*Atlantis.*

THE REAL STANDARD OF GREATNESS. She told me I must

shake off my lethargy. I must rouse myself to do justice to my genius. The South — the new South, the unhappy South, darkened by the shadows of its great disasters, humbled, by failure, in the eyes of the unthinking nations, overwhelmned by the numbers, wealth and intellectual power of the North — needed such men as I, to lift her up, and guide her to greater and brighter destinies. The standing of a country did not depend, she said, upon mere population, or the number of bales of cotton it produced, or even upon the splendor of its cities, or the wealth of its people, but upon the God-given intellects of which it could boast.—*Doctor Huguet.*

A NOTE OF WARNING TO CORRUPTIONISTS. He who defeats the just hopes of a great community prepares the way for anarchy. When the courts fail the mob rises; when the legislatures fail, the day of the Commune is at hand. — *Speech to Caucus of Farmer Members of Legislature, 1887.*

REVOLUTION. Revolution — God's gang-plow, which crushes the weeds and tears up the torpid soil for new harvests.—*Journal, 1882.*

RICHARD III. In Richard III. we have a horrible monster, a wild beast; a liar, perjurer, murderer; a remorseless, bloody, man-eating tiger of the jungles.—*The Great Cryptogram.*

INTELLIGENCE NOT INCOMPATIBLE WITH RELIGION. The duty of the patriot and statesman, then, who believes liberty and equality to be essential to the happiness of the multitude, is to maintain the cause of universal secular education against all comers; at the same time to lend the aid of his voice, pen and energy to all those influences which tend to suppress vice and ennoble the moral nature of man. We cannot be made to believe that intelligence is incompatible with religion or religion inimical to liberty.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

HUMAN LOVE. The very tendrils of our being seemed to be intertwining and interlacing with each other, like the roots of two plants growing closely together, in an inseparable, indistinguishable mass. I realized, for the first time, what the despised passion called love really meant. I perceived that it was a going out of one's self — a divine unselfishness — a grand necessity imposed on humanity by Him who made us all — a merging together of two minds, souls, natures; a lifting up, a glorifying of the whole creature.

I could realize that God had enforced upon us this passion, for His own purposes; He did not vilely enslave us to it, but treated us as his friends and co-workers, and covered our instincts with splendor and beauty, in which the hard lines of fact disappeared, buried in flowers.—*Doctor Huguet.*

Development and Design. There are two things necessary to a comprehension of that which lies around us — development and design, evolution and purpose; God's way and God's intent. Neither alone will solve the problem. These are the two limbs of the right angle which meet at the first life-cell found on earth, and lead out until we find man at one extremity and God at the other.—*Ragnarok.*

Reformation or Revolution. We need reformation or revolution. Why should a man who perhaps does not, and who certainly need not, own a foot of real property, fasten himself like a wood-tick on the throat of laborious productive industry, and suck the life out of it?—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Where the Black and White Men Came From. We are told by Ovid that it was the tremendous heat of the comet-age that baked the negro black; in this Ovid doubtless spoke the opinion of antiquity. Whether or not that period of almost insufferable temperature produced any effect upon the color of that race I shall not undertake to say; nor shall I dare to assert that the white race was bleached to its present complexion by the long absence of the sun, during the Age of Darkness.

It is true that Professor Hartt tells us that there is a marked difference in the complexion of the Botocudo Indians who have lived in the forests of Brazil and those, of the same tribe, who have dwelt on its open prairies; and that those who have resided for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years in the dense forests of that tropical land are nearly white in complexion. If this be the case in a merely leaf-covered tract, what must have been the effect upon a race dwelling for a long time in the remote north, in the midst of a humid atmosphere, enveloped in constant clouds, and much of the time in almost total darkness?—*Ragnarok.*

Christianity. Are you blind? Can you not see that Christianity was intended by God to be something better and nobler, superimposed, as an after-birth of time, on the brutality of the elder world?

Does not the great doctrine of Evolution, in which you believe, preach this gospel? If man rose from a brute form, then advanced to human and savage life, yet a robber and a murderer; then reached civility and culture and philanthropy, can you not see that the finger-board of God points forward, unerringly, along the whole track of the race; and that it is still pointing forward to stages, in the future, when man shall approximate the angels?—*Cæsar's Column.*

THE GENESIS OF MAN.

The spirtual force was first expanded into multitudinous forms of spiritual existence, until all space was filled with them.

Then out of the will of the Creator was born matter.

Then God took thought to wed dead matter to living spirit, and put life into the clods.

By a vast mass of cunning mechanisms — the most curious of which is the digestive apparatus — he makes it possible for matter to be converted into appliances for life and thought.

Then he infused into the living clods that sense of right, and that power to think of God, which had been before the exclusive possession of his angels.

Man's existence is a vast, persistent miracle.—*Journal, 1890.*

Religion and Science. Religion and science, nature and spirit, knowledge of God's works and reverence for God, are brethren who should stand together with twined arms, singing perpetual praises to that vast atmosphere, ocean, universe of spirituality, out of which matter has been born; of which matter is but a condensation; that illimitable, incomprehensible, awe-full Something, before the conception of which men should go down upon the very knees of their hearts in adoration.— *Ragnarok.*

Universal Moral Rottenness. This nation has nothing to fear from foreign invasion or domestic insurrection, but its government threatens to fall a prey to universal moral rottenness. The very fountain, the people itself, is becoming corrupted. If it were possible to impress one thought more deeply than all others on the mind of the people, it should be this: That the man who sells his vote, and betrays thereby his constituents, is the worst enemy the republic has. He brings disrepute and distrust on self-government, and does all that in him lies to set back civilization itself; for when

liberty falls the world falls, and inexpressible misery must be inflicted on mankind for untold generations.—*Speech to Caucus of Farmer Members of Legislature, 1887.*

The Power of the Corporations. A distinguished Republican, and member of the State Senate, writing from Southern Minnesota, says: "I am glad you are re-elected. Why is your life so burdened with severe conflicts? It really seems cruel to me that you, whose public record officially stands above blot or blemish, should have such severe opposition at every turn." We thank him for his kind words; but we cannot answer the question he asks. We only know that if we were pound-master of the township of Nininger, we should have the whole State agitated to drive us out of the position.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

The Moon.

Say, dost thou look
Where, on the vine-clad hills, the shadows lie,
Like earth-chained giants mocking at the light;
While through the grape-leaves stirs the rising song,
And busy feet tread out each maze in joy?
Or dost thou glide, fearful, and pale, and cold,
Adown the slanting ice-banks of the North,
Where chilled life totters like a weary wight,
Slow trembling to the grave? The white bear comes
Sheeted with spangling spray, and lays him down,
Lapping his broad paws in thy quiet beam;
The solitary walrus loves thy light,
And eyes thee with a thoughtful, human look,
While gazing o'er the gently heaving sea.
And in my own clime thou art stealing down,
Weaving thy white arms through the breezy wheat,
And linking blessings 'round the farmer's home.

—*The Mourner's Vision, 1850.*

Andrew Johnson. Andrew Johnson is dead. However much we may have differed from him in our political views, we have always regarded him as a great and honest man. He was a sincere lover of his country; a sincere friend of constitutional liberty; a man of the most unshaken firmness, and of the most undoubted

purity of public and private life. His services to the cause of the Union, during the Civil War, were of inestimable importance.

Time is fatal only to slander and injustice; all that is noble in the career of a great man survives oblivion. Andrew Johnson the partisan and the politician is dead. Andrew Johnson the statesman and patriot will survive forever.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

POLITICAL ABUSE IN AMERICA. I expect that the flood-gates of abuse will be let loose on my poor head. In America a man might just as well take a bath in his own cess-pool as run for any high office. When I wrote my first book, and the newspapers all over the country were devoting columns to it, generally of praise, I held my breath and trembled, and said to myself: "When will the blackguarding begin? When will they commence to call me a liar and a horse-thief?" And when nothing of the sort happened, I almost doubted my own identity. I was like the fellow who buried a scolding wife. Said he to a friend the next day: "When I went to bed last night and did not find Maria thrashing around and raising the devil, I began to think I had moved into a new country."—*Speech at Glencoe, 1884.*

GOOD AND EVIL. There are two things which cannot be confined to the sources which beget them — good and evil. They are like the expansive gases — they will dilate until reduced to inappreciable quantities. No limit can confine them, no hands can fetter them. Hence when you put a man in the way of doing good you benefit all men around him; when you confine him to evil he gives off evil influences like a pestilence.—*Speech in Congress, May 7, 1868.*

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

We experienced a twinge of pain when we read the following:

"Mrs. John Neuffer, proprietress of the Cascade Brewery, at Rochester, was recently fined $25 and costs, in a justice's court, in that city, for selling beer to Captain D. H., an intemperate person, contrary to the statute. The costs amounted to $15."

Alas and alas! It reads like an inscription on a headstone, sacred to the memory of a bright, able, genial, generous, old-time friend.

God pity us all in our weaknesses.

Friends, rum is an athlete no man ever wrestled with and flung.

Sooner or later it breaks the back of the stoutest, and leaves him a limp and helpless wreck, stretched in the mud.

Talk about strength of mind to resist it! As if the mind was a distinct entity, instead of being, in a materialistic sense, at least, the outcome of the physical system, varying with every alteration of the stomach or the liver. A colic will derange it; a pill will put it to sleep; a drop of prussic acid on the end of the tongue will snuff it out. The mind indeed! The stomach is a much more respectable organ; and the mind follows it about "like Mary's little lamb."

Never put that into your abdomen, then, as Shakespeare says, "that will steal away your brains." There are occasions when a debilitated system can take alcohol with advantage; as it can sometimes take strychnine, opium and arsenic; but a sensible man would just as soon think of making a daily beverage of the one as the other.

Above all, take care of your health. Nine-tenths of the intemperance, not created by custom or social habits, results from dyspepsia. An overworked mind or body reacts on a weak stomach, and that delicate and complicated chemical laboratory fails to extract from the food the elements needed in the mysterious workshops of life, and then comes the craving for the artificial force of stimulants. So, friends, treat your stomachs with becoming respect. They are, for you, life and happiness. See that the laboratory is well supplied and has a fair chance to do its work. Don't look upon your stomach as a mere bag to stuff "grub" into, like Jack the Giant-Killer's leather sack, into which he poured the giant's gruel. It is the seat of life; it is the carpenter, the blacksmith, the machinist, the weaver, the artisan, that renews the machine called yourself; it patches up the exhausted muscles, it repairs the worn-out nerves, it pours into the brain that incomprehensible force which comes forth as energy, will, power, conscience; as poetry, philosophy, eloquence and that masterful ability which sways the world.

In the great future the stomach, instead of being regarded as a mere food-hole, will come to be respected, as it deserves. Men will learn that the battle of temperance reform must be largely fought out on the tables of the people. Food and modes of cookery will be studied with a view to their effects on health and longevity.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE FOOT-RULE OF THE HEAVENS. To creatures like ourselves, measuring our stature by feet and inches, a Drift-deposit three hundred feet thick is an immense affair, even as a deposit a foot thick would be to an ant: but, measured on an astronomical scale, with the foot-rule of the heavens, and the Drift is no more than a thin coating of dust, such as accumulates on a traveler's coat. Even estimating it upon the scale of our planet, it is a mere wrapping of tissue-paper thickness. In short, it must be remembered that we are an infinitely insignificant breed of little creatures, to whom a cosmical dust-shower is a cataclysm.—*Ragnarok.*

THE OFFICE VACANT. Referring to a very small man, who wore a very big hat, and who had been removed from office, the *Anti-Monopolist* remarked: "It is said that Charley's appointment is due to that bath Toddy took last summer. When Toddy took off his hat and clothes there was so little left of him that Bill King declared the office vacant."

OUR TREATMENT OF THE INDIANS. What has been the treatment of the Indians by our Government?

No sadder or more gloomy page presents itself in all our annals. Error, neglect and crime are written all over it.

Instead of regarding the Indians as savages—helpless as brutes and improvident as children, to be cared for and protected as the courts of law protect idiots and minors—our great nation has descended from the eminence of its Christianity and civilization, and has entered into a struggle to drive the best possible bargains with the savage for his lands. The sight has been a sad one. On the one side, one of the great governments of the globe, of unequaled wisdom, sagacity and power, represented by shrewd and able agents; and on the other a parcel of poor untutored savages, scarce comprehending the transaction in which they are engaged, unable to read or sign the "treaty" they make, and living, while they negotiate, upon the bounty of the very government which professes to meet them on terms of equality. It is needy barbarism, pinched by a thousand wants, competing with an affluent and all-powerful government. What savage virtue can stand up against the allurements which are spread before it? Even should the tribe have judgment enough to resist the terms proposed to them, are not the chiefs purchasable? And that which blankets and beads, guns and

horses cannot effect, shall not rum accomplish? Should the chiefs sign and the tribe resist, do not the latter become savage outlaws, and who shall write their history?—*Speech in Congress, Feb. 7, 1865.*

"Too True." A friend writes us:

"What a little thing is a drop of water in the ocean! What a trivial thing is a moment of time amid the rolling centuries! What a very little thing is a grain of sand in the great round globe! What an unimportant factor is a single individual among forty millions!"

In the language of Artemus Ward, we reply, "Too true, too true!" And we add: What a little thing is five bushels of wheat to the acre with which to support all our office-holders. Think of that and weep!—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

The Original Birthplace of Mankind. The original birthplace of the human race who shall tell? It was possibly in some region now under the ocean, as Professor Winchell has suggested: there he was evolved during the mild, equable, gentle, plentiful, garden age of the Tertiary; in the midst of the most favorable conditions for increasing the vigor of life and expanding it into new forms. It showed its influence by developing mammalian life in one direction into the monstrous forms of the mammoth and the mastodon, the climax of animal growth; and in the other direction into the more marvelous expansion of mentality found in man.—*Ragnarok.*

The Criminal Class. Vice is weakness. The criminal class are the moral and mental cripples. They are unequal to the battle of life. The demands of civilization are too great for them, and they fall back into barbarism. The prostitute is a recurrence to that period which antedated marriage; the thief belongs to that era when all property was held in common; and the ruffian represents an age when it was man's highest glory to kill his fellow man. The criminal class are the uncivilized class.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

The Money-Power. The truth is that all forms of property lie prostrate and helpless at the feet of the money-power. That alone thrives in the general ruin. It is all wrong. The profits on money should not exceed the average profits of industry. Money is now the dragon which is devouring men, women and children and whole

villages. Where is the Hercules who is to restrain the ravages of this monster? — *The Anti-Monopolist.*

What Race Will be the Final Inheritors of Civilization? It is the destiny of the white man to overrun the world; but it is as plainly his destiny to carry in his train the great forces which constitute his superiority — civilization and Christianity. We are exhibiting to-day the unequaled spectacle of a superior race sharing its noblest privileges with the humblest of mankind, and lifting up to the condition of freedom and happiness those who from the dawn of time have been either barbarians or slaves. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. Let us, then, be merciful in our judgment of the races of men. We know not to whose hands the torch of civilization may yet be committed ere the work of God, through man, is completed on the face of the earth. It was little anticipated by the great nations of antiquity that the religious mind of the world would be dominated, for centuries, by the intellect of an obscure branch of the Arab race.—*Speech in Congress, Feb. 7, 1865.*

Misfortune a Tonic. Misfortune is a tonic to strong natures and a poison to weak. There is a plant in South America, a plain-looking, knobbed stock, apparently flowerless; but when the wind blows fiercely and agitates it, the rough lumps open and the odorous blossoms protrude. So there are men the splendor of whose faculties is never revealed until they are assailed by the cruel winds of adversity.— *The Great Cryptogram.*

The Great Souls of the Human Race. "In every generation there are, it seems to me, but a few great souls, and one may go through life without meeting with a single one of them. It has never been my good fortune to encounter any person who stood much above his fellows. But here, in this library, are all the great souls of Greece and Rome, and modern Europe and America, down to the present day. It is as if they sat around this table, ready to talk to me; ready to give me their choicest and most select thoughts — the distilled wisdom of their lives. I cannot help but think how many millions of boobies and envious detractors time has swept away into oblivion, while it has left this galaxy of greatness undisturbed. It is the privilege of genius to survive whole generations of maligners. The conflagration of time, which consumes the mean, illumines the great."— *Doctor Huguet.*

CHRISTIANITY AND THE CHINESE.

The *Citizen* is glad to bring the Chinaman under Christian influences, even though the white Christian is thereby starved to death! Our own labor force may be destroyed, our workmen turned into tramps and thieves, and their daughters driven to prostitution, in order to enable a few Chinamen to have a chance at the blessings of Christianity.

Let the *Citizen* turn its attention to the swarming alleys and prisons of America; to the seething sea of crime which threatens to engulf our civilization; to the horrible catalogue of murders, burglaries, suicides, divorces, adulteries, and embezzlements, with which our daily press teems, before thrusting its doctrinal dogmas on outside pagans. God has given Christianity charge of the white race of the world. The perfection of the moral condition of that race will be the best argument why other races should accept it. If Christianity fails to keep our own people from barbarism and degradation there is no reason why other races should be inoculated with it.

And when a "religious" paper coolly admits that a lot of pagans "can live on what an American would starve on," and that they will destroy the value of American labor, to wit, the means of life of the great body of our own people; and at the same time thinks we "ought to be glad" to have them come and produce these results, it exhibits a cruel heartlessness which a decent Buddhist would be ashamed of.

We think this, our highest race, has the highest religion; but it must look to the welfare of its "own household," rather than neglect its children to grasp at the stranger.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

American Law. In America the law is efficient only against the miserable.—*Journal, 1884.*

The New Ethnology. The tendency of scientific thought in ethnology is in the direction of giving more and more importance to the race characteristics, such as height, color of the hair, eyes and skin, and the formation of the skull and body generally, than to language. The language possessed by a people may be merely the result of conquest or migration. For instance, in the United States to-day, white, black and red men, the descendants of French, Spanish, Italians, Mexicans, Irish, Germans, Scandinavians, Africans,

all speak the English language, and by the test of language they are all Englishmen: and yet none of them are connected by birth or descent with the country where that language was developed.—*Atlantis.*

General Le Duc and the Goats. The General's first report will be mainly devoted to goats. The goat is an interesting animal. It has a manly beard, an imposing strut, strong virile propensities, and what it lacks in brains it makes up in hair; —and therein it greatly resembles some men. Le Duc himself has a fine beard.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Public Schools. The public schools have yielded one magnificent result little dwelt upon: they have ameliorated and nearly destroyed the old, bitter, terrible rage of religious intolerance. If there are no longer religious riots in this country, such as twenty-five or thirty years ago burned churches and murdered citizens in the name of God, it is due to the fact that the rising generations, of all religions, have mingled freely with each other in the public schools, Jew and Universalist, Catholic and Protestant; and they have formed friendships and associations in the years of childhood which have softened the asperities of religious intolerance; so that each has learned to respect all the good which he found in the others. To separate the different religions now, into different pens, like wild beasts in a menagerie, would, in thirty years, breed destructive results to that peace and harmony which should exist among the people of the country. The old Romans believed that the Christians sacrificed and devoured children in their secret assemblages. Divide the people of this country, during the period of youth, into separate sects, and distrust and bigotry would resume old-world proportions.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

That Depends. The *Pioneer-Press* says P—— is broad-gauged. That depends upon which end you contemplate him from.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

His Politics. Our readers know that we have not professed to be a Democrat; and certainly we cannot take rank as a Republican; we represent the "come-outers" of both parties. We have held back from the Democracy, simply because we doubted whether they had the capacity to grasp the mighty issues of the present and for-

get the settled issues of the past. But names are nothing, and the man who is governed by prejudice is next door to the savage.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

God. We do not rid ourselves of the idea of a law-giver when we recognize the law. The law presupposes the power that imposes the law. The statute-book presupposes the legislature.—*Journal, 1885.*

The Author's Thought. The least part of an author's thought is that which he writes down.—*Journal, 1883.*

The Monopolies Rule Everything. We are reaching a dangerous pass. We have educated our people so that they are too intelligent to bear slavery, and then we are crowding them into slavery. What will the result be? Anarchy. The monopolies rule everything in this country, and even from a convention like this their hired emissaries are not absent.—*Speech in the Northwestern Waterways Convention, St. Paul, 1885.*

THE RIGHT TO THE SOIL.

The first great right struck at by the barbarism of man is the right of the individual to a share of the land. Conquest in the old time meant confiscation of the soil and its absorption into a few hands; hence serfdom, wretchedness and degradation. Progress now means simply carrying into effect the plain, simple, benevolent rules which God meant for his earth. The earth is for man. As the race cannot exist without the support afforded by the productions of the soil, so the individual man cannot rest with safety upon any basis save his right to a share in that soil.

The great end of government is the improvement of the condition of the individual; and what can more tend to his welfare than a share in the great source of all wealth — the cultivable surface of the earth? For, when we consider it closely, civilization itself rests upon agriculture. The world's wealth has been taken from its bosom. This prolific mother, never wearied, has been giving of her strength and richness to her children through uncounted generations.—*Speech in Congress, May 7, 1868.*

A Refusal. An irreverent friend writes us that he saw a mule at the St. Louis Fair, and that "it was a remarkable animal — all

legs and ears—like H—— B——." But we refuse to publish any such slanders against one of the clearest-headed and longest-legged men in the State.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

INTERNATIONAL PAPER MONEY.

The human family is increasing at a tremendous rate, and the business and commerce of the world are increasing in like proportion; but all values are fixed by a metal [gold] steadily rising in value from its increasing scarcity, and which by its additional purchasing power sends all other things in the world on a down grade.

The world is dealing on a constantly falling market; this arrests production, enforces idleness, increases discontent and puts a steadily increasing strain on all forms of government. If the process continues *the end of this century will be as stormy and revolutionary as was the fatal close of the last century.*

There is but one remedy — but that the world is not apt to adopt — and that is for the great nations to unite, by treaty, for an issue of paper currency in each nation, not to exceed a fixed ratio to population, for which not only the faith of the nation shall be pledged, but every foot of property in those nations; this currency to be exclusive legal tender, not only in the nation that issues it, but in all the other great nations party to the contract.

This would be a her ic remedy, but it may be necessary to save civilization. Certainly this intelligent and warlike age cannot be forced back into the condition of Europe before the discovery of America led to the importation of the accumulated gold of Mexico and Peru hoarded through many centuries.

Given the two elements of the problem, a constantly increasing population and constantly decreasing basis of currency, and the results cannot but be disastrous to the peace and safety of mankind.

All the paper money of the world, notes, bills of exchange, checks, have been simply devices to supply the inadequacy of the metallic currency. A great civilized world must move forward on the same line, and establish a currency that will be good throughout the whole world, and that can be increased in exact proportion to the increase of population.

This question of the world's currency lies at the base of civilization, of progress, of morality, of intellectual growth, of religious

purity. If the intelligence of the world is not able to solve the problem, the time is not far distant when it will have to choose between despotism and anarchy.—*Speech at Duluth, Oct. 7, 1885.*

The Age of Man. If civilization and population increase for the next three hundred years as they have for the past one hundred, the pressing problem will be how to subsist the greatest number of people on the smallest space of ground. Everything that does not serve the purposes of man will be exterminated, and man will cover the habitable globe. Geologists tell us that there was once an age of fish, and afterward an age of reptiles. We are approaching "an age of man." If the progress of the race is arrested, and the race nearly exterminated, by some gigantic convulsion of nature, such as another glacial or drift period, the future explorer will stand amazed at the innumerable memorials of the race, even as we survey to-day with wonder rocks hundreds of feet thick made up altogether of sea-shells.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Society. "Society" is the mutual congratulation of those who, having battled their way through the breakers, meet to shake hands on the shore, with much love each for himself, and very little for each other. The smell of the dead bodies cast up by the waves does not disturb them.—*Journal, 1885.*

The Value of Intelligence in a Republic. There is no danger to society or order so long as intelligence opens the pathway of opportunity for poverty. The stream of progress foams and thunders into cataracts of revolution only when the craft and selfishness of man erect barriers to arrest its waters. It is intelligence that has brought us up from savagery. It is intelligence, conjoined with the sentiment of justice and brotherly love, that must guide us through the perils that now menace the world. Reform must come either from above or below. If it comes from above, its work will be lighted by the peaceful beacons of education and religion. If it comes from below, the glare of the incendiary's torch will blaze red and appalling amid the crash of falling institutions.—*Speech at Caucus of Farmer Members of Legislature, Jan. 3, 1887.*

An Unpleasant Suggestion. Beecher has sold himself to the devil and the gold-bugs. He preaches no hell and too much money. He may see the day that he will have no money and too much hell. He may find his "hard pan" a frying-pan.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE SPIRIT OF UNBELIEF. Unbelief, therefore, has not arisen from the public schools; it has descended into them from the adults. It has not come from the alphabet and the Arabic numerals, but from a spirit of skepticism in the age itself, attacking first the thoughtful and penetrating downward among the multitude. The remedy, in our judgment, is not the destruction or modification of the public school system, but a greater vigilance and activity upon the part of the churches. The school hours do not exceed thirty hours in the week out of 168. Let the pastors use a portion of the remaining time to train the moral nature of the young. Above all let them be prepared to fight Unbelief with logic and enthusiasm.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE FURNITURE OF THE "NEW RICH." The dwellings of the "new rich" look like warehouses of furniture-dealers; all is spick and span new, until one is almost tempted, as he wanders through the resplendent grandeur, to look around for the salesman and inquire the price.—*Doctor Huguet.*

THE UNIVERSAL FEAR OF COMETS. We have seen the folk-lore of the nations, passing through the endless and continuous generations of children, unchanged from the remotest ages. In the same way there is an untaught but universal feeling which makes all mankind regard comets with fear and trembling, and which unites all races of men in a universal belief that some day the world will be destroyed by fire.—*Ragnarok.*

A DISTINCTION IN THIEVES. In the United States there is one great difference between the rich thieves and the poor ones: — the former are in "society;" the latter in the penitentiary.—*Journal, 1884.*

THE LABOR ELEMENT.

It is probable that we may, as farmers, be called upon to co-operate with those members and senators from the great cities who distinctly represent the great labor element. That element has been too long speechless. It is beginning to find a voice: a voice that will yet fill the world. I need not urge upon farmers the propriety and justice of co-operating with them. I can conceive of no demand they can make inconsistent with the interests of the agricultural class. They are producers. So are we. We are the two mighty

wings of civilization. Our enemies are almost identical. In the swarming workshops we find the market for our productions; in our fields they find the ultimate destination of their wares. Interest, humanity, justice, link us indissolubly together. If they are down in the scale of mankind, the more reason why we should try to lift them up. If they are oppressed, the more cause why we should defend them. It is to the great honor of the English aristocracy that they have liberalized their government with every step of advance taken by the common people. In our own country civilization must move forward along the lines of justice, or the whole development of the human race must be arrested.—*Speech at Caucus of Farmer Members of Legislature, Jan. 3, 1887.*

A PROPHECY.

"The inventions of men to gather wealth, through rates of interest and dividends on watered stocks, are unlimited in their gathering power; and the few have made it a constant work to befog the minds of the great mass of producers of wealth, and at the same time invent ways and means of robbing them of every dollar of wealth they produce."—*Indianapolis Sun.*

The slavery which applied the gyves to the limbs and the whip to the back was seen and known of all men; but the slavery which cunningly builds a conduit from the muscles of labor and the brain of enterprise into the pockets of idle capital is invisible, although its fruits are palpable as sunlight. If republican institutions fail in this country, it will be because the stupid many are overmatched by the adroit few. It was thought in the aforetime that—as Macaulay phrases it—"ten thousand men who had had no breakfast and were not sure where they would get their dinner would meet at the ballot-box to decide the destiny of a great and wealthy community;" that is to say, that the overthrow of the republic would come from the labor force of the country. But events have demonstrated that the labor force of the country is patient, honest and submissive; ready to suffer and fight for the preservation of society and free institutions. But, on the other hand, the real danger which threatens the republic comes from organized and aggressive capital, interfering in public affairs, controlling legislation, corrupting the ballot-box and demoralizing society. The time is not far distant when this country will witness a revolution, not as bloody, but certainly as far-reaching as the old French Revolution; and if the people come out

of it triumphantly, they will recast the institutions of this nation so that human liberty will be forever safe from the dangers which now threaten it.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE NECESSITY FOR GENERAL PROSPERITY. The perfection of society can only be reached through prosperity; and prosperity depends on wise and equal laws, and these again on the intelligence of the people. And so at last we find the surest cure for vice and immorality in the school-house and the church; the school-house to fit men to know what is for their best interests; and the church to develop the moral nature, and save society from those peculiar vices which are the outcome of superabundant prosperity.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

GILDING THE PAGES OF OUR NATIONAL RECORD. A Washington writer to the Minneapolis *Tribune* says:

"The Forty-third Congress of our glorious country met for the opening session on Monday of the past week, and enrolled among its many new members the name of Wm. S. King, who promises to be one of the most brilliant and useful of the long list of illustrious statesmen that gild the pages of our national record. We, of his constituency, have reason to feel justly proud of our representative."

Think of that! "One of the most brilliant and useful of the long list of illustrious statesmen that gild the pages of our national record!!" And this is not said "sarkasticul," as Josh Billings expresses it, but in sober seriousness. And "we of his constituency have reason to be proud of our representative!" Great Heavings! And if we are who has any right to complain?

All that we have to say is, that if Bill takes a contract to "gild the pages of our national record," he'll steal the gilding and abstract the record.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE TRUE SOURCE OF OUR NATIONAL GREATNESS. This is a continent in process of colonization, with the whole world flocking in to take possession of it. The real cause of high wages is the general prosperity, the demand for labor, the opportunities for growing rich, the sparseness of population compared with extent of territory. If you could run another Mississippi valley of vacant, or half vacant, land, through the heart of Europe, the rush of settlers to take possession of those lands would for a generation or two raise the price of labor over all Europe.—*Speech at Glencoe, 1884.*

THE ORIGIN OF SUN WORSHIP. But when we realize the fact that these ancient religions were built upon the memory of an event which had really happened — an event of awful significance to the human race — the difficulty which perplexed Mr. Miller and other scholars disappears. The sun had, apparently, been slain by an evil thing; for a long period it returned not, it was dead; at length, amid the rejoicings of the world, it arose from the dead, and came in glory to rule mankind.

And these events, as I have shown, are perpetuated in the sun-worship which still exists in the world in many forms. Even the Christian peasant of Europe still lifts his hat to the rising sun.— *Ragnarok.*

THE INDIANS CONSTANTLY ROBBED.

The total number of Indians receiving annuities is 46,365. If we estimate each family to consist of four persons, which is a moderate calculation, and divide this sum of $150,000,000 among the chiefs or heads of families, we shall find that for each of such chiefs the government has expended the sum of $13,000.

Where, now, is all this wealth? Has it reached the Indians? Have its accumulations descended from father to son? Do we find it represented to-day, among the tribes, by comfortable homes and overflowing granaries? No! Upon our Western prairies are scattered this miserable, degraded, impoverished people, an everlasting reproach to our Christian nation and a disgrace to humanity. Where, then, are these great sums? They have gone to fill the coffers of those who stood between the Government and the Indian, and deceived the one while they robbed the other.

Mr. Chairman, I feel that it is my duty to speak of these things. The evil results of this pernicious system have descended upon my own State in fire and blood. An innocent and unoffending population of white settlers have paid the penalty for years of misgovernment with their lives; and although the scenes of devastation and ruin and horror have passed away from my State — I trust forever — the system still lives, and is already preparing new stores of suffering and calamities for other communities When I have looked upon the humble home of the frontiersman in ashes and beheld the corpse of its owner lying gashed and bloody beside it, I could not but trace home the terrible responsibility for all this evil to this

Capitol and to that system which, taking charge of a savage race, retained them in barbarism, made no proper efforts for their civilization, and at last turned them loose like wild beasts, to glut their brutal passions and infuriated rage upon an unsuspecting people.

I assert unhesitatingly and upon mature reflection that not even our white race could rise from barbarism to civilization against the pressure of such a system as that under and by means of which it is proposed to civilize the Indians. — *Speech in Congress, Feb. 7, 1865.*

THE KANGAROO.

We don't propose to be outdone by *The Farmer's Union*, and so we announce that our next illustration will be a Kangaroo.

We consider this a proper illustration for an agricultural paper, for the self-evident reason that it has no connection with agriculture.

The Kangaroo is a highly interesting animal. It can sit on its hind legs and balance itself on its tail; a feat which no agricultural editor in the United States, excepting Abernethy, has ever yet been able to successfully accomplish.

The Kangaroo carries its young ones in a pouch, in front, where they lie completely concealed from view, like Abernethy's breed of potatoes, which grow altogether under ground, and are thus grasshopper-proof.

The young cling to their pouch and suck away like a lot of country editors in the bosom of a Congressman. And wherever the Kangaroo jumps the editors hang on, singing, "And whithersoever thou goest there will I go; and thy country shall be my country."

The difference between the young ones after they leave the pouch and the young ones before they leave it, is precisely the difference between the Democratic and Republican parties, viz: — one set is out and the other set is in. That's all.

The fore paws of the Kangaroo are very small compared with his feet; and herein it differs from the ordinary politician, whose capacity to grab is out of all proportion to the rest of his organization.

Few animals can look so wise with so small a head. In which respect also it reminds us of Abernethy.

The culture of the Kangaroo should be introduced into Minnesota. The grasshopper will not eat him,—nor, in fact, will anything else. To those who desire to diversify the crops, we would cordially recommend the Kangaroo. When the Fox and Wisconsin

canal comes into operation the Kangaroo will be invaluable to jump over the sand-bars, where it is too wet to go afoot and not wet enough to float a boat. A peck of wheat could be fastened to the tail of each Kangaroo, and thus that great work of internal communication be made a brilliant success.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Our Theology. Our theology, even where science has most ridiculed it, is based on a great, a gigantic truth. Paradise, the summer land of fruits, the serpent, the fire from heaven, the expulsion, the waving sword, the "fall of man," the "darkness on the face of the deep," the age of toil and sweat—all, all, are literal facts. And could we but penetrate their meaning, the trees of life and knowledge and the apples of paradise probably represent likewise great and important facts, or events, in the history of our race. —*Ragnarok.*

The Declaration of Independence. We cannot fail to recognize the all-fashioning hand of God as clearly in this sublime declaration as in the geologic eras, the configuration of the continents or the creation of man himself. What a world of growth has already budded and flowered and borne fruit from this seed! What an incalculable world of growth is to arise from it in the future!—*Fourth of July Speech.*

BLIGHTED PROSPECTS.

"The New York *Post* is ungenerous enough to assert that Ignatius Donnelly cannot serve his country better than by blighting his own political prospects. We think, out here, that these 'prospects' are pretty effectually 'blighted.'"—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

If it blights a man's political prospects in Minnesota to follow his convictions of right and duty to the bitter end, ours may be considered as "effectually blighted."

But we remember that the same Boston which once pelted William Lloyd Garrison with rotten eggs afterward carried him on its shoulders, and will carry him in its heart forever.

We believe in doing right and letting the "political prospects" take care of themselves.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

The Monopolists. If Congress had not interfered you would have placed a Mongolian, who could live on rice and rats, at the elbow of every American workman, and reduced him to Asiatic wretchedness. Your devilish arts have filled American laborers

with discontent, despair and communism; you are undermining the very foundation of the republic by creating a class who, having no hope of any improvement in their condition, have come to regard property and government as their mortal enemies; and on the slightest provocation they will break out into riots, such as those of Pittsburg and Cincinnati. From such anarchy there is no refuge, if your policy is to continue, but a strong government, and that means the end of free government.—*Speech at Glencoe, 1884.*

THE SEVENTH DAY.

And this process is still going on. Mr. James Geikie says:

"We are sure of this, that since the deposition of the shelly clays, and the disappearance of the latest local glaciers, there have been no oscillations, but only a *gradual amelioration of climate.*"

The world, like Milton's lion, is still trying to disengage its hinder limbs from the superincumbent weight of the Drift. Every snow-storm, every chilling blast that blows from the frozen lips of the icy North, is but a reminiscence of Ragnarok.

But the great cosmical catastrophe was substantially over with the close of the sixth day. We are now in the seventh day. The darkness has gone; the sun has come back; the waters have returned to their bounds; vegetation has resumed its place; the fish, the birds, the animals, men are once more populous in ocean, air, and on the land; the comet is gone, and the orderly processes of nature are around us, and God is "resting" from the great task of restoring his afflicted world.—*Ragnarok.*

EDUCATION. "The city swarms with book agents and representatives of Eastern publishing houses, all of whom have an eye on the eminent educators."—*Pioneer-Press.*

Yes; even as the shark followeth the emigrant ship, so the book agent followeth the eminent educator; and for the same purpose—Something to eat! The other day the book publishers held a meeting and resolved to sell at low figures to book agents, school teachers, etc., but to keep up prices to the common people. "O Liberty!" said Madame Roland, as she passed the statue of that goddess, on her way to the place of execution, "how many crimes are committed in thy name!" "O Education!" we echo, "how many infernal rascals steal themselves rich in thy name."—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Doing Justice to Donnelly. "A correspondent asks us to 'do justice to Donnelly.' We can't. It isn't possible. Donnelly will have to wait for justice till he falls into the hands of old Beelzebub."—*Grange Advance.*

And when he does Beelzebub will exclaim:

"What! that great and good man here! This is another Republican trick. Here, you infernal devils, carry him up tenderly to heaven, where he belongs. And see—cook!—broil me Young's heart on the coals—and give me one of Joe Wheelock's hind legs to pick my teeth with."—*Anti-Monopolist.*

The Neutral Press. A new paper has been started at Reed's Landing, called the *Press.* It has for its motto:

> "Pledged to no party's arbitrary sway,
> We follow Truth where'er it leads the way."

That sounds pretty, but it generally means to shut both eyes and sing small. Such papers are too often like the fellow's canoe, which was so delicately balanced that if he changed his chaw of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other it would upset the precarious craft.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

Public Life in America. As I said before, I have no ambition to shine, and I look upon public life as discredited, if not dishonored, by the kind of men who rule it. It appears to me as a sordid and debased struggle of little creatures for honors that fade from the memories of men almost as soon as they are won. Out of the thousands of public characters who have taken part in our national life, one can count upon the fingers of his two hands the list of those statesmen who have really left any impress on their age; while a still smaller number will be remembered beyond the termination of the century in which they lived. I turned, therefore, from the temptations of this shallow and barren life to the quiet of my own library and communion with the mighty souls of the past—

> "Those dead but sceptered sovereigns who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns"—

as one might turn from the sprawling and contemptible contentions of dogs to a banquet of the gods.—*Doctor Huguet.*

Man cannot be Trusted to the Mercy of his Fellowmen. It is too evident that when you strip a man of all means of self-defense, either through the courts or the laws, deprive him

of education and leave him to the mercy of his fellow-men, he must suffer all the pangs which our unworthy human nature is capable of inflicting. Who is there believes that man can safely intrust himself solely and alone to the mercy of his fellow-man? Let such a man step forward and select his master! Let him, in the wide circle of the whole world, choose out that man — pure, just and humane — upon whose vast, all-embracing charity he can throw the burden of his life. Alas! there is no such man.— *Speech in Congress, Jan. 17, 1865.*

THE CONFLAGRATION OF SCIENCE. Have not Bacon's anticipations been realized? Does not the great conflagaration of science, kindled by his torch, not only burn up the rubbish of many ancient errors, and enlarge the practical powers of mankind, but is it not casting great luminous tongues of flame, day by day, farther out into the darkness with which nature has encompassed us?— *The Great Cryptogram.*

FETCHING IT HOME TO A MAN. If the 'hoppers lay their eggs again this fall in Watonwan County, next spring will find brother S —— a first-class Anti-Monopolist. It is extraordinary what a clear perception of injustice an empty pocket brings.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

CHRISTIANITY.

He who follows the gigantic Mississippi upward from the Gulf of Mexico to its head-waters on the high plateau of Minnesota, will not scorn even the tiniest rivulet, among the grasses, which helps to create its first fountain. So he who considers the vastness for good of this great force, Christianity, which pervades the world, down the long course of so many ages, aiding, relieving, encouraging, cheering, purifying, sanctifying humanity, cannot afford to ridicule even these the petty fountains, the head-waters, the first springs from which it starts on its world-covering and age-traversing course.

If we will but remember the endless array of asylums, hospitals, and orphanages; the houses for the poor, the sick, the young, the old, the unfortunate, the helpless, and the sinful, with which Christianity has literally sprinkled the world; when we remember the uncountable millions whom its ministrations have restrained from bestiality, and have directed to purer lives and holier deaths, he

indeed is not to be envied who can find it in his heart, with malice-aforethought, to mock or ridicule it.—*Ragnarok.*

MANKIND. Battles cease, wars pass away, heroes perish, great men die, only mankind survives. "Only mankind is the true man;" only mankind is fit to toil and labor and die for.—*Memorial Address, 1884.*

THE EAGLE.

The eagle flew in upper air;
Its shadow crawled along the grass.

THE TRUE DOCTRINE.

There is a hearty glow of patriotism in this paragraph from the Memphis *Appeal* which is extremely pleasant:

"Democrats we are, and Tennesseans, and full of love for our thrice-blessed South-land; but over all there laps the claim of Union, with its great achievements and its greater destiny. God bless the flag, and God bless the Union, and may He strengthen all hearts, both north and south, to labor for an everlasting peace between the States."

That is the true doctrine and the true spirit. God bless every man who preaches it! And may every wretch that seeks to rise by planting hatred in the hearts of fellow-citizens of a common country perish amid all the calamities which God can inflict on the basest of mankind.

We must have a *nation* as grand in its moral as its material features; held together, not by force of law, but by force of love. The soil on which love flourishes is justice.

Let us make our flag truly the representative of fair play, generosity and brotherly love, so that if any foreign foe assails it the men of the South will spring to arms to defend it as readily as the men of the North.—*The Anti-Monopolist, 1874.*

THE PLUNDERINGS OF THE WHEAT RING. But the excuses do not end here. In addition to these fine discriminations as to grade we have pretenses of all kinds:—one year the wheat is too wet; another year it is frozen; another year it is smutted; another year it has too much cockle in it. And then they go into the question of the genealogy of the wheat. Fellows who have no pedigree themselves insist that every kernel of wheat must have one; and to sell a load of wheat is equal to proving the title to an

estate. If it can be established that a fugitive kernel of "Lost Nation" has strayed into one of his sacks, the farmer may have to forfeit the whole profits on his entire crop. He might just as well trace back his paternity to a man that was hanged, as to have the buyer feel around in his sack and cry out triumphantly, "There's Lost Nation!"—*Speech at Glencoe, 1884.*

TELL THE TRUTH. Tell the truth, Brother H., if it loosens your front teeth in the extraordinary effort.—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD. To the average man and woman around us that era-making Elizabethan period was but a name. To us it was the visible interference of the hand of God in the affairs of men, through the mediumship of mighty intellects, who have affected the minds of all subsequent generations, and whose power will increase with the growth of population and the development of civilization on the earth.—*Doctor Huguet.*

INTELLIGENT IGNORANCE. We have always said that the people of Zumbrota were the most intelligent and at the same time the most stupid on the continent; for there is a kind of intelligence that is as unprogressive, as intolerant and as conservative as ignorance itself; it is the intelligence of the man who "knows it all," and whose mental constitution is incapable of the reception of a single new idea. Hence such a man is always the victim of cunning deceptions.—*The Anti-Monopolist, 1877.*

CITY AND COUNTRY. A poor man is oftentimes rich in the country, while a rich man may be poor in the city.—*Journal, 1883.*

THE WORK OF THE PLOW. Set the plow moving, and the result is wealth. But the wealth is only valuable as it is able to communicate and interchange itself with other wealth. Hence the necessity for roads. Where these roads converge there are towns and cities, and these give birth to greater roads, increasing like the veins as you approach the heart of commerce. What next? Relieve the primal animal necessities of man, and his higher nature comes into play — it begins to dart out and reach at new subjects. It observes, it inquires, it reflects. New wants arise with new knowledge, and these again beget other wants. Give a man wealth, and civilization comes to him clad in a thousand attractive shapes and colors. It is said that the earth taken from the depths of mines,

where it has slept for thousands of years, if exposed to the sun's rays will develop all manner of novel and singular plants. So when civilization beams upon the mind of man, it awakens the seeds of a multitude of new wants of which he was before unconscious. Society is the interchange of wants. Whenever you afford man the opportunity to improve his condition you widen the area of civilization. Every bushel of wheat grown is a contribution to the wealth of the world, and, therefore, to the comfort of the human family. Hence we may say that every plow set moving on the plains of the West is felt in its consequences through all the populations of Europe.—*Speech in Congress, May 7, 1868.*

AMERICA. What a divine task is this, given to each of us, to help build up such a nation, on such an arena, and with such principles! Is it not good to live in such a day, and to take part in such a work? —*Memorial Address, 1884.*

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD PROVED.

"Indeed!" I said, warming up, for I, too, was conscious of Mary's presence. "Indeed! why, you use the very intelligence which God has given you to deny that there is an Intelligence in the universe. You conceive of a great work-shop without a master mechanic. You perceive a million delicate adjustments in nature, and you conclude that those adjustments adjusted themselves. You would have design, but no designer. Consider it but a moment. To permit you to deny God, with your thoughts and your tongue, there have to be ten thousand curious and cunning inventions applied to your own body, so subtle that science has not yet been able to apprehend, much less explain, but a few of them. The process of thought is inexplicable on any physical basis. How can a mass of pulpy matter, which we call the brain, dart out lines of something that shall travel to the remotest borders of the milky way, and weigh, as in a grocer's balance, the very planets and suns? If you would deny God, you must begin by denying yourself, for the power to think that there is or is not a God implies a thought-power somewhere in the universe of which your intellect is a fragment or fraction. It is impossible to conceive a vast creation without a general intelligence. A creation possessing only spots of unconnected intelligence, scattered here and there, self-born, self-luminous, and mortal, cannot be."—*Doctor Huguet.*

TWO STORIES.

Good old Abraham Lincoln used to tell a story of two drunken men who got into a fist fight. Each had an overcoat on. They "fit and they fout," they rolled and they tumbled, and when they got through with the battle each man had fought himself out of his own overcoat and into his opponent's overcoat.

The Minneapolis *Tribune* is now striving lustily to fight its way into our overcoat. It is denouncing "plundering railroad combinations" and "robbers of the people" as vigorously as ever we have done. And now, lo! and behold! the *Pioneer-Press*, which, time out of mind, has denounced all opposition to railroad rings as "communism" of the most red republican stripe, is now trying hard to get into our capacious overcoat also.

A Spanish cavalier was riding his mule one bright summer day; a fly bit the mule's long ear; he lifted his leg to scratch off the offending insect, when his foot caught in the stirrup, and, unable to extricate himself, he began to struggle about on three legs. "Hold on!" cried the astonished cavalier, "if you are going to get on I will get off." We feel very much the same way. If these Republican sheets are determined to mount our hobby would it not be well for us to seek another steed?—*The Anti-Monopolist.*

THE MIRACLE OF LIFE. The scientist picks up a fragment of stone—the fool would fling it away with a laugh—but the philosopher sees in it the genesis of a world; from it he can piece out the detailed history of ages; he finds in it, perchance, a fossil of the oldest organism, the first traces of that awful leap from matter to spirit, from dead earth to endless life; that marvel of marvels, that miracle of all miracles, by which dust and water and air live, breathe, think, reason, and cast their thoughts abroad through time and space and eternity.—*Ragnarok.*

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM. The interest of the public school system is the interest of the free institutions of this nation. No blow can be struck at its existence that will not endanger the heart of the republic. Co-eval in birth, co-equal in life, they will be contemporary in death.

When the golden sun ceases to shine upon the marble high schools of the East, and the log-built schools of the Western clearing, it will look its last upon our great and good government. If

once, from the grasp of the poor man, shall be wrested this universal system of education, dearer to him than those liberties which it interprets or protects; if once the exclusive university or the impractical college shall supplant or suppress it, woe to that principle which declared man equal with man — woe to that declaration which brought down the British eagle flying and raised on high the banner of a free people. They will be neutralized — they will be forgotten.—*Alumni Speech, 1853.*

A VALENTINE TO A LITTLE GIRL.

Winds, blow fleetly to lady mine
This leaf of love from her Valentine.
Tell her I love her as angels love
Their starry harps in the realm above;
Where never is sadness and never is sighing,
And never is wail unto wail replying;
Where thoughts come not that are darksome and dreary;
Where tasks rise not that are lonesome and weary;
But all is as bright, in that blessed place,
As the laugh that lives on her sunny face.
Tell her I wait till her womanly bloom
Shall beam like a rose in a bower of gloom;
And all that is beauty's, and all that is worth's,
Shall mingle and meet in her features of gladness;
And all that is heaven's, and naught that is earth's,
Shall touch her pure spirit with trouble and sadness.

—*1853.*

A Laugh. The fellow laughs as if it hurt him. A pang passes over his face, but he controls it at once, and once more looks dejected. —*Journal, 1884.*

Proofs of Deity. Who regulates the growth of the eye-brows and eye-lashes? If they grew like the hair or beard, the savage or the beast could not see. The beasts have no scissors, and the savage at first had no cutting instruments. Who is it watches every hair, and puts his finger on the end of it, and says, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."—*Journal, 1890.*

The Leadership of Women. It is an auspicious sign for the future of the human race when women, who in the olden time were

the slaves or the playthings of men, prove that their more delicate nervous organization is not at all incompatible with the greatest mental labors or the profoundest and most original conceptions. And if it be a fact — as all creeds believe — that our intelligences are plastic in the hands of the external spiritual influences, then we may naturally expect that woman — purer, higher, nobler and more sensitive than man — will in the future lead the race up many of the great sun-crowned heights of progress, where thicker-brained man can only follow in her footsteps. — *The Great Cryptogram.*

[THE END.]

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